



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 07479041 5





New

ABP

THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOK

SELECTIONS FROM THE
FIRST HUNDRED ISSUES



NEW YORK
REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

1916

785213

Copyright, 1916, by
REPUBLIC PUBLISHING Co., INC.

VIV VIX
VUX
VYX



VAIL-BALLOU COMPANY
BROOKLYN AND NEW YORK

FROM THE EDITORS
of
THE NEW REPUBLIC
to
DOROTHY WHITNEY STRAIGHT

PREFACE

Like THE NEW REPUBLIC itself, from whose first hundred issues its contents are drawn, this book is a collaboration, and makes no attempt at complete unanimity or logical consistency. It aims to give in compact and available form a sample of liberal opinion in the United States, as expressed from 1914 to 1916 at the suggestion of events. The editors hope that these articles, published at various times and now brought together, will show in this volume, more plainly than journalism with its emphasis on the moment can show, the main purposes and attitudes underlying their weekly comment on affairs.

For permission to republish their articles in this form the editors wish to thank Mr. Randolph Bourne, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, Mr. Meyer Cohn, Mr. John Dewey, Mr. L. P. Jacks, Mr. Alfred Kuttner, Mr. Harold J. Laski, Mr. Ralph Barton Perry, Mr. George Santayana, Mr. Lee Simonson, Mr. George Soule, Mr. Leo Stein, Mr. Ridgeley Torrence, Mr. Graham Wallas, Mr. H. G. Wells, Miss Rebecca West, and Mr. Walter E. Weyl. In the text the articles are signed or left unsigned as they originally appeared. The table of contents supplies a list of authors for all articles except those which were the collaboration of the whole staff.

CONTENTS

LINCOLN

Herbert Croly

PAGE

ERRORS

Page 263, there should be the signature REBECCA WEST.
 In the table of contents, the authorship of "Ballet According to Bakst" should be FRANCES GRIMES AND PHILIP LITTELL; and the authorship of "Iridescent Art" should be LUCIA FAIRCHILD FULLER AND PHILIP LITTELL.
 Page 361, there should be the date September 18, 1915.

THE PEACEFULNESS OF BEING AT WAR	<i>L. P. Jacks.</i>	81
COMMENT ON DR. JACKS'S ARTICLE	<i>Graham Wallas.</i>	85
IMPRESSIONS OF A PLATTSBURG RECRUIT	<i>Ralph Barton Perry.</i>	89
VERDUN	<i>Philip Littell.</i>	95
THE IRISH REVOLT	<i>Francis Hackett.</i>	99
LORD KITCHENER — THE MAN AND THE LEGEND	<i>H. N. Brailsford.</i>	105
THE FUTURE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE	<i>H. N. Brailsford.</i>	111
IDEALS OF ORGANIZATION	<i>H. G. Wells.</i>	117
INTEGRATED AMERICA	<i>Walter Lippmann.</i>	124
THE ARCHAIC TWO-PARTY SYSTEM		139
VOTING FOR PRESIDENT	<i>Herbert Croly.</i>	143
AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTIONS	<i>Walter Lippmann.</i>	149
BRANDEIS		157



.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LINCOLN <i>Herbert Croly.</i>	1
UNEASY AMERICA <i>Walter Lippmann.</i>	3
WHEN THE AUGURS YAWNED <i>Philip Littell.</i>	6
THE NEED OF A POSITIVE POLICY	11
OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN <i>Herbert Croly.</i>	17
DEALING WITH GERMANY	23
SUBMARINES AS COMMERCE DESTROYERS <i>Herbert Croly.</i>	27
THE ULTIMATE CONTROVERSY <i>Herbert Croly.</i>	32
MR. WILSON'S GREAT UTTERANCE	38
SOVEREIGN MEXICO <i>Herbert Croly.</i>	42
CAPITALISM OF THE CAMP <i>Alvin S. Johnson.</i>	47
FORCE, VIOLENCE AND LAW <i>John Dewey.</i>	52
RETRIBUTION <i>Walter Lippmann.</i>	58
THE GREAT FIGHTING PHRASE <i>Walter Lippmann.</i>	65
THE WAR AFTER THE WAR <i>H. N. Brailsford.</i>	69
AS A SOLDIER THINKS OF WAR <i>Alan Seeger.</i>	75
THE PEACEFULNESS OF BEING AT WAR <i>L. P. Jacks.</i>	81
COMMENT ON DR. JACKS'S ARTICLE <i>Graham Wallas.</i>	85
IMPRESSIONS OF A PLATTSBURG RECRUIT <i>Ralph Barton Perry.</i>	89
VERDUN <i>Philip Littell.</i>	95
THE IRISH REVOLT <i>Francis Hackett.</i>	99
LORD KITCHENER — THE MAN AND THE LEGEND <i>H. N. Brailsford.</i>	105
THE FUTURE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE <i>H. N. Brailsford.</i>	111
IDEALS OF ORGANIZATION <i>H. G. Wells.</i>	117
INTEGRATED AMERICA <i>Walter Lippmann.</i>	124
THE ARCHAIC TWO-PARTY SYSTEM	139
VOTING FOR PRESIDENT <i>Herbert Croly.</i>	143
AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTIONS <i>Walter Lippmann.</i>	149
BRANDEIS	157

CONTENTS

	PAGE
UNIONISM VS. ANTI-UNIONISM	<i>Herbert Croly.</i> 163
LOYAL EMPLOYEES	<i>Walter Weyl.</i> 169
THE CONTROL OF BIRTHS	174
BILLY SUNDAY	<i>Francis Hackett.</i> 179
AS AN ALIEN FEELS	<i>Francis Hackett.</i> 185
THE VOICE OF THE PULLMAN	<i>Alvin S. Johnson.</i> 190
ALBERT THE MALE	<i>Walter Lippmann.</i> 196
BRYAN	<i>Philip Littell.</i> 200
THE VOTE AS A SYMBOL	<i>Walter Lippmann.</i> 204
THE OBLIGATION OF THE VOTE	<i>Herbert Croly.</i> 208
TWO WORKERS IN THE VINEYARD	<i>Ridgely Torrence.</i> 221
A STYLIST ON TOUR	<i>Francis Hackett.</i> 227
AMERICAN EDUCATION AND CULTURE	<i>John Dewey.</i> 232
CLASSIC LIBERTY	<i>George Santayana.</i> 238
THE HUMAN SCALE	<i>George Santayana.</i> 242
THE CLASSICAL COMPROMISE	<i>Meyer Cohn.</i> 247
IN A SCHOOLROOM	<i>Randolph Bourne.</i> 253
THE DUTY OF HARSH CRITICISM	<i>Rebecca West.</i> 258
EROTO-PRIGGERY	<i>Rebecca West.</i> 264
THE CHANCES OF BEING MARRIED	270
HENRY AND EDNA	<i>Philip Littell.</i> 276
THE KILLING OF DIFFERENT MAN	<i>Alvin S. Johnson.</i> 284
GRAGGLES	<i>Philip Littell.</i> 290
TO JUSTICE HOLMES	<i>Walter Lippmann.</i> 294
WALTER BAGEHOT	<i>Harold J. Laski.</i> 296
A NOTE ON FORGETTING	<i>Alfred Kuttner.</i> 302
THE NEW RETURN TO NATURE	<i>Leo Stein.</i> 307
THE LAND OF SUNDAY AFTERNOON	<i>Lee Simonson.</i> 312
THE MUSICAL ANALOGY IN PAINTING	<i>George Soule.</i> 317
BALLET ACCORDING TO BAKST	<i>Philip Littell.</i> 321
IRIDESCENT ART	<i>Philip Littell.</i> 324
SCHNITZLER	<i>Philip Littell.</i> 328
THE RUPERT BROOKE LEGEND	<i>Francis Hackett.</i> 332
THESE TWAIN	<i>Francis Hackett.</i> 337
THE POPULAR HIT	<i>Francis Hackett.</i> 342
SOCIALISM AND THE FABIAN SOCIETY	<i>Graham Wallas.</i> 346
THE NEW GENERATION	<i>Francis Hackett.</i> 351
WHAT IS OPINION?	<i>Randolph Bourne.</i> 358

Lincoln

ON the twelfth of February we shall be treated to a familiar performance. Hundreds of loquacious speakers throughout the country will arise from the dinner table and confide to their audiences a profound conviction that of all our Presidents Lincoln was most completely the man of the people, the most thoroughly and typically American. The official duty of these speakers will be that of eulogizing Mr. Lincoln. Their real purpose will be that of flattering their audience. If Mr. Lincoln was so entirely a man of the people, the people must be very like to Mr. Lincoln. In point of fact Mr. Lincoln was superficially a man of the people, and fundamentally a unique, distinguished and wholly exceptional individual. In certain salient respects he was the least typical of Americans. Americans, particularly those of Lincoln's own generation and neighborhood, were essentially active, aggressive and objective men, whose lives were given over to practical external affairs, who subordinated everything else to the demands of practical achievement, and whose individuality consisted in living ordinary lives in an extraordinarily energetic manner. They were superficial, discursive, easygoing, quarrelsome, and wholly incapable of preparing in advance for any task or responsibility. In all these respects Lincoln differed from his fellow countrymen, and upon these differences his eminence depends. He was not particularly ambitious, aggressive or practical. In spite of his lively social feelings, he lived a contemplative life, in which the intellectual interest obtained full expression and which attained a high degree of internal concentration. He fought hard and well, but he never quarrelled. During his formative years he quietly

but unconsciously prepared himself for great enterprises. He trained his mind because he enjoyed hard intellectual exertion. His style shaped itself under the influence of the Bible and Shakespeare. Thus at a period and in a country favorable to the cheap performance and the easy victory, Mr. Lincoln tempered his reason and his spirit for a great performance and a costly victory. Was there anything typically American about that?

February 6, 1915.

Uneasy America

GROWING discomfort has been manifest in America during the last few months. It has taken different forms, but the net effect of it has been to center a great amount of criticism on the President. If all the complaints were drawn up in a list we should find that pacifists, militarists, radicals, conservatives, friends of the Allies, German-Americans, "aggressive Americans," nationalists and internationalists were all in varying ways disgruntled. They disagree violently among themselves, to be sure, but they are curiously agreed in not liking the part played by America in the war. The sense that we have been found wanting has impressed itself among an increasing number of people. More feel it, I imagine, than are ready to confess it. Many feel it who resent bitterly the self-abasement of those who go to Europe to proclaim the sordid cowardice of Americans at home. Many feel it who detest the snobbery of those Americans who entertain foreign visitors by telling them what a miserable people we are. Yet stripped of its flunkeyism, its colonialism, its piety for the fatherland and its party politics, the feeling persists that we cannot think with any pride of the part we have played in the supreme event of our lives. We wonder a little whether we are like the Roman gentleman who seemed to remember vaguely that an agitator had been crucified in Judea.

This inner dissatisfaction is perhaps the most important political fact of our time, and it may have extraordinary consequences. The spiritual uncertainty in America has its outward sign in a tendency to be forcible-feeble, weak and sharp, forbearing and curt, in a series of violent oscillations. We move in jolts and jerks, now rattling the sabre, now turning the other cheek. And because we are unsteady and distracted, we are liable to panic at one moment

and insensibility the next. We are roused by Belgium and forget it, we are roused by the Lusitania and forget it, are roused and forget again, a little like a man reeling down an alley, hitting one wall and then the other.

An explanation of it is to be had, I think, which is at least plausible. We have lived for seventeen months the spectators of events that have no parallel in our lives. At first we were stirred as never before, and in the onset of war there was an unprecedented amount of feeling that reached out beyond our daily work. But this feeling has spent itself on nothing. We have had nothing to exercise our emotions upon, and we are choked by feelings unexpressed and movements arrested in mid-air. Nothing is so bad for the soul as feeling that it is dispensed on nothing. We recognize this well enough in the esthete who takes in impressions and gives forth estheticism, in the school-girl who weeps over impossible romances, in the old gentleman afflicted with chronic moral indignation. To feel and feel and feel and never to use that feeling is to grow distracted and worrisome, and to no end. We Americans have been witnessing supreme drama, clenching our fists, talking, yet unable to fasten any reaction to realities. Ferment without issue, gestation without birth, is making us sullen and self-conscious and ashamed.

This brooding impotence drains off and wastes the emotion which is needed for thought. Nothing is left to save us from the relaxation in which we retreat to our oldest habits. A great purpose is said to "lift men above themselves," which means that the rush of it sweeps tribal loyalty and suspicion and petty preoccupation before it like a great wind through a dusty attic. When the *élan* is lacking we settle back into our meanest habits, and cover our sense of futility by huddling into them deeper.

The apologists tell us that the contradictory nature of the attack on the President's leadership is a sign that he has taken the middle course of reason. They are, I think, mistaken. The clashing dissatisfactions are the result of no leadership at all, a sign of the disintegration which fol-

lows from the withdrawal of a positive ideal. When an army mutinies, different groups go off on their own, but nobody calls it the result of "reasonable" generalship. When a political party breaks up into its group-interests the meaning is that the party has lost a strong central ideal. When a nation becomes petty and quarrelsome it is because no one has succeeded in holding its attention to a national purpose.

The source of our trouble may be traced directly to the President's first message to the American people, when we were asked to be neutral in feeling. We were not told to feel about anything positive, we were merely told not to feel too deeply. That negative injunction was bound to fail, and the vacillation of America has ever since grown more serious. What President Wilson seems not to understand is that the enunciation of a great purpose which enlists emotion is the only way to avoid that clashing of emotions from which we suffer. When there are a number of conflicting views the reasonable course does not consist in being negative to them all, it consists in raising a view which gathers them up — into which, as the German says, the varied feelings are "*aufgehoben*." But from the outbreak of the war the President has never said anything to which the nation might rally. He has been pushed and goaded. He has never led. And if he is beset by agitations he has himself to thank. The man who will not lead is driven.

Whether it was humanly possible for Mr. Wilson to give our neutrality a positive meaning, whether he could have laid out a program to which the nation would have responded we cannot know. It was an unexpected crisis and he was caught unprepared. Perhaps it is too much to expect anything more than he has done. Perhaps only a great genius among statesmen could have risen to the opportunity. But for lack of that genius America to-day is distraught.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

December 25, 1915.

When the Augurs Yawned

BEING now an old man, and unlikely to live much longer in this world, I think fit to set down before I die certain things which took place forty years ago, in the autumn of 1916, and of which I am the only surviving witness.

My readers may recall that year, by the help of any standard work of reference, as the date of a presidential election in this the country, the candidates being a Mr. Wilson, the then incumbent, and a Mr. Hughes. Until the middle of October the campaign had been an affair of good average momentousness. Each candidate had been trotting with great decency round and round his appointed track. Mr. Wilson's gait was fluent and graceful. Mr. Hughes moved more stiffly and brought his feet down a little harder.

At that time, long before the pure candidate law was enacted or even thought of, any candidate was legally free to say that he contained nothing but undiluted Americanism, and each did say so several times. By October such assertions had ceased to thrill and astonish the electorate. I would not, however, wish to convey the impression that the campaign consisted exclusively of repetitions of their faith in Americanism by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson. Mr. Hughes was fond of exciting his hearers by telling them it was not good for a government to vacillate in its policy, and that it was good for a government both in policy and administration to be adequate, consistent and firm. Mr. Wilson was fond of promising that he would omit no word, and it was currently believed that among the words he was least in danger of omitting were humanity, justice, sacred, solemn and very.

Well, the campaign ran along, not very fast, until about the middle of October, when something happened which convinced everybody that each of the two candidates had gone clean off his head.

Mr. Wilson, in a speech delivered at — the name of the town escapes me, but it was within a day's journey of the Mississippi River — Mr. Wilson up and admitted that his administration had made a mistake or two. To be specific, says he, *I have made mistakes*. To be more specific, he says, after I saw that ad that the German Embassy put in the papers, I wish I had held the Lusitania at her pier until I had asked the German Embassy what about it. To keep on being specific, he says, I now think that piece I spoke about being too proud to fight was in the circumstances a damned silly thing to say. I ought to have known how people would take it. This is wisdom after the event, if you like, but it is better to be wise after the event than to be foolish all the time.

This was bad enough, of course. No candidate in the United States, since the time when Endicott Withrop Adams first ran for reelection as hogreeve in the suburbs of Plymouth, Mass., had ever admitted that he did wrong. And this was only half the scandal. On the very night when Mr. Wilson touched off this bomb, Mr. Hughes, speaking at another town within a day's journey of the Mississippi, up and admits that Mr. Wilson since he took office had once or twice spoken and acted like a grown man in his right mind. And anyhow, Mr. Hughes says in substance, the President has had one hell of a problem on his hands. "I am not prepared to deny," he says in substance and in part, "that if Mr. Wilson had done just after the Lusitania what he did just after the Sussex, and if the result had been a state of war between us and Germany, I am, I say, in a condition of unpreparedness to deny that the great undiluted mass of the American people, barring a few Easterners who live near the effete, patrician seacoast, might not have liked it so well as they like what has actually occurred. Peace with honor was the first de-

mand of the great American nation, but most of us, if we couldn't have peace with honor, were willing to compromise on peace with Germany."

Men who are still alive remember the pandemonium or row that came next. The campaign stopped as if it had been shot. For twenty-four hours the candidates could not move hand, foot or eyelid. They had to be dug out of the landslide of protesting telegrams with steam-shovels.

These telegrams taught Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson a thing or two. From that momentous moment neither of them had a good word for the other. Each candidate did his duty in that station of life into which it had pleased his convention to call him. Each said just what he ought to say, which was what everybody knew he would say and had said before.

This ancient history is old. The ancient history I am now about to reveal is new.

Perhaps you noticed that Mr. Hughes made his break within a day's journey of the Mississippi, and Mr. Wilson the same, but you did not notice, because I did not tell you, that these two towns were the same distance from the same place on the Mississippi, viz.: Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. I know, for I had a shack on an island half way between Prairie du Chien and the Iowa coast over opposite.

Well, about a week before the big scandal I heard a motorboat ticking toward my island, with me alone on it, and I went down to the shore, where two gentlemen were disembarking. "Mr. Paley," says one of them, "meet Mr. Herbert Parsons, if I have the name right," and then the other says, "Mr. Paley, I don't think you've met Colonel House." And then the two of them, as we walked up to my place, said could they have the loan of my shack one night next week for a great public purpose?

What purpose? says I, and then it all came out. The campaign was slowing up, and these two had got together and decided that if the candidates could meet secretly, face to face, and properly dislike each other's faces, the words

they would afterward say would put life and speed and ginger into the campaign. So I named my price for the loan of the shack and the thing was fixed up.

At length the fatal night arrived. First a boat came over from the Iowa shore, grated on the gravel beach, and out stepped Mr. Wilson. Then came a boat from the Wisconsin shore, grated, etc., and out got Mr. Hughes, with an American flag in the buttonhole of his cutaway. He carried no other weapons. Neither did Mr. Wilson.

The boatmen stayed by their respective boats, and the candidates met in the main hall of the shack, fourteen by twelve. I withdrew to an adjoining room and listened through the wall and looked.

Mr. Wilson led off. "I see," he says to Mr. Hughes, after smiling once at him, "that you are wearing a little flag of the Union in your buttonhole, and I can only ask you, if you lose this little physical emblem, to be sure that you wear it in your heart, that the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world."

Mr. Hughes looked a little surprised, but he was at no loss for an answer. "We want America first in the mind and heart of every one in this land," he says. "When I say I am an American citizen I ought to say the proudest thing that any man can say in this world. There is one other thought I want to leave with you, and it is this: We are going to see that that is done which we are entitled to have done. There is one other thought I want to leave with you until called for, and it is this. Wherever"—and he glanced reverently down at his buttonhole—"wherever there is an American flag there is a shrine."

Mr. Wilson followed the direction of Mr. Hughes's eyes. "When I think of the flag," says he, "it seems to me I see alternate stripes of parchment on which are written the rights of liberty and justice, and stripes of blood spilt to vindicate those rights."

"I dare say," says Mr. Hughes, "but I want to see splendid policies in this country. There is no such thing

as prosperity or success for any particular class. We are not laborers or capitalists in this country. Fellow-citizen, we are fellow-citizens."

For about half an hour I looked and listened, and then voices, loud at first, got lower and lower. When silence fell I stole in to investigate. By saying to each other, the two of them in a room, the very things they had been saying at each other in public, each had put the other to sleep and it was my turn.

When at last the renewed sound of their voices woke me up again I couldn't quite catch their drift. The candidates seemed to have agreed that perhaps they were boring the voters, and that something must be done. If the words of each produced sleep in the other how could the voters be expected to stay awake? Then Mr. Wilson said something about augurs who laughed being better than augurs who yawned and were the cause of yawning. Suddenly both men jumped up. A light played all over Mr. Wilson's face and over those parts of Mr. Hughes's where there was room. "Let's try saying what we think," they shouted together. "That'll shake 'em up." . . .

It did shake 'em up, as I have told you, and as the historians have recorded the scandal. From the row caused by Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Hughes's simultaneous bursts of candor, and from the things said in that row, I gathered at the time that if both kept on saying what they really thought neither of them could be elected. Nobody would have been elected President. Fortunately they stopped speaking their minds and somebody was elected, if I recollect rightly. But I am an old man, with an untrustworthy memory, so perhaps you had better consult a work of reference.

BEMIS J. PALEY.

August 19, 1916.

The Need of a Positive Policy

HOWEVER one may approach the problem of American foreign policy and with whatever phase of it one may deal — whether the present submarine difficulty with Germany, the relations with the Allies, future sea law, an Anglo-American agreement, the Open Door — one obstinate fact persistently intrudes itself. That fact is the refusal of the American people to face squarely the necessary implications of their undoubted decision that German victory is undesirable and that they will approve no policy likely to promote it. Almost since the beginning of the war they have attempted to combine essential unneutrality with an avoidance of its necessary consequences — which need not of course include military coöperation with Germany's enemies. While the country realizes that it is in opinion and act unneutral in the sense that it is not at all indifferent as to the outcome of the war and intends in no way to lose sight of its partiality in its policy, there is no general realization of the political implications of its decision; of the extent to which the government, in the attempt to be guided by that decision and yet to maintain a diplomatic, legalistic and technical neutrality, is paralyzed in its defense of American and neutral right. Still less is there any realization that the prolongation of this equivocal attitude may cause the national resources of America in the future to become an immense premium upon international anarchy and disorder. The fact of real unneutrality as distinct from the diplomatic fiction, American public opinion sufficiently realizes. What it does not understand is the actual relation of that fact to the country's foreign problems.

Let us see how it has affected the conduct of the submarine affair.

As early as February, 1915, Germany said in effect that her submarine policy was in reprisal for the English violation of sea law as embodied in the Declaration of London, and that if America would secure from England the observance of that code Germany would abandon her submarine warfare against merchantmen. Now the Declaration of London corresponded broadly to the conception of sea law for which America has always stood. She had, as Professor Clapp and others have pointed out, an instrument ready to her hand — an embargo on munitions, justified by the clause of the 1907 Hague Convention which allows a change of rules as to the export of munitions during a war “in cases where experience shows the necessity of such action in order to safeguard the nation’s right” — for compelling English observance of the Declaration. Had America taken the course of threatening the use of that instrument she would have protected her rights not only as against Germany but as against England. She could have secured, as Professor Clapp points out, a great victory for neutral right, “recovered and established for all time.”

And this, if America had been really indifferent as to which side won, is just the course that she would have taken. She did not take it because American public opinion would not have sanctioned a course of action that made for German victory. Once let the American people see that their action is leading in that direction and they would also see that to protect temporary trade rights at the cost of British defeat would be to sacrifice the lesser to the greater. Such was the real reason why proposals like that of Professor Clapp were not adopted.

But the American government in its dealing with Germany was unable to avow the truth. If it had been able to disregard technical neutrality it would have said to Germany: “We are unable to take decisive action against England for the maintenance of the Declaration of Lon-

don because to do so would be to aid your cause. And we fear that. We fear that its success might be a menace to us. While England's methods threaten neutral trade, yours threaten neutral existence, and we cannot act as though those things were of equal import to us and the world. Give us some assurance that your ultimate international policy does not involve menace and unrest; define, that is, the terms upon which you would be prepared to make peace and live your life in the community of nations in the future; and then, if those terms satisfy us that your cause is at bottom no more aggressive than that of the Allies, we shall return to real neutrality; we shall be in a position to enforce the Declaration of London, to resume normal relations with you, to withdraw our hostility."

But the old political fiction of neutrality has made that impossible. The submarine issue has not been settled, and until we get a more cohesive international order we can never know whether it has been settled or not, either in this or in future wars. America's international position remains at the mercy of accident — the nerves of a frightened or drunken submarine commander who, just at a moment when other issues embitter the situation, sinks an American ship and drowns a hundred or a thousand people. The psychological need for action would cause popular support to go to "the party of action" — bad action, railroading the country into war of unlimited liability and indefinite association with the varying territorial and political ambitions of the Allies.

And when the diplomatic fiction has been completed we get — what? A promise that it won't occur again. If we can hope that the demonstration of America's readiness to fight "at the drop of the hat," a readiness backed it may be in the future by a great American navy, will deter a hard-pressed combatant from using these methods of warfare, how comes it that the very belligerent now in question is unrestrained by the combined navies of Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Japan and Portugal? Is the American navy of the future to be successful where these

have failed? In the meantime the American failure to take effective action with reference to the maintenance of the Declaration of London involves temporarily at least the sacrifice of rights which America has always in the past been ready to defend at the cost of war. American power stands effectively for neither the life nor property of non-combatants in war, for neither neutral right nor neutral existence.

But the story does not end there. Official neutrality compels the American government to imply to Germany that the American government would be ready to sanction the sale of munitions to Germany if she could come and fetch them. This obvious falsehood deprives the just decision of the American people against Germany of any value as a deterrent of future aggression. After this war the Germans will say — and they will say it on the strength of the position now maintained by the American government — “If we could have commanded the sea we could have transferred the economic alliance of America from our enemies to ourselves. The important thing in the future therefore is not to be concerned about respecting international obligations like the Belgian treaty, but to command the sea. If you can do that the national resources of America are at your disposal whether your cause be good or bad, aggressive or defensive. We have the assurance of the American government on that point.” The vast national resources of America are to act not as a silent pressure on the side of the good behavior of nations and the respect of treaty right, but on the side of naval rivalry irrespective of right or treaty obligation or the general interest of nations.

To be sure, it will always be open to America to refuse to supply a country in the position of Germany even if it did command the sea. But so long as the prospective combatants *do not know beforehand* what in America's view will constitute good or bad behavior, what she will regard as aggressive and menacing and what defensive, they will always assume that the chances are on the side of their

being able to buy the munitions and supplies if they can fetch them. A nation's policy always looks defensive or defensible to itself. No people is able to make a very accurate estimate of foreign opinion of its own conduct. Seventy million Germans, including men of great intellectual equipment, are still marvelling because the world cannot see they are fighting a purely defensive war forced upon them by the unprovoked aggression of jealous and truculent neighbors. Unless there is some definite and unmistakable criterion of what constitutes an unjustifiable war, they or others will always count upon being able, once they command the sea, to command also that economic alliance of neutrals that at present goes with it.

Suppose that twenty years ago America, desiring to attach to international law some great interest which would tend to make its observance obviously to the interests of the nations, had said: "Any nation proceeding to hostilities against another without first having submitted its difference at least to inquiry, or any nation invading a neutralized state, or any nation failing to put into operation in its protectorates the principle of the Open Door, will not be able to secure American supplies, munitions or credit for the purposes of its war, whether it obtains command of the sea or not."

If we could imagine such a policy adopted even by the United States alone, every prospective belligerent would desire to observe the rule and to put itself right with America by so doing, whether it expected to command the sea or not. If it expected to command the sea it would observe the rule in order to take full advantage of its power, and secure the economic alliance of America to its cause; and if it did not expect to command the sea, it would equally desire to observe the rule in order to deprive its enemy of most of the advantages of such command; in other words, to have America do what the Germans so keenly desire her now to do: embargo the export of supplies and munitions. Thus, to all belligerents — prospective commanders of the sea or not — would there be the strong

motive to observe the rules laid down; a behavior which would prevent most wars and give international organization and machinery a chance. There would be set up a strong tendency to international arrangement; it would have behind it the push of a great material advantage: America's economic alliance, and its refusal to the enemy. Respect for the rights of others and of some means of determining those rights, would for the first time in history be a definite and visible military asset. America's enormous resources would then be acting as a silent and potential power for international order.

May 20, 1916.

Our Relations With Great Britain

BRITISH discontent with the war policy of the American government has received a considerate and good-tempered expression in the *Round Table*. The American government is criticized for having protested against the British embargo and for having insisted on the letter of our neutral rights to trade with Germany and with other neutrals. We have, according to our critic, missed an opportunity of lending American moral and material support to a group of belligerents who are fighting for the security of political ideals essentially democratic and unmistakably American. Without actually going to war with Germany we could have refused to assert the neutral rights which were a source of embarrassment to Great Britain in her blockade of German commerce, and consented to the suppression of trade with Germany and her neutral neighbors. By so doing we would have removed from American neutrality the taint and stigma of a merely selfish and irresponsible nationalism.

THE NEW REPUBLIC agrees with part of this criticism of American policy. The government and the dominant element in public opinion have ignored international interests of vital importance to the American nation. Germany should have been given to understand from the start that by involving an innocent and inoffensive people like the Belgians in the ruin of the war she had made neutral indifference abhorrent to right-minded men. In order to give expression to that abhorrence without going to war, the United States might have declared an embargo on all American trade with Germany, direct or indirect, until Belgium was evacuated and the Belgians indemnified. Such a method of increasing the penalties incurred by any Power

which commits an international outrage is justifiable, and in this particular case would have been highly effective. But the opportunity to adopt it was neglected, and while the failure is much to be regretted, it is partly excused by a time-honored and precious national tradition of non-interference in European politics.

What the *Round Table* wants the American government to do is to accept as British policy an embargo on trade with Germany which was not adopted as American policy. But approval of an embargo as a matter of voluntary choice does not involve approval in case the same losses and sacrifices are imposed without American consent. The Orders in Council, precisely because they ignored "judicial niceties" and rewrote the law of nations without consultation with the victims of the embargo, raised a wholly different series of questions, the answers to which are not involved by any antecedent condemnation of German military aggression.

The declaration of a voluntary embargo against Germany by the United States would have created a wholly desirable precedent in public law. It would have increased the authority of international agreements and the security of small nations. An embargo illegally forced on the United States by Great Britain creates, on the contrary, a dubious and perhaps a dangerous precedent. In the former case we should have been renouncing the benefits of trade with Germany under special conditions and for an unequivocally good purpose. In the latter case American consent would involve the renunciation of a right to any trade with a belligerent or with the neutral neighbor of a belligerent which did not happen to control the sea, no matter how little American public opinion might approve the purposes for which the sea-power was fighting. A self-imposed embargo would have incurred only a limited liability and would have helped a little to bring about a genuine community of nations, but a forced embargo would have meant acquiescence in an unlimited aggrandizement of "nationalistic navalism," which unless it was subsequently subjected to in-

ternational control would make a community of nations impossible.

In its policy of embargo the British government is treating the American government in the same way that early in the war it treated its own labor unions. It asked the trades unionists to surrender rights to control their conditions of work which had been conquered only after a century of struggle and suffering, and this demand was made without pretense of any effective guaranty that the rights so surrendered would be restored or that the increased power obtained by the employers over their employees would not be used for the permanent disadvantage of organized labor. Did not the British government in both cases impose on the support of its friends a dangerously and unnecessarily severe strain? Has the domestic and foreign policy of Great Britain in the past been sufficiently impeccable and disinterested to entitle her to a vote of unlimited confidence? Can neutrals be asked to consent to an absolute dictatorship of the sea without any preliminary agreement as to the purposes for which the power shall be exercised?

In the case of the existing war the power may be exercised for purposes of which American public opinion would not approve. A moral condemnation of Germany in respect to the origin of the war and its conduct during the first few weeks does not imply moral approval of the Allies all along the line. Because Germany brought on the war and violated Belgium we are reproached for not lending our assistance to a group of belligerents who are laboring to plant Russia in Constantinople and Italy on the Dalmatian coast, and whose spokesmen are proposing to use a victory over Germany in a vindictive manner that would make impossible the organization of any properly balanced international system. Much of the English criticism of the American policy implies that aggressively selfish nationalism is confined to the Central Powers, that negatively selfish nationalism is the special prerogative of the neutrals, while the Allies are representing purely disinterested interna-

tionalism. Englishmen may need to think in this way during the war, but if they have any sense of humor left they ought not to expect other people to do so. It is not a fight between the angels of light and the imps of darkness, with a few insignificant, scared and fascinated spectators in gray squatting on the bleachers. All the fighters and all the spectators are painted various shades of gray, and no matter how civilized the cause for which they began the fight, the belligerents are becoming so obsessed by their enemy that they are in danger of ruining the civilization in the name of which they are slaying and bleeding.

Although the American nation has missed the opportunity of striking a most effective blow on behalf of an international community, its official behavior does not deserve the condemnation which it receives from hyphenated Anglo- and Franco-Americans. The neutral rights under international law for which it has been contending have two divergent aspects. They confer a license on irresponsible neutrality; but they place a curb on a dangerous and irresponsible belligerency. In so far as one belligerent is fighting for a better cause than his opponent, neutral non-interference, irresponsibility and readiness to trade with both belligerents may, in the case of a powerful and comparatively secure nation like the United States, be fairly condemned as a negatively selfish nationalism. But some wars involve no clear moral issue and are fought by belligerents between whom there is little to choose. International law has been built up to meet the second rather than the first of these situations. It has tended to make an irresponsible neutrality profitable, because by so doing belligerency might be made unprofitable and the area reduced of damage done to innocent and inoffensive non-combatants.

The second aspect of international law is the more fundamental. It is in part a shelter constructed by neutrals to protect them from the savage and ruthless storm of war. Before it is abandoned and neutrals admit an obligation to give new meaning to neutrality, they should be perfectly sure that a wholly new meaning has been attached to bel-

ligerency. The existing fabric of public law is the result of several centuries of international aspiration. Its actual value may be slight but its symbolic value is enormous. It embodies the effort of nations which are not using war as an agent of national policy, to impose on belligerents some measure of international control. Neutrals are justified in contending that the protection, flimsy as it is, shall not be taken away until the foundations are laid for a safer and more hospitable shelter. They are justified in insisting that they shall not abandon the advantages of neutrality until the plans of the new community of nations, against which all belligerency will constitute rebellion, are sketched and approved.

Issues of enormous importance for both countries are involved in this controversy between Great Britain and the United States. Their geographical location, their industrial resources and their political responsibility establish them as the two most powerful maritime nations. If they reach an understanding their joint fleets will exercise an unquestionable control of the seas, and could be fashioned into an effective instrument of the police power which any genuine community of nations must possess. If they do not reach an understanding they may be forced into the ruinous expense and suicidal folly of a competition in naval armament. The first alternative is preferable to the second. The attainment of a frank and full understanding with Great Britain should become the fundamental object of American foreign policy. In spite of the domestic political obstacles the inexorable logic of facts will steadily push us in that direction. But advantageous as the coöperation would be, the United States cannot afford to surrender its policy of neutral isolation until some acceptable plan of common action is formulated and accepted. We could not participate in an alliance which would make of us an automatic accomplice to an international feud. If Great Britain consented to a policy at the end of the war which tended to convert the Quadruple Entente into a permanent conspiracy against the Central Powers, the United States would

prefer a policy of armed isolation to one of political association with any European Power. We must wait and see. In the meantime the rights of American citizens under international law are the proper symbol and attribute of an independent political status. They cannot be surrendered until Americans have some assurance that they are to be exchanged for something better.

January 22, 1916.

Dealing With Germany

THE clear object of our dealings with Germany is to protect American lives. What Germany has already done cannot be undone; there is no reparation for slaughter, and as for the nation's honor — that cannot be impugned by the world's outlaw. The aim of our policy is to establish the safety of American life upon the seas. We ask no ceremonials from Germany; we want no legal hair-splitting; we desire one thing, and that is the concrete assurance that American citizens on any ship shall be free to go about their business without being murdered. Germany's right to sink ships carrying contraband we do not dispute. We insist simply that the right shall be exercised after warning has been given, and the safety of passengers and crew assured.

On Tuesday, four days after the crime, Germany of her own accord made the largest concession to neutral rights that she has made since the war began. She promised not to attack neutral ships without warning, and stated that "the most definite instructions have repeatedly been issued to German war vessels to avoid attacks on such ships under all circumstances." If these instructions were issued they were not obeyed, for Dutch, Norwegian and American ships have been attacked, and no repudiation has been made. If "the Imperial German Government has naturally no intention of causing to be attacked," the Imperial German Government has nevertheless permitted to be attacked, a very considerable number of neutral ships. And strangely enough the Imperial German Government said nothing about this slip between its intention and its performance until American lives were lost on an enemy's ship and the enormous anger of our people had reached the

ears of the Imperial German Government. In other words, after the Lusitania crime, Germany states that she never intended to commit the crime of the Cushing and the Gulf-light.

It is a very considerable retreat upon the part of the Imperial German Government, but it would have been more appropriate immediately before the attacks on neutral shipping, or at least immediately after the first Dutch vessel was torpedoed. It is supremely irrelevant to the Lusitania case. Coming at this time, the only interpretation we can put upon it is that Germany hopes to soften our anger by conceding something which has nothing to do with the issue. It is well that she has conceded it, but we need be under no illusion as to her motives.

The Imperial German Government is frightened. After acting for months upon the notion that America would never fight and would endure anything, German officials discover from the press of the last week that American opinion is aroused to a point where war is a very real possibility. They have seen at last that we are prepared to act, and they do not wish us to act. They know that our participation in the war would be a great addition to the strength of the Allies, perhaps the decisive element in the struggle.

Public opinion has at last spoken a language that the German bureaucracy understands. This is the meaning of the voluntary retreat. It clears up the most difficult point in the whole situation, for we know now that there are ways of enforcing neutral rights. We know that Germany was violating them as much as she dared, and no more. This knowledge makes it the duty and privilege of our government to act as the advocate of neutral interests, for its protests now have behind them a force which they lacked several months ago.

We have the power, and therefore the responsibility, of working for neutrals less happily placed than ourselves. Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland have suffered as much or more than we, but they are at the mercy of Germany. They do not dare to do what we

can do. They may protest, but only under our leadership can they be organized for joint action. The initiative and real pressure must come from us, the most powerful people not at war, a people living on a territory secure from attack behind the defenses of the British navy and the battle line of Belgium and France. Germany's sudden humility to the neutrals is a sign that our anger revealed has brought some light to her rulers. Our government could not make a more serious mistake than to relieve Germany of all fear as to how we may act. If Germany is led to believe that nothing she can do will add us to the number of her enemies, we shall be misleading her, and actually inciting her to further wrong. The fear of our participation must remain a constant factor in German calculations.

And with that established we can try by every ingenuity, by every kind of generosity, to avoid war and safeguard American life. In our opinion the government should not now present anything in the nature of an ultimatum. It must express our feeling at the horror. It must ask for guaranties in the future. But it need not and should not draw the issue so sharply that Germany is compelled to offer a flat refusal or a flat acceptance. We do not want a verbal acknowledgment of a principle; we require the assurance that in fact American rights will be preserved.

Less than this we cannot ask. We do not care what evasion Germany uses, nor what she says in order to save her pride. What we must have is the definite assurance of safety for the future. If that is refused us, some action is required which will emphasize our intention and convey a threat. The most appropriate action would probably be the breaking off of diplomatic relations. Then we could afford to watch and wait. Germany would have time to realize that we were serious, and her people would have a chance to ponder whether the United States ought to be still further provoked.

If "frightfulness" continues even then, we shall have with entire deliberation to take another of the steps which

emphasize our intention. It might seem best to summon Congress and appropriate money for the fleet. Or the government might take a survey of the factories capable of producing ammunition, and prepare plans for increasing the output vastly. All these steps are possible without an actual declaration of war, and they or something like them are no doubt under consideration.

The exact procedure is, of course, a matter for the administration to determine. But it is for public opinion to make itself articulate, and to crystallize its purpose about certain general principles. They are, to our thinking, essentially these: that Germany must in fact abandon her submarine attacks on American lives; that the ultimate possibility of war must be pressed upon the attention of Germany; that every peaceful and semi-peaceful device should be exhausted before war is declared; that from now on each protest must be accompanied by definite action in case the substance of it is rejected; that the government should, in other words, have made up its mind, before each step in the negotiations, just what action it will take if Germany is obdurate.

We can afford to proceed slowly. No "military necessity" need stampede our diplomacy. We must if at all possible avoid war, or steps which make war inevitable. But we cannot afford merely to argue or to protest, for we are dealing with a nation deaf to words. We are in a situation where acceptance of one wrong merely means the preparation of another which is worse.

May 15, 1915.

Submarines as Commerce Destroyers

CONTROVERSY over the use of submarines as commerce destroyers has been carried far enough to justify one radical conclusion. The attempt of the American government to regularize the practice of commerce-destroying by vessels possessing the peculiar strength and the peculiar weakness of the submarine must in the long run fail. If the submarine survives as a commerce destroyer it will do so at the expense of the existing structure of marine law. If, on the contrary, the existing structure of marine law is to survive and to be enlarged, the practice of commerce-destroying by submarines will have to be ruled out. When the question of submarine warfare against commerce was first raised, the American government could scarcely avoid the attempt to assimilate the intruder into the body of customary law. It has been rewarded with an appearance of success, in that the German government has in part consented to operate the submarines subject to existing rules. But the success proved to be superficial and temporary. In so far as submarines are operated according to law, they practically cease to destroy any commerce. Yet if they are not so operated their unscrupulous activity will produce a reign of terror on the high seas.

Careful compliance with the law of visit and search demands the existence of certain favorable conditions which are necessarily absent in the case of the submarine. The skipper of a merchant vessel is under no necessary obligation to submit to capture. He can attempt to escape; he can even resist, provided he is willing to expose his crew

and his vessel to destruction in case of failure. Whether he does or does not resist or attempt to escape will depend upon a calculation of chances. Usually he cannot even contemplate resistance because the chances of success would be negligible, and because the consequences of failure might be too terrible. But with any kind of opportunity he will frequently and justifiably seek to escape. The commerce destroyer consequently should be powerful enough to put resistance out of the question and swift enough to make escape almost impossible. It should be able to exert overwhelming power on the spot, and its immediate superiority should be sustained by a similarly incontestable general superiority. All the chances should run against the resistance or the final escape of the merchant vessel. There should exist a disparity of force between the captor and the captive similar to that between the policeman and the lawbreaker. If such were not the case, the merchant vessels would often take the chance of getting away or even fighting, just as they formerly did against privateers.

The analogy between submarines and privateers is significantly close. The former will be used as commerce destroyers only by nations whose regular cruisers cannot keep the seas. They operate under practical conditions which provoke apprehension and panic in the crews both of the commerce destroyer and its possible victims. They are vessels powerful enough on the offensive to constitute a dangerous enemy to a superdreadnought, while practically their only defense against attack consists in their ability to submerge. Their terrific offensive power makes them feared and hated by their possible victims, and their vulnerability prevents the fear and hatred from necessarily being impotent. Promises made by governments to observe the old rules in submarine warfare on commerce will not prevent the fear and hatred from existing, from getting expressed, and from being sufficiently justified. A vessel with a small crew designed particularly for concealment and for the extermination of its enemies, which is subject to dire peril as long as it swims on the surface, cannot be operated so

as to avoid costly mistakes. Its commanders will be forced to make decisions carelessly and hurriedly; it will capture only to destroy; and in accomplishing its work of destruction it rarely can safeguard the lives of passengers and crews. The mistakes made by the kind of submarine commander who assaulted the *Gulflight* and the *Petrolite*, who sank the *Ancona* with hundreds of passengers still on board, who thought or pretended to think that the *Arabic* was ramming his boat, who believed or pretended to believe that the *Lusitania* was a part of the British navy — such mistakes would become the ordinary incidents of a submarine warfare against commerce. Their frequency would no less certainly provoke the captains of merchant vessels to take dangerous chances of escape and even resistance. A skilful skipper in command of a fast boat with one good gun on board might be able to "get" the submarine at least as often as the submarine would "get" him.

Thus the effect of submarine attacks on commerce would be deplorable. The furtive lawlessness would breed similar lawlessness on the part of the merchant mariners. The seas would be violated by a barbarous guerilla warfare, which would break down the distinction between trading and war vessels, which would endanger the lives and boats of neutrals on the high seas, and which would make it almost impossible for neutrals not to become involved in the quarrel. The existing marine law, which until recently has made travel on the ocean comparatively safe for non-combatants of all nations, would be superseded by a kind of anarchy that, in case many submarines could be kept actively afloat, would become intolerable.

Such, it must be remembered, is precisely the result which the Germans wish to bring about. They do not at present expect by means of submarine attacks on commerce seriously to injure Great Britain's carrying trade. What they are hoping to damage is the fabric of law which has furnished the basis of marine order during war. That law has been written by sea power for the purpose of totally preventing any commerce during war advantageous to its

enemies. Its existence is the great obstacle to the freedom of the seas in the German meaning of the phrase, a meaning that carries with it the right of all nations to trade during war almost to the same extent that they do during peace. The law enables the Allies to import rifles and ammunition, and prevents the Germans from importing the necessities of life for her civil population. The Germans want to discredit all interference with commerce during war by bringing home to Americans and other neutrals the results of such interference. They want to obtain American assistance either in breaking the blockade or in damaging British and French commerce. If not they hope at least to arouse opposition to future blockades. The submarine at present is less a military weapon than an instrument of international agitation. By means of its activity Germans seek to persuade neutral traders that neutral interest lies not in commerce with one belligerent, as the law practically allows, but in commerce with all belligerents. Thus they propose to dispose of the whole traditional system of marine law.

By clever management they have, as we point out elsewhere, forced the American government into a disadvantageous place from which extrication without loss of some kind will be difficult. Yet the difficulty of the situation should help make Americans understand on which side of this controversy their own national interest lies, as well as the genuinely international interest. They have in the past flirted with the German conception of marine freedom, but the present war and its controversies should convince them that a system of law which secures almost complete freedom of trade during war would be injurious to the interests of genuinely pacific nations. Freedom of the seas, like civil freedom on land, must eventually rest upon the orderly exercise of authoritative power and control. The Germans are seeking to destroy the British empire of the seas and its associated legal system, because the empire of the seas always did and always will constitute the insurmountable obstacle to indefinite extension of military

empire of the land. The United States should not only refuse to furnish them with aid and encouragement, but it must in the end line up on the side of British sea power. The security of the American nation, no less than the realization of those ideals of international organization so indispensable to the future of democracy, depends upon the extension and perpetuation of an authoritative empire of the seas.

Hence it is that organized sea power will be obliged to outlaw submarines as commerce destroyers. Their continued use in such capacity would produce a condition of terrorism on the seas during war not dissimilar to that which prevailed in the seventeenth century. The Germans would be willing to give up the submarine attacks on commerce and restore order on the seas, but only on condition of getting rid by these means of any organized system of marine control. They are offering to neutrals the choice between anarchy on the ocean during war, and a legal system that would make the peaceful trading nations the accomplices of a land empire, no matter what the cause for which it was fighting. Neutrals should reject both alternatives, and look for a way out in a different direction. Organized sea power will be obliged eventually to propose the outlawing of submarines as commerce destroyers. The proposal cannot be adopted without neutral assistance, and the necessary assistance should be furnished by the United States. Organized sea power possessing an effective control of the seas constitutes an indispensable agency of an ultimate international settlement. The American people could not help to break it up without betraying their own most precious national interests and ideals. They should be willing even to increase its authority and permit their own fleet to cooperate in consolidating the control, provided their government can reach some understanding with Great Britain as to the system of law for the benefit of which the control should be exercised.

March 4, 1916.

The Ultimate Controversy

AMERICAN public opinion should not accept with too much complacency the unruffled surface of its relations to Germany as they now stand. Germany has submitted and, having submitted, her press is not allowed to waste words on recrimination; but submission is costing her so much that one would prefer the resentment to explode in noisy and threatening words rather than be artificially suppressed. American interference has ended at least for a while the submarine campaign in the British waters just as last winter it stopped the effective activity of the submarines in the Mediterranean. A few weeks ago English journals like *The Nation* were declaring that the embarrassment to commerce by the submarines was becoming a serious peril to British safety. During the past week the peril, whatever it amounted to, has vanished and the flood of British imports and exports rolls in and out of the British harbors unvexed by their furtive foes. The American government is largely responsible for their immunity. Whatever its justification, its interference has as a matter of fact been of enormous assistance to Great Britain and an equally serious handicap to Germany.

Thus the American nation, as a responsible collective body, is actually playing a part in the war and is behaving so as to promote the success of one group of belligerents and the failure of another. Such is the actual result, as many Germans see it, and such is the actual fact as it will affect future international partitions and alignments. In their view of this matter Americans are living in a fool's paradise. Because their government has only been asserting acknowledged rights of American citizens under international law and because it has been seeking to promote the

essentially humane and civilized object of protecting the lives of non-combatants at sea, they have in their own opinion been clinging to an essentially disinterested and neutral policy — one which provides Germany with no reasonable ground for offense. This is a manifest and dangerous mistake, analogous to the mistake of believing that a government is purely neutral and disinterested when it ruthlessly suppresses a riot provoked by the importation into a labor dispute of car-loads of strikebreakers. Justification by law is inadequate as an answer to violence when the chief object of the violence is merely to drive home a protest against the law. Germany's submarine campaign has an object of that kind; it is fundamentally a protest against the existing system of maritime law. From the German point of view the body of law which the American government is enforcing against the submarine was designed for the benefit of maritime nations, and places a power which does not control the sea under an unjust and intolerable disadvantage. Germany is fighting in the present war partly for the purpose of breaking down this legal system. Yet the American government and public opinion refuses to consider whether Germany has or has not a grievance against the law but continues imperturbably to insist upon obedience to the law by Germany, no matter whether Great Britain obeys it or not.

How and in what sense has Germany a grievance against the existing system of marine law? When she started on a career of industrial and commercial expansion, she was confronted by one fact of overwhelming importance. The more she came to depend for the livelihood of her people upon water-borne commerce, the more costly and in the end the more impossible it became for her to risk a disagreement with the mistress of the seas. The indefinite increase of her exports of finished products and imports of foodstuffs and raw materials would soon land her in a predicament corresponding to that of Great Britain. She would need either to control the seas or else run a contingent risk of starvation and humiliation at the hands of the maritime

ruler. The British navy and its commerce-destroying power under international law constituted the same kind of threat against German security and independence, in so far as it depended on over-seas trade, as would the concentration of an overwhelming military force on their eastern frontier. As against the Russian threat they could enlarge and improve their own military organization; but as against Great Britain no effort of their own would bring them any corresponding security. It was the settled policy of the island kingdom to outbuild any other one or any other two competitors. Even though Great Britain adopted her policy as a necessary safeguard of her own security, that explanation was a poor consolation for Germany. In so far as the British fleet could be used to destroy the commerce of an enemy and in so far as the British national policy, of which the fleet was the chief weapon, had any tendency to be either exclusive or obstructive, its superiority became a menace to the independence of all large commercial competitors.

Under such conditions the only course open to Germany was to make an attempt to change the law which the mistress of the seas would have authority to exercise. Previous to the war the Germans had been agitating for the abolition or the restriction to very narrow limits of the commerce-destroying rights of a superior navy. They argued, as many Americans have argued in the past, that the freedom of the seas during war as well as peace was the permanent and just solution, because under such an arrangement the security of one nation would not bring with it insecurity for all its competitors. By agreeing to allow her enemies to trade freely during war, Great Britain could emancipate herself as well as her possible enemies from an intolerable national danger — that of being starved into submission. The British were so far influenced by these arguments that they came very near to accepting the Declaration of London which, although it was far from providing for the freedom of the seas in the German sense, did rigidly restrict the commerce-destroying rights of a superior fleet. But the

Declaration of London was never ratified; and when the war broke out this particular controversy between the two countries remained unreconciled. The Germans had not underestimated its importance. They had, indeed, so far safeguarded their supply of raw materials and food that they could not be immediately starved into submission. Nevertheless the commercial embargo enforced by the British fleet has placed a weapon in the hands of the Allies more dangerous to the Central Powers than the French or the Russian army. If and in so far as Germany is beaten she will be beaten as a consequence of the blockade. Ability to obtain from this country a small part of the assistance which the Allies have obtained would have brought her, if not victory, at least security against defeat.

Such is the controversy into which the vicissitudes of the war have interpolated the United States, and in the outcome of which we are playing a decisive part. Germany had two chances of breaking the aggressive force of the British blockade. One was that the neutral trading nations might insist upon a reading of sea law, such as in the Declaration of London, which would permit her to obtain some of her needed supplies from abroad. The other was that she would be able to use the submarine to interfere with British commerce as a fair measure of retaliation against the suffocating grip of a complete commercial embargo. The policy of the United States has deprived Germany of both these chances. We are allowing Great Britain, in defiance of our own traditional attitude of a strict interpretation of neutral rights, to execute the most comprehensive and inexorable blockade in the history of marine war. As a consequence of a rigid enforcement of similar rights against Germany, we have emasculated the submarine as a commerce destroyer. The net result of American interference has been to make the defeat of Germany possible to an extent that would not have been possible merely as a result of military operations. If the mistress of the seas is to be allowed to exercise the unrestricted power of life and death over an enemy's commerce, sea power has become

the most effective weapon of national aggression which has yet been forged in the history of the world.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has supported the policy of emasculating the submarine and of confining American protests against the British embargo within the bounds of ineffectuality. But considering the decisive practical effects of the American contribution, the American government cannot and should not stop at that point. Because of the essentially unneutral effects of its policy, it has incurred a danger and assumed a responsibility. The German government has unquestionably come to class the United States as one of its enemies — as a nation which, under the hypocritical exterior of formal neutrality, is able and willing to contribute to German defeat. The resentment and suspicions of the Germans might be expected to pass, in case there was any prospect of winning the United States to their side hereafter; but the attitude assumed by the American government is, as the Germans must realize, a just reflection of fundamental American interests. If we joined with Germany in protesting against any aggressive use of sea power, the work of building a fleet to make the protest effective would fall largely upon our government. For the American nation there can be no real choice between cooperating with Germany and cooperating with Great Britain. We are obliged to prefer association with the Power which more than any other can threaten our national security, and with whom association will be mutually most beneficial. Thus the logic of American unneutrality is pushing the country in the direction of an arrangement with Great Britain; but if and in so far such an arrangement is ever made, it imposes one supreme obligation on the two Powers and in particular on the United States. It imposes the obligation of securing Germany and the world against the use of sea power as an aggressive commerce-destroying weapon in the interest of exclusive national purposes. In case it can be and is being used for such purposes Germany has a genuine grievance, and anything like permanent pacification becomes impossible so long as such a grievance

is permitted to survive. Sea power cannot be deprived of its right to destroy commerce, because the result of such deprivation would be enormously to weaken the most effective agency of resistance against aggressive militarism; but the right must be exercised only under conditions and on behalf of policies which can obtain disinterested international approval.

May 27, 1916.

Mr. Wilson's Great Utterance

PRESIDENT WILSON'S declaration on May 22nd at the dinner of the League to Enforce Peace may well mark a decisive point in the history of the modern world. No utterance since the war began compares with it in overwhelming significance to the future of mankind. For us in America it literally marks the opening of a new period of history and the ending of our deepest tradition. For this speech and the policy it foreshadows, it will be said of Mr. Wilson that he lived in a time of supreme opportunity, that he had the vision to grasp it and the courage to declare it, that on the central issue of modern life he chose the noble part.

These are big claims, but they are easily upheld. The United States is the richest and potentially, so far as the near future is concerned, the most powerful nation on earth. We have become converted to a program of armament and industrial preparedness which will make our power count. The question they are asking in Japan, in Latin America, and in Europe is: What does America intend to do with this power? In a world prostrated by war, in a world bled white with death and destruction, what is the meaning of this arming and preparing on the other side of the Atlantic? Let us not fool ourselves as to their answer. The fact that we think we are arming for defense will not convince Europe or Asia. They are worldly wise and know that all nations, no matter how aggressive, always call preparedness national defense. And virtuous as we may believe ourselves to be, let us not forget that no one else takes us at our own valuation. The rise of a great military and naval Power in the New World is cer-

tain to frighten all mankind, unless the intention of that Power is clearly defined and openly guaranteed.

The most damnable thing we could do with our strength would be to use it for purely national purposes. As surely as the earth turns on its axis, a new balance of power would be set up to offset us, and a new race of armaments incited. To be heavily armed, to "go it alone," to seek security in isolation, would in every human probability bring into existence alliances against us. The final tragic absurdity of preparedness for national defense alone is that, after all the cost and trouble, a nation is not one bit better defended. What would it profit us to build a "supreme navy" as some madmen urge, if the result were to align the navies of Japan and England against us?

Mr. Wilson's speech means that he has done some real thinking on the problem of national defense. His conclusion is that of a growing body of people in all the important countries of the world. It is that security cannot be had by any one nation alone, no matter how well armed it is. Security cannot be had by force divided among "sovereign" nations. It can be had only by force which is unified under the control of nations that coöperate. Armament cannot defend one section of mankind. To be of any use it must defend an organization of mankind. Because the readiness to kill and be killed is certain to be the decisive factor in human government for a long time to come, the path of progress is not the abolition of force but the improvement of the purposes for which force is used. The proposal made by the League to Enforce Peace, and supported by the President, is that in the future force shall be used to defend the community of nations.

Mr. Wilson deserves the gratitude of all decent men for having announced that America is ready to use its force for this civilized end. The whole preparedness agitation, which has been running wild of late by piling jingoism on hysteria, is given a new turn. It becomes our contribution to the world's peace, the only kind of peace in which we can find our own safety. Mr. Wilson has broken with

the tradition of American isolation in the only way which offers any hope to men. Not only has he broken with isolation, he has ended the pernicious doctrine of neutrality, and has declared that in the future we cannot be neutral between the aggressor and the victim. That is one of the greatest advances ever made in the development of international morality. His speech means that America is ready to act on the belief that war is no longer a matter between two "sovereign" states, but a common world-problem of law and order in which every nation is immediately concerned. There is something intensely inspiring to Americans in the thought that when they surrender their isolation they do it not to engage in diplomatic intrigue but to internationalize world politics. They will surrender it for that, though they would have resisted bitterly a mere entanglement in the manœuvres which prepare new wars.

Mr. Wilson has chosen a good moment to make his historic statement — and it may justly be regarded as the first practical step towards peace. When America is talked of as peacemaker, Europeans have naturally asked what we have to contribute for that work. While we clung to isolation we had nothing to offer, but now we have committed ourselves to upholding the peace of Europe. We have said to the nations: "You may count on us to employ our power to curb any nation which attempts to destroy the peace you organize." Mr. Wilson has introduced a new factor, and a decisive one, into the calculations of European governments. Think what it means. To England it means our aid as against an aggressor and an end to the fear that the British commonwealth can be challenged and destroyed. To France it means that in a war of defense she would be guaranteed by the joint power of Britain and America. To Belgium it means that she becomes the ward not only of these competing nations, but also of a Power which cannot be accused of any selfish designs upon her. The future violator of Belgium would face at once the united arms of western civilization. To Germany it means security in return for the abandonment of aggression. It offers her

the choice between arming again to meet all Europe and finding real safety in a league of the Western World. Let that alternative once be offered to the German people, and if radical and social democratic Germany does not make the decent choice, it is because Germany is incapable of learning anything. For our part we have no question that a people as educated as the Germans will make the right choice once the opportunity is offered with convincing sincerity. You can fool and frighten a people into aggression once, but when the price is as terrible as the price has been, you cannot do it again if there is a plain alternative in sight.

Our offer to join in a guaranty of the world's peace opens up the possibility of a quick and moderate peace. It gives to the liberals of Europe a practical thing to work with. They are now in a position to confront the extremists and say to them: "You tell us we must fight till the enemy is crushed, or there is no safety for our children. But to crush the enemy is to come near to crushing ourselves. You offer us the phantom peace of total exhaustion, followed by insurrection and riot and degeneracy. But here is a chance to organize security before we are shattered, and to guarantee that security with the untouched vigor of the richest people on earth. That is a better defense than anything you promise us. It is time to stop talking highflown martial nonsense, and begin to adjust concrete problems."

Let no one suppose that Mr. Wilson made his offer without realizing its significance. It is a fact that there are definite assurances from the Foreign offices, both of France and England, that such a league is desired. There is excellent reason for believing that Berlin is favorable to the idea. It may be said at last without any exaggeration that the first move towards peace has been made.

June 3, 1916.

Sovereign Mexico

THE administration has its own record to thank for the ambiguities and the difficulties which arise from the occupation by an American army of the Mexican border states. The demand for immediate withdrawal is entirely justified on the principles which are supposed to determine the President's Mexican policy. He has been pretending to treat Mexico as a wholly independent sovereign state, which is fully entitled to manage its own affairs without outside interference. The pretense has become absurd. The presence of General Pershing's troops on Mexican soil is manifestly a violation of Mexican sovereignty. They crossed the frontier without the unequivocal written consent of the Mexican government. As long as they remain they constitute a flagrant menace to Mexican liberty. Any nation which valued its own independence would resent their presence just as the First Chief is now doing. Any nation whose sovereignty was still intact would either expel them by force or at least resist to the full extent of its ability the violation of its territory. As it is, Carranza is resentful without daring to resist. The administration continues its illegal violation of Mexican territory without being able to find any sufficient defense for its behavior in its professed principles. The situation is rapidly becoming a stalemate. All the efficient force is on one side and all the apparent right on the other. Carranza cannot be expected to break out of the circle, because the abandonment of his principles or the attempt to enforce them would be equally fatal to his government. But President Wilson can break out. He can frankly declare that Mexican sovereignty, instead of being wholly intact, is a legal fiction, which should no longer be allowed to

determine the policy of the United States towards Mexico, and consequently of Mexico towards the United States.

That Mexican sovereignty has become not only a fiction but a baleful fiction is written on the face of the record. Its government is unable to perform those essential functions which entitle it to respect and consideration. It is unable to afford even semi-security to the lives and property of aliens resident in Mexico. It is unable to prevent marauding outlaws from making murderous forays into American territory. If it were not for the European war its egregious failures would have already provoked demands from European governments, injurious to its national integrity. As against the future threat of European intervention it must rely on the United States to protect its supposed independence. It is as incapable of planning and carrying out a healing domestic policy as it is of meeting its foreign obligations. Thus while it is insisting on all the privileges of a sovereign state it is ignoring most of the responsibilities. If it is allowed to continue on this course, the situation in that distracted country is likely to go from bad to worse. Mexico needs outside assistance to an extent which is bound to bring with it outside interference. If President Wilson wishes to make any headway with his Mexican policy he should discard the fiction of Mexican sovereignty, well documented though it be, and should announce without ambiguity that the American army will remain in northern Mexico not only until order is completely restored, but until the continuation of good order is guaranteed by an authoritative and dependable Mexican government.

From the point of view of the administration, there is one serious objection to such a policy. It may well bring about a collision between the American and the Mexican armies; and the President has been anxious to avoid bloodshed and coercion. He is, of course, justified in wishing to avoid bloodshed and coercion and in sacrificing a great deal in order to do so, but what he cannot sacrifice are the objects for which he has been interfering in Mexican affairs.

Mexico is a distracted country, in which bloodshed and coercion are the most effective arguments used in domestic controversy. If interference in Mexican affairs is justified in part by the long frontier between the two countries, in part by the necessarily close economic relations between the two countries, in part by the express obligation assumed by the United States to protect Mexico from European intervention, and in part by the undoubted ability of the American government to help the Mexicans in the work of recuperation, as in our opinion it has been and is, it may be necessary to use the familiar Mexican arguments of bloodshed and coercion, in order to make the interference effective. And unless it is effective how can it be beneficial? Hitherto the interference has not been beneficial precisely because it has not been effective. The President could not avoid interfering, and yet when it came to the point, he shrank from supporting his policy with the kind of arguments which the Mexicans in their present state of mind are ready to understand. He was so anxious to avoid the killing of Mexicans by Americans that he would take no sufficient steps to prevent the killing of Americans by Mexicans. He has been so much opposed to the use of force in Mexico for the benefit of American interests that he was afraid to use it for the benefit of Mexican interests. He has been obliged to use force in Mexico, but he has always done so with a bad conscience. He has never properly appraised his own policy as one which might fail unless he was prepared to enforce it at the proper time and in the proper way.

The President's attempt to preserve the fiction of Mexican sovereignty has been to some extent the by-product of Pan-Americanism. The South American statesmen are the great exponents of a rigid legalistic nationalism, which they have been seeking to impose on the country as the essential principle of Pan-American internationalism. According to this principle all states are equally independent and deserve to be kept equally inviolate, no matter how well or ill they used their independence, and no matter how capable or incapable

they were of defending it. Although Mexico was torn by internal dissensions, although her recuperation was scarcely possible as long as her government failed to inspire confidence abroad, although she was as a matter of fact helpless against internal and external enemies, she must still be treated as though her sovereign integrity was flawless and perfect. In so treating her the American government was supposed to be acting according to particularly idealistic standards, which would establish new and precious international precedents.

But if the political experience of the past two years has taught anything it has taught the danger and futility of any such theories of absolute national sovereignty. The South American diplomats have been advocating it as a means of giving small and weak states a secure legal protection against aggressive attack; but it provides no such security either in theory or in fact. International security must be provided by an organization of international force, and the only theory on which such a force can be organized is that of a qualified national sovereignty for both large states and small. If small and weak nations are to be immune from all interference, even though they repudiate their obligations to other nations, large and powerful nations can also claim immunity from interference even though in the exercise of their sovereign discretion they override the rights and interests of their smaller neighbors. A community of absolute sovereigns is a contradiction in terms. So far as they believe themselves to exist there would be warfare among them, not international government and coöperation. If the smaller nations want the benefit of security, purchased at the expense of their more powerful associates, they must be willing to submit to certain essential minimum standards of good behavior. It is standards of this kind which Mexico has fallen far below. The United States, as the neighbor-protector and the honest friend of Mexico, is justified, in the absence of any recognized source of international authority, to interfere in Mexican internal affairs sufficiently to restore to that country

some measure of actual domestic independence and of recognition and confidence from other nations.

Mexican sovereignty is not a sacred legal abstraction; it is a living political instrument which must be justified by its fruits. At present it is working badly because it has not the military, economic or moral resources with which to meet its necessary obligations. Because it is working badly it does not deserve to be suppressed; but it has forfeited its right of complete immunity. If it is to do its work better it must have some assistance, and this assistance must be rendered with Mexican consent if possible, but if not, in spite of Mexican opposition. One of the tasks which the Mexican government is unable to accomplish is that of restoring order in the northern states. An American army has occupied territory in these Mexican border states in order to protect American citizens from murderous assault. There they should remain. The northern states are easier to police from the United States than from southern Mexico. The American government should assume this work, and should not withdraw the American troops until the country is pacified and until a similarly efficient Mexican police force can be substituted for them. Now that the troops are in Mexico they should be used partly for police work in that country and partly to bring pressure upon the Mexican government to accept American advice and assistance. Without such advice and assistance Mexico must remain for an indefinite period helpless and distracted, no matter how proudly Carranza flourishes the legal emblem of Mexican sovereignty, and no matter how much South American diplomats would like to have it reverently saluted.

June 10, 1916.

Capitalism of the Camp

THE Mexicans do not like us. They do not like us now when we are undertaking their liberation from the curse of Villa's brigandage. They did not like us in the peaceful days of Diaz, when we were pouring capital into Mexico, creating opportunities of employment and business that helped to elevate many Mexicans out of the primal poverty that is as oppressive to Mexicans as to any other race. The Mexican attitude of peace times is well illustrated by an incident related by a mine manager, now a fugitive from Sinaloa. One night his paymaster, an American, believed to have considerable funds in his possession, was brutally murdered, and his house looted by five Mexicans, who openly boasted next day of their exploit and hawked the loot about on the street. The murderers were arrested and convicted, thanks to the influence of the mining company, and held in jail awaiting execution. There they had the time of their lives. The whole Mexican population made pilgrimages to the cells of the "martyrs," bringing flowers and wine and the foods locally held most delicious. Monster pardon petitions went up to the governor of the state; local politicians of influence even requested the signatures of the American mine officials. And when, by pressure exerted through Diaz, the sentences were executed, the town decked itself in crêpe. Poor victims of the Gringos!

It is an easy explanation that the Mexicans are primitive folk, with no conception of right and wrong, but only conceptions of racial difference and national antagonism. But the incident recounted above might be paralleled in its essential features by many incidents that have occurred within our own domains. Let us recall the stormy labor

history of Colorado, Idaho, Utah, West Virginia, Pennsylvania. Crimes against the company or its officials have often been condoned by workers sharing in the west-European racial stock and the supposed west-European moral system. If there is a form of capitalism that is compatible with democracy and good order, there is also a form which, even on our own soil, proves feudalistic and disorderly. Orderly capitalism is characteristic of the great industrial regions. The feudalistic form of capitalism — what we may term capitalism of the camp — is to be found chiefly in remote, sparsely peopled regions — especially in the mining, construction and lumbering industries. It is this form of capitalism that is most likely to make its appearance in backward countries under course of development through foreign investments. Until we clearly understand the nature of capitalism of the camp, and develop appropriate legal institutions for its regulation, our progress will be attended by disorder at home and hatred abroad.

Contrast the situation of an industrial enterprise in New York or Massachusetts with that of a mining enterprise in some remote valley of the Rocky Mountains. The industrial enterprise as a rule is only one out of a great number of possible opportunities of employment for the greater part of its men. Hiring or firing are not equivalent to food or starvation. The relation between employer and employee narrows down to the labor contract proper. Once in possession of his pay, the worker spends it where he pleases, for living quarters, for supplies, for amusement. The community provides him with schools and churches; it maintains courts and police reasonably independent of any particular employer. If conflict arises between employer and employees, there is a substantial body of outside public opinion for each side to placate. The employer is forced to be more or less liberal, the workers more or less conciliatory. Strife does indeed arise even in such conditions; bitter antagonisms are indeed engendered. We have still a long road to travel before we attain to a reconciliation of justice and efficiency even in these simplest of circum-

stances. But we appear to be on the way. It is doubtful that so much may be said of the capitalism of the camp.

In the mining camp of the Rocky Mountains his relation to the employer pervades the whole life of the employee. There is no local alternative employment; the worker who is disgruntled must make his way as best he can back to civilization, and if there is any work left in him the company will not bestir itself to facilitate his transportation. In the nature of the case, housing must be provided by the company; household supplies must be furnished by the company or by some outsider only theoretically independent of the company. Church and school — if such exist — courts and police — which will certainly exist — will inevitably be more or less dominated by the company. In case of an industrial dispute, there is no local body of independent public opinion to which appeal may be made. The conflict between employer and employee extends to all relations of life. The striking employee may lose his wages, be evicted from his dwelling, be deprived of access to grocery and meat-market, be beaten up by company police, convicted by company judges, and damned by company clergy. Be it admitted that the case is an extreme one. It falls within the bounds of experience. And what is more to the point, tyranny is to be judged by its possibilities, not by its usual performance. There are thousands of men in America to-day who feel themselves subject to just this kind of tyranny. And to them the industrial struggle, elsewhere only a special type of the struggle between buyer and seller, assumes the form of rebellion against grinding authority. Hence their inclination toward violence, their disposition to condone even vulgar crime against the employer and his agents. It is a relapse into the ethics of war.

If capitalism of the camp presents difficult problems even in our own territory, where employers and employees are largely of one racial stock, one tradition, subject to the restraining influence of at least a remote public opinion, what must be the problems it presents in a country like Mexico,

where the barriers of race and dissimilar tradition make sympathetic understanding impossible? It is no doubt true that our managers of Mexican enterprises endeavor, as a rule, to keep their working folk contented. There are numerous instances of the creation of a loyalty to particular managers, reminiscent of feudalism at its best. But the relation is inherently susceptible of abuse. Say that the abuses are only occasional; so long as they are possible the Mexican will hate the Gringo, or any other foreigner who happens to be identified with the system.

Capitalism of the camp inevitably transcends the sphere that the modern state can safely allot to purely private enterprise. Through its pervasive control of the whole economic life of its employees, through its close relations with the social services and the police and judicial functions, it is necessarily a form of government as well as a money-making enterprise. The mining camp company is by nature a public corporation. In law we treat it as a private corporation; therefore we fail utterly to solve its problems.

When we have made up our minds as to the nature of capitalism of the camp we shall see the necessity of devising a new set of institutions for its regulation. The public authority chartering such a corporation will have to reserve to itself the functions of government. The wages contract, "hiring and firing," the character and price of housing and supplies furnished, the provision to be made for churches, schools, medical service, will not be left to the caprice of the employer, animated chiefly by considerations of profit, but will be kept subject to the control of the chartering authority. Police and courts will not be created by the employer out of local vestiges, but will be provided by the central authority and kept independent. A corporation will not be perfunctorily chartered to operate mines or exploit forests in countries of backward development, but the public authority granting the charter will, in coöperation with the foreign government concerned, specify down to minute details the treatment to be accorded to the

working personnel, and provide administrative organs for insuring the carrying out of such provisions.

A country with immense natural resources like Mexico could, with the aid of foreign capital and enterprise, be lifted entirely out of the morass of poverty and disorder in which she welters. With a higher level of wealth, opportunities would be thrown open to Mexicans of ambition. Business and the professions would exert their stimulative and selective effects, and a new Mexican culture, springing out of a temperament historically fruitful, would enrich the world's civilization. Without foreign capital, the progress of Mexico will necessarily be slow and uncertain. With foreign capital, organized in the form of capitalism of the camp, the immediate prospect is merely industrial peonage succeeding to agrarian peonage. We have not solved our domestic problem of capitalism of the camp; when we shall have done this we shall have proven our ability to participate helpfully in the industrial regeneration of Mexico and any other undeveloped country.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

April 1, 1916.

Force, Violence and Law

WHAT is force, and what are we going to do with it? This, I am inclined to think, is the acute question of social philosophy in a world like that of to-day. A generation which has beheld the most stupendous manifestation of force in all history is not going to be content unless it has found some answer to the question this exhibition has stirred into being. Having witnessed the spectacle of continuous wholesale bombing, can we henceforth reprimand the sporadic and private bombing of the anarchist without putting our tongues in our cheeks? Or shall we say that he is right in principle, but wrong just in that his exercise of force is casual and personal, not collective and organized? We are to "prepare." How are we to decide whether this willingness to resort to the threat of force is a pledge of the final loyalty to ideals, or an evidence of growing contempt for the precious fruits of human labor, the only things which stand between us and the brutes? Is force the highest kind of laborious industry or is it the negation of industry?

We cannot ask this about war without being led to extend our questioning. Once we have uttered the question, everything in civilization throws it back at us. From the barracks it is but a step to the police court and the jail. Behind the prison rises the smoke of the factory, and from the factory roads lead to the counting-house and the bank. Is our civic life other than a disguised struggle of brute forces? Are the policeman and the jailer the true guardians and representatives of the social order? Is our industrial life other than a continued combat to sift the strong and the weak, a war where only external arms and armor are changed? Is the state itself anything but organized

force? In the seventeenth century political theorists talked frankly in terms of force and power. We have invented a more polite terminology. Much is now said of the common will and consciousness; the state figures as a moral personality, or at least as a juridical one. Hasn't our thinking lost in clearness and definiteness as our language has become more sentimentally courteous?

Yet commonsense still clings to a *via media* between the Tolstoian, to whom all force is violence and all violence evil, and that glorification of force which is so easy when war arouses turbulent emotion, and so persistent (in disguised forms) whenever competition rules industry. I should be glad to make the voice of commonsense more articulate. As an initial aid, I would call to mind the fact that force figures in different rôles. Sometimes it is energy; sometimes it is coercion or constraint; sometimes it is violence. Energy is power used with a eulogistic meaning; it is power of doing work, harnessed to accomplishment of ends. But it is force none the less — brute force, if you please, and rationalized only by its results. Exactly the same force running wild is called violence. The objection to violence is not that it involves the use of force, but that it is a waste of force; that it uses force idly or destructively. And what is called law may always, I suggest, be looked at as describing a method for employing force economically, efficiently, so as to get results with the least waste.

No matter what idealists and optimists say, the energy of the world, the number of forces at disposal, is plural, not unified. There are different centers of force and they go their ways independently. They come into conflict; they clash. Energy which would otherwise be used in effecting something is then used up in friction; it goes to waste. Two men may be equally engaged about their respective businesses, and their businesses may be equally reputable and important, and yet there may be no harmony in their expenditures of energy. They are driving opposite ways on the road and their vehicles collide. The subsequent

waste in quarreling is as certain as the immediate waste in a smash-up. The rule that each shall turn to the right is a plan for organizing otherwise independent and potentially conflicting energies into a scheme which avoids waste, a scheme allowing a maximum utilization of energy. Such, if I mistake not, is the true purport of all law.

Either I am mistaken, or those persons who are clamoring for the "substitution of law for force" have their language, at least, badly mixed. And a continuous use of mixed language is likely to produce a harmful mixture in ideas. Force is the only thing in the world which effects anything, and literally to substitute law for force would be as intelligent as to try to run an engine on the mathematical formula which states its most efficient running. Doubtless those who use the phrase have their hearts in the right place; they mean some method of regulating the expenditure of force which will avoid the wastes incident to present methods. But too often the phrase is bound up with intellectual confusion. There is a genuine emotional animosity to the very idea of force. The "philosophy of force" is alluded to scornfully or indignantly — which is somewhat as if an engineer should speak deprecatingly of the science of energy.

At various times of my life I have, with other wearied souls, assisted at discussions between those who were Tolstoians and — well, those who weren't. In reply to the agitated protests of the former against war and the police and penal measures, I have listened to the time-honored queries about what you should do when the criminal attacked your friend or child. I have rarely heard it stated that since one cannot even walk the street without using force, the only question which persons can discuss with one another concerns the most effective use of force in gaining ends in specific situations. If one's end is the saving of one's soul immaculate, or maintaining a certain emotion unimpaired, doubtless force should be used to inhibit natural muscular reactions. If the end is something else, a hearty fisticuff may be the means of realizing it. What is intolerable is that men should condemn or eulogize force

at large, irrespective of its use as a means of getting results. To be interested in ends and to have contempt for the means which alone secure them is the last stage of intellectual demoralization.

It is hostility to force as force, to force intrinsically, which has rendered the peace movement so largely an anti-movement, with all the weaknesses which appertain to everything that is primarily anti-anything. Unable to conceive the task of organizing the existing forces so they may achieve their greatest efficiency, pacifists have had little recourse save to decry evil emotions and evil-minded men as the causes of war. Belief that war springs from the emotions of hate, pugnacity and greed rather than from the objective causes which call these emotions into play reduces the peace movement to the futile plane of hortatory preaching. The avarice of munition-makers, the love of some newspapers for exciting news, and the depravity of the anonymous human heart doubtless play a part in the generation of war. But they take a hand in bringing on war only because there are specific defects in the organization of the energies of men in society which give them occasion and stimulation.

If law or rule is simply a device for securing such a distribution of forces as keeps them from conflicting with one another, the discovery of a new social arrangement is the first step in substituting law for war. The ordinary pacifist's method is like trying to avoid conflict in the use of the road by telling men to love one another, instead of by instituting a rule of the road. Until pacifism puts its faith in constructive, inventive intelligence instead of in appeal to emotions and in exhortation, the disparate unorganized forces of the world will continue to develop outbreaks of violence.

The principle cuts, however, two ways. I know of no word more often deprived of meaning and reduced to a mere emotional counter than the word "end," of which I have made free use. Men appeal to ends to justify their resort to force when they mean by ends only footless de-

sires. An end is something which concerns results rather than aspirations. We justify the use of force in the name of justice when dealing with criminals in our infantilely barbaric penal methods. But unless its use is actually an effective and economical means of securing specific results, we are using violence to relieve our immediate impulses and to save ourselves the labor of thought and construction. So men justify war in behalf of words which would be empty were they not charged with emotional force — words like honor, liberty, civilization, divine purpose and destiny — forgetting that a war, like anything else, has specific concrete results on earth. Unless war can be shown to be the most economical method of securing the results which are desirable with a minimum of the undesirable results, it marks waste and loss: it must be adjudged a violence, not a use of force. The terms honor, liberty, future of civilization, justice, become sentimental phantasies of the same order as the catch-words of the professional pacifist. Their emotional force may keep men going, but they throw no light on the goal nor on the way traveled.

I would not wish to cast doubt on anything which aims to perceive facts and to act in their light. The conception of an international league to enforce peace, an international police force, has about it a flavor of reality. Nevertheless force is efficient socially not when imposed upon a scene from without, but when it is an organization of the forces *in* the scene. We do not enjoy common interests and amicable intercourse in this country because our fathers instituted a United States and armed it with executive force. The formation of the United States took place because of the community of interests and the amicable intercourse already existent. Doubtless its formation facilitated and accelerated the various forces which it concentrated, but no amount of force possessed by it could have imposed commerce, travel, unity of tradition and outlook upon the thirteen states. It was their union, their organization. And no league to enforce peace will fare prosperously save as it is the natural accompaniment of a constructive adjust-

ment of the concrete interests which are already at work. Not merely the glorification of either war or peace for their own sakes, but equally the glorification of diplomacy, prestige, national standing and power and international tribunals at large, tends to keep men's thoughts engaged with emotional abstractions, and turns them away from the perception of the particular forces which have to be related. The passage of force under law occurs only when all the cards are on the table, when the objective facts which bring conflicts in their train are acknowledged, and when intelligence is used to devise mechanisms which will afford to the forces at work all the satisfaction that conditions permit.

JOHN DEWEY.

January 22, 1916.

Retribution

NO one can be more tired than the reformer of the perpetual cry that disaster is the price of competitive anarchy. For at least a generation radicals in England have been arguing that industry conducted as a scramble for profits was a menace to the country. They pointed to the normal horrors of peace, they painted pictures of what might be, and were put down as theorists who did not comprehend the sacred mysteries of business. They were treated as the trustees of Pennsylvania's university or the *New York Times* would like them to be treated. And now in this hour of peril — the prophecies of the reformers are fulfilled with an accuracy so swift that it must have made them gasp. They themselves could hardly have realized how dramatically a few months of war would reveal the sins of the thoughtless peace which preceded it.

At last the rulers of England have had driven into their heads the old axiom of social reform that industry exists not for profit but for service. The service in this case happens to be the service of war, whereas the reformers had been thinking of the service of human happiness. But a service it is, with a definite national purpose, a service which subordinates business to the needs of the nation. To their dismay the English are discovering that a business anarchy which never served any purpose, which was simply an individual struggle of caprice, habit, accident, privilege and speculation, cannot suddenly be transformed into an organization national in scope to serve a definite end. England's despair at this moment is the price of an unsocialized business system. She has neither the education, nor the tradition, nor the coöperative training for

using her immense industrial resources. She has not the technical skill, the collective habits, the trained administrators, the industrial statesmen, or the social goodwill to carry out her plans. England is suffering at this moment for the lack of those very things which the social reformers have begged her to secure. Mr. Lloyd George rises in the House of Commons saying, "If I could lay my hands on an adequate supply of skilled labor I would double in a few weeks our supply of machine guns." An adequate supply of skilled labor! What is it that the advocates of vocational training have been pleading for except just such a generalized technical education as would make the people of a country able to adapt themselves quickly to new processes? England not only lacks skilled labor; she has misdirected the labor she has. At the beginning of the war when the army and navy needed recruits and equipment, they actually competed with each other. Men were enlisted to fight in Flanders where skill was needed for building ships or mining coal. So deep had become the habit of private competition that the two fighting arms of the empire acted toward each other like two employers who steal each other's trade and workmen. These are instances among many which show how the war is exacting payment for the evils of peace.

In the June number of that excellent British quarterly, *The Round Table*, the whole industrial record is stated with entire frankness. The story may be recommended to all those short-sighted persons who can learn only from disasters; who, like the rulers of England, need a war in order to learn the platitudes of reform. If only these people will see that England is suffering what we should suffer in her place, if only they will remember that these evils are normal to peace, their knowledge will prove immeasurably valuable to our own future.

England began by trying to forget about the industrial conflict. There were patriotic appeals for a "truce" and for "national unity." But the cleavages of class and interest were too real to be covered by mere enthusiasm.

There was all sorts of trouble, and finally, on February eighth in the House of Commons, Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary of War, took public notice of the labor problem. His words are of historic interest; they deserve to be inscribed on trade-union banners and flaunted in the face of all complacency:

If I might address myself to my honorable friends below the gangway (the Labor members) I would appeal to them to help us, the Government, to organize the forces of labor.

In those words a great empire confessed that the trade unions are not impertinences to be fought, not outrageous monopolies to be crushed, but institutions which a modern state cannot do without. It was asking the unions to do what for a century they have fought for the right to do; it was asking them to organize labor in the service of the whole community. The union had been "recognized" with a vengeance.

But the invitation was a bit sudden, and the task gigantic. Moreover, the trade unionists suspected a joker in the invitation, for Mr. Tennant asked them in the next breath to relax their union rules, and to recruit for industry workers "not of military age and physique." He was asking them to begin their imperial service by abandoning at one stroke the fruits of a century's agitation, and he offered no more than a verbal promise that after the war the old conditions would be restored. When American newspaper editors become impatient with the British workmen because they do not make the sacrifice without hesitation, some effort should be made to realize what an enormous sacrifice it is. It means hazarding employment itself, it means risking the bare necessities of life, not only now but after the war is over. Workmen may well be forgiven if even in the midst of a war they are not eager to throw away the pitiable minimum of civilization which is their share in the empire.

If Mr. Tennant had gone to the landlords, the investors, and the bankers with an equivalent offer, what would have

been their answer? Suppose he had said, "If I might address myself to my honorable friends above the gangway, I would appeal to them to help us, the government, to organize the economic forces of the country," and had then proceeded to suggest that they relax for the period of the war the payment of rent, interest, and dividends, giving them at the same time nothing but a verbal promise that after the war things would return to the old condition. Would the landlords and shareholders have rushed to the War Office to deposit their title deeds, their bonds and their stocks? That is the kind of sacrifice that was asked of labor.

On March fifth Mr. Tennant had an interview with a deputation from the union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks. Mr. Turner, secretary of the union, "wanted to know what would become of the women when the war was over, for employers ought to give a guaranty to reinstate the men who had enlisted." Mr. Tennant, "having acknowledged the patriotic way in which shop assistants had already enlisted, said the government could not guarantee their reinstatement after the war. It was a matter for the employers, but he would bring the question before the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee to see if they could get employers to give some guaranty." The old habit of asking sacrifices from the men and favors from the employers, the old notion of the business man as supreme in industry, still haunted the British government, and mocked its appeals to labor.

At the same time, while workingmen were asked not to strike for higher wages, the cost of living had risen. On February eleventh Mr. Asquith stated that the wholesale prices of wheat, flour and sugar were between 72 per cent and 75 per cent higher than in February, 1914. Retail food prices, as a whole, were between 20 per cent and 24 per cent higher than those of the month of July — the last month of peace. And these July prices, as Mr. Snowden, the Socialist M. P., pointed out, were 16½ per cent over those of 1900. This meant that a wage of five dol-

lars a week in 1900 was worth in February, 1915, about \$3.50. After February the prices of food were still rising.

Together with this advance in cost came reports of enormous war profits. Yet the coöperative societies, which are workingmen's institutions, resisted the temptation to advance prices. An official of these societies writes that a firm of millers at Cardiff made \$1,850,000 profit—over \$5,000 a day—on a capital of \$5,000,000, while the Coöperate Wholesale Society, with the biggest mills in the world, made about \$3,750,000 profit for the year on a turnover of \$175,000,000. And those profits of course went back to the consumers. On April 27th, 1915, the *London Times* states that Messrs. Spillers and Bakers (Ltd.), millers of Cardiff, made profits of \$1,840,000, as against \$445,000 the year before.

These facts were not calculated to allay the workman's old suspicion that whenever there is sacrificing to be done he is offered a special opportunity to shine. What he must have seen was that the war had simply intensified all the old evils he knew so well. Prices up, profits up, hours up, wages down, and now he was expected to give up his trade-union rules, the one protection between him and a servility more immediate than anything the Germans had yet offered to him. For let no one forget that the exploited worker of modern industry has as yet tasted very little of that freedom and civilization for which he is asked to fight, work, and die. If he is ready to sacrifice himself, it is because he is willing to give more than he has ever received.

On March 25th, 1915, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers made an agreement with the Government which indicates pretty well the true animus of the intelligent British workman. The first article reads:

(1) That it is the intention of the Government to conclude arrangements with all important firms engaged wholly or mainly upon engineering and shipbuilding work for war purposes, under which

their profits will be limited, with a view to securing that the benefit resulting from the relaxation of trade restriction or practices shall accrue to the State.

The unionists were willing to risk their security, willing to pledge the victories of decades, but they insisted that the benefit should go to the state, and not into the pockets of the profiteers. Who will say that they were not standing out for principles which would make England worth fighting for?

But old wrongs and bad social habits cannot be exorcised suddenly. In spite of agreements, arbitration courts, committees of investigation and Mr. Lloyd George's speeches, the old chaos has not been transformed into an efficient service. The cleavages of suspicion and class feeling were too deep, and the intention of treating labor as an equal too new. The libellous report on drink showed how brutally stupid a class-blinded government can be. At one stroke it indicted as drunkards and wasters the men England was depending upon for her national salvation. So the friction has gone on. England faces the fact that she has never organized her resources, never educated her people, never shared power or profits with labor, and never organized for industrial democracy. The failure of the ammunition supply comes back to that. The army stands on the defensive in Flanders because of the social problem at home.

On Wednesday, June twenty-third, Mr. Lloyd George announced that labor had asked for seven days in which to man the factories voluntarily; if at the end of that time it had failed, industrial conscription was to be enforced. On Tuesday, June twenty-ninth, Walter Long, president of the Local Government Board, introduced a bill providing for compulsory registration of all people between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five. In time of peace such a register would be of the greatest value. At this moment it is ominous as the entering wedge for general conscription.

If England resorts to that, what will be the lesson?

Will it not be that after fighting voluntary organization for decades, she has tried in the midst of a crisis to call voluntary organization into existence, and because free coöperation cannot be introduced overnight, she is driven to the servile state as the only remedy for the industrial chaos? For unless England is to emerge from the struggle a poor imitation of Prussia, she will have to do more than invite her honorable friends below the gangway to make sacrifices. The sober truth is that England is now choosing between the hateful tyranny of forced labor and what amounts to a social revolution.

July 3, 1915.

The Great Fighting Phrase

Let us suppose I suggest to Mr. Asquith to sit down with me at a table and examine the possibilities of peace, and Mr. Asquith begins with a claim of definitive and complete destruction of Prussian military power. Our conversation would be ended before it began. To these peace conditions only one answer would be left, and this answer our sword must give.— Von Bethmann-Hollweg, April 5th, 1916.

IT is trite enough to say that a phrase may become a dangerous thing. It is far more difficult to realize that a particular phrase which almost everybody uses has become a fearful peril. Yet it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the two words "Prussian militarism" are the most evil power in Europe.

Mr. Asquith attempted to define the phrase the other day when he said that "as a result of this war we intend to establish the principle that international problems must be handled by free negotiation on equal terms between free peoples, and that this settlement shall no longer be hampered or swayed by the overmastering dictation of a government controlled by a military caste." But this is not a definition, it is a paraphrase which, though splendid in its aspiration, is as far as ever from anything that can be translated into terms of a treaty of peace or even of a military objective. The words "Prussian militarism" do not denote a concrete reality, they have become an elaborate complex of hate and fear and affection. All the world uses the phrase, yet nothing in the world is more difficult than to define it. The manhood of Europe is dying in droves to crush it or to preserve it; the statesmen of Europe use it in their speeches, and no one of them has dared to tell us what it means.

What are the facts behind the phrase? Is it military conscription? Is it the state socialism of Germany? Is it the technical development of German education? Is it the intense nationalism of German thought? Is it the imperialistic ambition of German export trades? Is it the personal insolence of Germany army officers as caricatured in *Simplicissimus* and revealed at Zabern? Is it the doctrine proposed by many German professors and publicists that a nation is a law unto itself, not bound to respect the weak as in Belgium, or the non-combatant as in the case of the Lusitania? Is it what Mr. Chesterton has called the Myth of the Unconquerable Man?

A spokesman for the western Allies would probably reply that the evil he was fighting under the name of Prussian militarism was not so much any one of these things by itself as an organic combination of them, which has produced a state based on military and intellectual conscription, its policy directed by imperialistic traders and soldiers, glorified by its spokesmen, ruthless in its method, and terribly inspired by the legend of its own greatness.

How does the spokesman of Germany reply? He asks whether the crushing of Prussian militarism means the abolition of compulsory military service, the destruction of German technical organization, the forbidding of imperial expansion in backward countries similar to the expansion of England, France, Russia, Italy, Japan and the United States. He wants to know what specific things the Allies propose to take away from him in order to remove that poison which they call Prussian militarism. He tries to conceive the terms of peace, and he asks how they are to be framed in order to cure him. He points out that he is ready to leave Belgium and indemnify her, to leave France. He turns therefore to the Near East. Bulgaria and Turkey are his allies. He asks whether the ownership of Constantinople by Russia is to be one of the chief cures for Prussian militarism, whether the concession of Galicia to a Russian Poland is a cure for militarism, whether the concession to Italy of the Dalmatian coast inhabited by Slavs

is a cure for militarism, whether the concession of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Serbia is a cure for militarism.

The Allies would probably reply that while no one of these concessions is a cure for the internal malady of Germany, yet they must be conceded in order that the German people and all the world may have before their eyes permanent obvious symbols of German defeat. Only then, they say, can the pride which inspires German organization be broken, and the German people be compelled to ask their rulers for an accounting.

While the German is thinking this over, he hears that after the war the Allies propose to keep down Prussian militarism by keeping up a tariff alliance against him, to shut him out of the chief markets of the world, to cripple his shipping trade by port regulations, to pool credit against him. The effect, of course, is to stiffen his fighting spirit. If that is the kind of world which peace is to bring, then, say the Germans, the more territory we can conquer and hold the better for our future. If the Entente is to be a permanent economic organization against Germany, then the only hope for Germany is to create a mid-European alliance from Antwerp to Bagdad, from Courland to Trieste, to create it, to hold it, and live in armed isolation within it.

The greater the concrete demands which the Allies pour into their ideal of destroying Prussian militarism, the more attached to it the Germans become. If the phrase is expanded till it means Germany's economic and political future, then the German's love of it will grow in proportion to the Allied hate of it. For all the Prussian junker has to say to the Social Democrat is, "Well, you see, you dislike us for Zabern, for the restricted franchise, for our political supremacy. But the war being waged ostensibly against us is really against you, against your chance to trade in the world and to have your part in its politics. The phrase 'Prussian militarism' is a receptacle of all the hate and jealousy of Germany; it unites Europe against us, it must unite us against Europe."

What can humanity say to this hideous impasse which threatens to destroy the better part of the manhood of Europe, and to organize the world for despair? Must it not begin by demanding that statesmen drop their dangerous abstractions and talk about political and economic realities? Must it not insist upon a definition to take the place of a slogan which arouses the maximum of misunderstanding? Will not the generations curse the statesmen who dared not specify the realities for which millions are going to their death?

April 15, 1916.

The War After the War

THE Allies must make, before this month is out, a decision which may shape the whole future of Europe. Their original pact was a pledge which bound them only for the duration of the war. The new tie will link them together in the coming peace, and may convert the trenches which now surround the enemy into permanent Chinese walls. Mr. Bonar Law has told us that the conference which will shortly meet in Paris is to consider not merely the more adroit use of economic weapons during the war, but the adoption after it of a common economic policy. The forecasts in our press are numerous and detailed, and all of them agree in this, that the Allies are discussing what steps they shall take in common to continue during "peace" (we still use the word) the war on German trade. The *Daily News* predicts and even approves a decision to prohibit all German imports for a term of years. It certainly speaks for some members of the Cabinet. The *Times* suggests that the Allies contemplate rather a simple agreement with each other to conclude commercial treaties with Germany after the war only by mutual consent.

Russia made the first public proposals for a prolongation of the present war of trenches and torpedoes into a new war of tariffs and boycotts; France took the initiative in calling the conference; we in England have followed their lead. The result will probably be an elastic decision which reflects the opportunist caution of diplomacy. The military alliance will be completed by a commercial pact, which may be applied as circumstances dictate. Such a pact might be turned to varying uses, an absolute boycott at one extreme, an amiable adjustment of trade at the other, with

a system of preferential trading as a middle term. For the moment almost the only tendency which finds decided expression in the Allied countries is the extreme resolve to make the utmost use of economic weapons in the sort of peace which will follow the war, to weaken, or as some would say, to "punish" the enemy. Mr. Runciman, speaking officially for the Coalition, has endorsed this way of thinking, and has twice declared from the Treasury Bench that our aim must be to see that Germany does not after the war "get up her head" as a trading nation. How far this intention can be pressed will depend on the military outcome of the war. A total embargo could be placed on German trade only if she had been deprived by crushing military reverses of all power to protect herself by bargaining against terms so extreme. While she holds as pledges great tracts of Allied territory, she has the means to protect herself. What this Allied policy means as a minimum is that the settlement will now depend on three factors instead of two—the power to close markets, as well as the balance of military success on land and the command of the seas.

The future of Europe turns on the question whether this new commercial policy is regarded by the leading Allied statesmen simply as a powerful expedient for reducing Germany to terms, or whether it springs from a fixed purpose to crush not merely the "militarism" but the trade of Germany. Public speeches supply no real clue to the answer, for if the danger of a trade war after peace is to be used with effect as one means of bringing Germany to terms, the Allies must take all the preliminary steps to make the threat effective. Even on this moderate reading of motive, the revolution alike in British and in European policy is momentous. Hitherto an alliance has rarely involved any surrender of economic nationalism. France and Russia maintained high tariffs against each other, and Austria "protected" her industries against German competition with peculiar jealousy. The world war is breaking down these traditional divisions. While the Germans are dis-

cussing the foundation of "Mitteleuropa," and projecting the extension of their trust and cartel system over the territories of their allies, the Entente on its side is facing over its vaster and more scattered area the creation of a far more adventurous and difficult unity. England has not yet formally abandoned free trade, but the decision is already taken in principle. If we are to act after the war in economic alliance with France and Russia and perhaps with Italy and Japan, our fiscal system must in some degree be conformed to theirs. If, moreover, we are as an empire to use tariffs as an engine of our world policy, it is clear that we must also in some degree realize Mr. Chamberlain's dream of an imperial customs union. We have come to this point, as we came to the abandonment of voluntary service, without any conscious departure from principles. The *Daily News* actually advocates a five years' prohibition of German imports at the end of a leading article which recites all the familiar arguments against protection.

Our drift into this startling revolution is simply a consequence of the domination of all our political thinking by the idea of power. The war has come to have for nine men in ten only one meaning — the breaking of German power. Its course has taught us how closely military efficiency depends on economic vigor. Our main struggle is to-day to reduce Germany by an embargo on her foreign trade, and our main concern when we survey our own case is lest the effort to place a first-class continental army in the field should so weaken our production as to embarrass our credit. Inevitably the anxiety dogs our thoughts, that when the war is over, Germany may through her unrivalled power of reorganization build up once more by the activities of trade the resources which will again enable her to threaten a continent with her arms. To keep her peaceful, so runs this argument, we must keep her weak, and to keep her weak, we must keep her poor. The expedient which naturally suggests itself is that we should by combination limit her markets.

That is, I think, the main stream of thought, though others cross it. There is the distaste at the thought of renewing any kind of intercourse with her. There is the savage puritanical instinct which desires to "punish" her. There is, of course, the even cruder trader's egoism which simply desires to exploit the hatreds of war in order to exclude a formidable rival from valuable markets. To all these arguments and emotions economists in vain address their queries and cautions. Can any increase of our trade with the rest of the world balance the loss to us of the German market? Can we "punish" Germany without also punishing ourselves, or limit her power without weakening our own? Such reasoning leaves the determined national temper unaffected. There is an idealism of enmity as there is an idealism of goodwill. We are prepared to-day for the slaughter of our own citizens, provided we can slaughter Germany's. Why should we shrink tomorrow from suffering loss in trade, if we can certainly inflict it? Under all this surface play of emotion a deeper logic guides us. It was the rivalry for minerals and markets and exclusive areas of exploitation, from Morocco to Bagdad, which produced the world war. Its outcome, if it settles anything at all, must be first and foremost a sweeping series of economic readjustments. We were free-traders before the war only in the sense that we rejected tariffs at home because we wanted cheap commodities. We had long ago thrown over the essence of free trade, when like all our continental rivals we gave nationality to money and used the power of the state to secure or oppose concessions for national groups of financiers.

The meaning of this new phase of the war must be frankly faced. If this tendency prevails, the war is carrying us not toward peace, but only to another phase of conflict. The old impartial protection of the past was bad economics and bad internationalism. But it was defensive in intention. If we decided tomorrow to levy a uniform tariff on friends and enemies alike, that would be our good right and no nation need feel resentment. But if we say

that we will have one rate of duties for French goods and another for German, we shall have deepened the trenches across Europe, and garnished them with a triple hedge of barbed wire. We shall proclaim in plain figures that we regard Germany as our permanent enemy, and that our policy in peace as in war is still to inflict on her the maximum of injury. I question whether the fantastic idea of grading tariffs, step by step by ascending percentages, to colonies, allies, neutrals and enemies, could ever be carried out. That is a nightmare of wartime. But some arrangement by which our enemies of today will enjoy less favored treatment than our friends is perfectly feasible, and by no means remote. It would hasten on the other side the conversion of the Central Powers into a solid economic unit. It would very soon compel the weaker neutrals to adhere to one group or the other. The same embarrassing questions about the intermediary trade of Holland and Denmark which have vexed the working of our blockade would reappear in a new form. The association between trade and war would become permanently fixed in the minds of all the inhabitants of Europe. We should dimly remember that we had once read our Cobden and our Norman Angell, but the crude fact that war does delimit markets, that political alliances do make economic leagues, that victory on land and sea does direct the course of commerce would be all day and every day the foreground of our landscape. Only a rare reflective mind would stop to inquire whether this system did actually make for the world's prosperity and happiness. The moral would be plain to the meanest understanding — and above all to it. There would be a new frenzy of armaments, and our frontiers, which were imaginary lines on the map, would have become fortified customs' barriers. Conscription of course would be with us as a permanency, and the dream which Mr. Asquith sketched in his famous Dublin speech, and endorsed once more only the other day, of a Europe gradually evolving from the idea of a balance of power to a community based on law, would haunt us only as an ironical memory. At the

first breach of the unity of either league, the first discovery by any ally that the new economic ties were unnatural and expensive, the risk of a fresh war would be upon us. The adoption of this policy means, in short, the certain abandonment — it is difficult not to write the conscious abandonment — of all that facile idealism which preached the establishment of a permanent peace as the outcome of this war.

There remains the hope that this scheme, vague as yet in all the official sketches, may be not an objective to be realized by war, but simply a factor in the final bargain. If there comes a point, when the settlement arrives, at which the Allies can say to Germany, "Look at us. Our unity is unbroken, we are one army, one fleet, one market," the answer may be, "What will you take to open that market?" That will be the testing time for the real spirit of the Entente. Two answers are possible. One of them would be, "We do not mean on any terms to open that market: our central purpose is to break your power and therefore your trade." In that case it is clear that unless Germany were already broken, the Allies could hope to achieve few of their other purposes. The other answer would be, "We will open our markets, we will even allow you reasonable facilities for economic expansion, but we insist in return on certain concessions to the principle of nationality, and on certain guaranties for an enduring peace." Between these two alternatives, unless some miracle should bring a catastrophic victory, the Allies must one day choose. If they decide to build the settlement on the basis of a trade war, they must perforce lighten their cargo of ideals.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

April 1, 1916.

As a Soldier Thinks of War

THE winter's trials are about over. Already the larks are singing in the dawn that every week seems earlier, and whenever the cloud-banks roll away there is real warmth in the sunshine. The season of good weather that will bring great events and precipitate the action which all winter has been more or less in suspense will at the same time make the business of fighting harder to those of us in whom spring will wake other thoughts and other impulses. For war seemed perfectly proper when the fields were sere and nature abounded in images of death. But the bursting shells that hitherto have only sent the crows clamoring out of the bare forests will seem a strange anomaly when they scatter the cherry blossoms that will soon cloud the hillsides here where our trenches run.

They are the young soldier's worst enemy, these moments when the greatness of his renunciation is brought home to him by a song, a perfume, a memory:

" J'aimerai toujours le temps des cerises,
Et le souvenir que j'en garde au cœur."

It is when some one near the campfire begins to sing as only a Latin can — the feeling that wells so naturally from his heart touching in his listeners the spring of all that is fondest in memory and desire; it is in the long nights at the outposts when the grim irony comes over him that he should be there praying for the dawn where once it was *Lente, lente, currite noctis equi* — it is then that Youth in its tragic brevity and beauty slips by, and the sense of its vanishing opportunities for happiness plagues his heart with a poignancy of regret that at times becomes almost intolerable.

When he feels this way, the best remedy is to look a moment on the other side of the picture. Let him fancy himself liberated, lounging on the Riviera, or sipping his liqueur along the boulevards. Let him picture himself for a moment in the Venusberg of his dreams. Would he really be content? Would he not soon sing the same song as the minstrel knight? The vision would rise before him of young men who had been his companions in many a happy night in the Latin Quarter or Montmartre. Spurred less by the thought of any military ostentation or glory than that another generation might live free of the menace that had hung over their lives, quietly, uncomplainingly, they had marched forth. Who that had shared their hours of rejoicing could feel now in their hour of trial that, other things being equal, his place was not all the more at their side, that the burden that unsought had been laid on their shoulders should not rightfully be his too? No one of any imagination; no one of any conscience.

I have talked with so many of the young volunteers here. Their case is little known, even by the French, yet altogether interesting and appealing. They are foreigners on whom the outbreak of war laid no formal compulsion. But they had stood on the *butte* in springtime perhaps, as Julian and Louise stood, and looked out over the myriad twinkling lights of the beautiful city. Paris — mystic, maternal, personified, to whom they owed the happiest moments of their lives — Paris was in peril. Were they not under a moral obligation, no less binding than the legal bond upon their comrades, to put their breasts between her and destruction? Without renouncing their nationality they had yet chosen to make their homes here beyond any other city in the world. Did not the benefits and blessings they had received point them a duty that heart and conscience could not deny?

“Why did you enlist?” In every case the answer was the same. That memorable day in August came. Suddenly the old haunts were desolate, the boon companions had gone. It was unthinkable to leave the danger to them

and accept only the pleasures oneself, to go on enjoying the sweet things of life in defense of which they were perhaps even then shedding their blood in the north. Some day they would return, and with honor — not all, but some. The old order of things would have irrevocably vanished. There would be a new comradeship whose bond would be the common danger run, the common sufferings borne, the common glory shared. "And where have you been all the time, and what have you been doing?" The very question would be a reproach, though none were intended. How could they endure it?

Face to face with a situation like that a man becomes reconciled, justifies easily the part he is playing, and comes to understand, in a universe where logic counts for so little and sentiment and the impulses of the heart for so much, the inevitableness and naturalness of war. Suddenly the world is up in arms. All mankind takes sides. The same faith that made him surrender himself to the impulses of normal living and of love forces him now to make himself the instrument through which a greater force works out its inscrutable ends through the impulses of terror and repulsion. And with no less a sense of moving in harmony with a universe where masses are in continual conflict and new combinations are engendered out of eternal collisions, he shoulders arms and marches forth with haste.

If no more serious argument can be brought against war than those inconveniences and sacrifices resulting to a man from his break with merely comfortable living, I confess I cannot see the contention of the pacifist, nor am I able to understand how war can be any more reasonably objected to than parturition, for example. That, too, is painful; only, being a phenomenon of common occurrence and one to which no alternative has ever been imagined even by the visionary, its inevitableness is universally accepted. It would be well if war were equally so — the supreme demand that nature makes upon the male, as the other is the supreme demand made upon the female. Wars are the birthpangs of new eras. And he who, ready to as-

sume the burden and share the anguish, makes himself the instrument through which this vast power operates, is playing the largest part a man can play. Though he perish while the sweetness of youth is still in him and his capacities for earthly happiness are still unexhausted, I imagine that he does so with infinitely more assurance than any hypothetical reward of a supernatural religion can afford its votary. For his comfort is the sense of his life's blood flowing close to the heart of that cosmic entity of which he feels himself a fraction, and in whose movements it is his measure of his life's success to play the most essential, the most intimate part.

This view of war in its sublimity is one that will not easily occur to the distant spectator. It takes long nights at the outposts, nights such as the last we have been spending half way up the hillside to the enemy's trenches, when the cannon thundered all along the line down toward Rheims, and, mounting toward the meteors that fell out of the morning skies, the slow-curving rockets marked the course of the battlefield across the vast, misty lowlands and into the starlit distances. Not the sense of the bestiality and inutility of it all, but rather of its entire harmoniousness in a universe properly understood is the emotion that possesses the spectator of such a scene. The easy-going pacifist will continue to talk of the horrors of militarism and the clock of civilization being set back a hundred years. This is because he is unable to conceive of evolution except as an orderly progress toward the realization of some arbitrary ideal based upon considerations of individual human wellbeing. The philosophic mind, on the other hand, does not think of evolution in terms of anything so relative as the principles of human morality at all, but rather as an increasing complexity of phenomena — of the possibilities for happiness as well as of all else — a progress which works out through destructive influences quite as much as through inventive and creative.

In B—— the other day I watched the children playing in the streets, for, reassured by the long deadlock on this

part of the front, many families have returned to the little towns here within the very zone of artillery fire, living in the caves of their houses, where they run to shelter whenever the "marmites" begin to tumble about their roofs or the sudden buzzing of an aeroplane is heard overhead. They were playing soldier, which is natural enough for children in any part of the world, only their games had a little touch of realism that was amusing, for they were imitating with their childish voices the whistling of the shells that even to them has become a sound so familiar as to cause no emotion. It was a little thing, but it made me think of the opening paragraph of de Musset's "Confessions," where he attributes so much of the character of his genius to the spirit of that age in which he was born. And I had visions of distant compensations when the generation that is growing up under the stress of this present cataclysm is ripe to bear its spiritual fruits.

Sometimes through the doors of our dugouts here on the firing line a batch of American papers and periodicals is handed in with the mail that under the most abnormal conditions is delivered with laudable regularity. It is amusing to read these distant commentaries on the war, here where the postman that brings them to us has to crouch to shelter himself from the enemy's fire. In them are arranged all the errors of the anti-militarists which such a juxtaposition renders all the more transparent — the exaggerated notion of the importance of human life, the inability to understand international relations as being conducted upon any other basis than that which subsists between individuals. Especially there is the tendency to forget that peace in America is accidentally due to the very condition which Germany is trying to produce in Europe — that is, an hegemony of one people so powerful that no neighbor is able to contest it — and to attribute it to some quality of superiority in American civilization which thereby gives us the right to evangelize to the older nations. Let America beware of the hour when her long isolation from the currents of world politics shall be at an end, when,

her most vital interests suddenly brought into conflict with those of a powerful rival, she must play her part among nations that have not had the leisure to dwell much upon prospects of what is most comfortable and agreeable to humanity, but having from time immemorial been forced to accept the grim inevitableness of the ultimate resort to armed force, have from time immemorial taken their precautions to meet it. Let her beware of that hour lest the alternative to war be not peace but dishonor. For that hour will certainly come.

I for my part find more beautiful the vistas that unfold through the windows of common everyday reality than through the portals of any premature Palace of Peace. The games of the children in the streets of B—— arouse speculations more interesting to me than those of the pacifist visionary. In so far as civilization means complexity in all the devices for material comfort and convenience, America can claim first place. But it seems to me that Europe will continue for some time yet to sing the world's great songs and make the world's great poems. For she has vibrated to all ranges of emotion. She has known great élans, and from the pinnacles of enthusiasm visions will have been revealed to her more wonderful than have ever yet been dreamed of. She has suffered greatly, and her heart has been tried with that kind of affliction that alone can unfold the profundities of the human spirit.

ALAN SEEGER.

Sur L'Aisne, France.

May 22, 1916.

The Peacefulness of Being at War

DURING the last twelve months the life of Great Britain has been acquiring a unitary aim or purpose. The aim itself is warlike; but it has been attended with some increase of mental peace. When war broke out we were living, as a nation, without any end or aim. We had our philosophers, of course, who instructed us that the "end" of the state was this or that; but very few persons consciously adopted the philosopher's end as their own; and those high-minded souls who did so must have felt themselves somewhat lonely — must, at all events, have lacked the calmness and strength which come from realizing that our neighbors are sharing our devotion to the common ideal. Whatever ideals existed had but a piecemeal acceptance; they waxed and waned, here today and gone tomorrow; they were at war with one another, and their devotees were mostly unconscious of any deeper principle on which they could unite. And beyond the relatively narrow circle where these ideals maintained their precarious dominion lay the vast dim populations, held together by "group instincts," by geographical conditions, and by the necessities of the economic struggle for existence. Regarded from the moral point of view, the scene was one of indescribable confusion: it was, in fact, a moral chaos.

Our "inner state," in consequence, was marked by profound unrest. I doubt if there ever was a time when in general the minds of Englishmen were so agitated as they were in the few years preceding the war. Rest for our souls was hardly to be found anywhere. In religion, in philosophy, in politics, we were all at sixes and sevens, fighting one another in the name of our ideals, or striving to

rouse the lethargic masses who cared not a button for any of our idealism; and often, it must be confessed, we were in a state of chronic irritation; and to make matters worse, a school of writers had arisen, represented by Mr. Bernard Shaw, who made it their business to irritate and, incidentally, to confuse us still further.

I believe that twelve months of war have brought to England a peace of mind such as she has not possessed for generations. This statement, I should like to say, is not an experiment in paradox, but a sober statement of a psychological fact. It is, to some extent, a personal confession; but one which I should not dare to make were there not abundant evidence of its being a common state of mind. In spite of all we have suffered and have still to suffer: the loss of our friends and kinsmen; the awful anxieties for those at the front; the knowledge of the immense miseries of the nations at war; the grave uncertainties of the future — in spite of this, and all else in the catalogue of evils, I am convinced that the mind of England is much calmer than it was twelve months ago. To judge by my own observation, I would say further that the calmest people are precisely those who have suffered, or stand to suffer, most; or else they are the people, of whom the soldiers at the front are the chief, who are making the greatest exertions and facing the greatest sacrifices in the common cause. That element of "poise" in life, which Matthew Arnold valued so highly, has become an actual possession of millions in whom twelve months ago it was utterly lacking. One feels its presence — or perhaps only the beginning of its presence — in the social atmosphere, and in the faces and voices of men and women. It is preëminently the soldiers' contribution to the new and better *ethos* of our time. "This life just *satisfies* me," wrote a young officer from the front. "Up to the time I came out here I never quite felt that I was doing my proper job. But I feel it now."

The feeling expressed in this officer's letter is spreading and deepening all over the country. It seems a strange phenomenon, one we could hardly have predicted in ad-

vance of its actual appearance, and to those who hear of it from afar perhaps incredible. And yet it is nothing more or less than the peace of mind which comes to every man who, after tossing about among uncertainties and trying his hand at this and that, finds at last a mission, a cause to which he can devote himself body and soul. At last he has something to live for; and though the living may be hard and costly he makes no complaint; all that is well repaid by the harmony which comes from the unitary aim of his life. It is so with nations. Take, for example, the colossal expenditure of the nation's wealth. That we are spending well over a thousand millions per annum in financing the war is enough to appal anybody. But it does not appal us, for we know and approve the object of the expenditure, which is the defense of the liberties of our race. Is there anything better on which national wealth could be spent? Surely there is more ground for anxiety in the thought which forces itself upon us in time of peace that all this wealth we are accumulating in ever greater quantities has an unknown destination; that a thousand dangerous uses await it in the prevailing moral chaos. Better that the nation grow poor for a cause we can honor, than grow rich for an end that is unknown. Who can regard without deep misgiving the process of accumulating wealth unaccompanied by a corresponding growth of knowledge as to the uses to which wealth must be applied? This is what we see in normal times, and the spectacle is profoundly disturbing. Far less disturbing at all events is that process of spending the wealth which we have now to witness. Certainly it does not alarm us to the extent one would have thought probable before the event. England spending her money, and knowing for what she spends it, has more peace of mind than England making her money, but in grave doubt and uncertainty as to the social and individual uses to which it will be put. I believe that England, at a time when she is spending three millions a day on the war, is not nearly so anxious about her wealth as she is in times of peace.

It is a literal fact that millions of men and women who twelve months ago were "at a loose end" and living aimless lives have now discovered that they have a mission. The effect of this discovery is greatest, of course, upon the individuals who have made it; cases are known to the present writer which might be described as veritable conversions. But the whole temper of society is affected by the presence in its midst of so many people to whom a vocation has come at last and the change is in the direction of mental steadiness and equilibrium. To that extent it may be claimed that we are happier than we were. It would be a serious mistake in any event to suppose we are all sadder than we were before the war. I have seen several articles by American writers describing London as "gloomy," "overshadowed," "depressed." This I confess appears to me mere superficial observation. No doubt the streets are less brilliant, the hotels less crowded, the noise less obtrusive. But the individual is not more gloomy. He is brighter, more cheerful. He worries less about himself. He is a trifle more unselfish and correspondingly more agreeable as a companion or a neighbor. There is more repose in social intercourse than there was: indeed I venture to think that an American visitor might find that our manners were somewhat improved. The tone and substance of conversation are better. The type of person who is bored with himself and with the world is less frequently met with. People are glad to see one another, and eager to hear each other's thoughts. There is more health in our souls, and perhaps more in our bodies. "For years I was the victim of insomnia. But since the war I have slept remarkably well." This remark was made the other day by a person wholly unaware of its significance.

This feeling of being banded together, which comes over a great population in its hour of trial, is a wonderful thing. It produces a kind of exhilaration which goes far to offset the severity of the trial. The spirit of fellowship, with its attendant cheerfulness, is in the air. It is comparatively easy to love one's neighbor when we realize that he and

we are common servants and common sufferers in the same cause. A deep breath of that spirit has passed into the life of England. No doubt the same thing has happened elsewhere.

L. P. JACKS.

September 11, 1915.

COMMENT ON DR. JACKS'S ARTICLE

[NOTE: Dr. Jacks's article is a vivid description of a state of mind which certainly exists in England, though I myself doubt whether it is so general or so continuous as he indicates. The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee have put the same point more tersely, in their poster of a soldier's smiling face with the inscription, "He's happy and satisfied; are you?" Most, perhaps, of those English men and women who are fighting, or nursing, or making munitions, or who, though they are doing none of these things, have concentrated their whole will and consciousness on the single purpose of a national victory, have for most of their time attained "rest for their souls." The young officer whom Dr. Jacks quotes is typical, in that, like the soldier on the poster, he says he is satisfied, using the word in exactly the same sense as Aristotle when he says that pleasure consists in the "satisfaction" or "filling up" of a physiological need. But in the present case the mere satisfaction of the physiological need for active and directed exertion is often accompanied, as Dr. Jacks points out, by a unified and harmonious satisfaction of certain intellectual and moral needs. Twelve months of war have, as he says, brought to a large number of English people a "peace of mind such as they have not possessed for generations"; though if he could visit every house in a working-class street, and penetrate to the inarticulate feelings of each of its inhabitants, he might find that that number was not sufficiently large to be called "England."

Dr. Jacks ends his article with the words, "No doubt the

same thing has happened elsewhere." Now I have lately talked with several Americans who have been travelling in Germany, have read a certain number of German papers, and have seen a few letters from a German political friend which escaped the censor. From that scanty evidence I gather that the state of mind which Dr. Jacks describes is rather more general and more continuous in Germany than in England. Among the French and Belgian non-combatants whom I know it seems to be a good deal less general.

But this condition of "peacefulness," whether one accepts Dr. Jacks's estimate of its prevalence or my own, exists, and its existence raises two interesting questions. Is that condition so supreme a human good that it makes war the best form of international relationship? Or, even if war is an evil, ought each of us to strive during war to attain that condition? The first question is, I think, easily answered. A state of consciousness must be judged not only by its momentary quality, but by its continuance, and the "peacefulness of being at war" is doomed by the nature of things to be transitory. If the world-war were to last in its present intensity for a whole generation, it would become a conflict of famished women and children fighting each other with their teeth and nails. It seems therefore reasonably certain that, if only for the lack of men and materials, this war must in a comparatively few years come to some sort of an end. The nations will then find that a large proportion of their best and bravest men are dead, while the degenerate or diseased are alive; that the slow development of the material conditions of a good life for the working classes has been checked; and that West European democracy is endangered, because military discipline in the presence of a group of exasperated enemies has become the supreme national need. Under such conditions it is impossible to hope that after the war our present degree of peace of mind, our harmony of purpose, our "spirit of fellowship, with its attendant cheerfulness," will continue. We shall return to the "moral chaos," which Dr. Jacks describes as existing in England before the war. Our "idealisms" will again be "at war

with each other " and we shall often be " inwardly divided against ourselves." We shall have, in fact, to begin again the " mental fight " of which Blake spoke, and to undertake again the weary and controversial task of building up a civilization in which some measure of harmonious satisfaction for the human spirit can be found in time of peace.

The question whether combatants and non-combatants ought during the existence of war to surrender themselves to that peace of mind which Dr. Jacks describes is much more difficult. To the soldier in the trenches it is not only an anodyne which few will grudge him, but probably an important source of military efficiency. Non-combatants, however, like Dr. Jacks and myself, who are in the habit of observing our own states of mind, and can therefore to some extent control them, have to come to a deliberate choice. If I too am to make a personal confession, I may say that I believe that the war was mainly the result of German and Austrian aggression, that I intensely desire victory for the Allies, and that a decisive victory for the German governing caste in their present temper would be, in my view, a disaster to all that I most value in civilization. I also recognize that an absolute surrender of consciousness to the single purpose of victory even by non-combatants has a certain military value. But although my choice means that I sleep not better but worse in time of war than in time of peace, I cannot myself make, or desire to make, that surrender, because to do so would be to abandon as far as I am concerned any attempt to control by reasoned thought the policy of my nation. I should choose the unrest of thought because I desire that the war should come to an end the instant its continuance ceases to be the less of two monstrous evils, and because I believe that our national policy should even during the fighting be guided not only by the will to conquer but also by the will to make possible a lasting peace.

For the young men who fight, it may be best to abandon the effort of thought, though that fact constitutes not the least of the evils of war; but those who are too old to fight owe to their nation the duty of calculating all the conse-

quences of national policy, however painful and uncertain the process of calculation may be. It is that which Bismarck meant when he insisted on the supreme importance of controlling, even during a war, military action by political thought. Now that whole nations with their parliaments, and churches, and universities, and industries, are "mobilized," and the intellectual life of Europe is put under military censorship, such a control is less easy than in 1870 but not less vitally important, and it can only be attained if politicians prefer the struggle for truth to the peacefulness of self-surrender.

As things are, an article in an American journal is the shortest and easiest way by which an Englishman can communicate with his German friends. I know that there are men in Germany who are in like case with myself. They are in a minority, but as the war goes on, and even more when the war shows signs of coming to an end, their number will increase. Should any one of them read this, I send him greeting, and assure him of my conviction that if ever that imperfect community of nations is to be reconstituted, of which England and Germany once formed part, there will be work for those who during the war have denied themselves the luxury of mental peace.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

September 11, 1915.

Impressions of a Plattsburg Recruit

IT is a mistake to suppose that a soldier's impedimenta are merely accessory. From the time when you first gratefully borrow them from the ordnance and quartermaster's tents to the time when you still more thankfully deliver them up, you revolve about them. In place of the ordinary organic sensations, they supply while you possess them the nucleus of the consciousness of self. Though much is made of the ceremony, there is really no credit in returning these objects to the United States Government. The real merit is in borrowing them at all. This is perhaps the bravest act a soldier is called upon to perform. There are, let it be understood, some twenty-five separate articles in this borrowed equipment, including half a shelter tent, one rifle, one canteen, one poncho, five pegs, etc., and to these one is ordered to add articles of toilet and personal apparel, bringing the total number to over thirty. These, when once you have put them together, you acquire as a part of yourself, like a permanent hump. They *might* be folded, hooked and strapped together in a thousand ways; they *must* be folded, hooked and strapped together in one way, and in only one way. And then they must be taken apart again, and combined anew for each day's journey; which is one of the most successful of the several standard devices for protecting the soldier from the corrupting influence of leisure.

When you advance upon an imaginary enemy, your corporal, whom you have learned to watch as a dog his master, shouts "Follow me!" You are wearing your hump, with its various outlying parts, such as the rifle in your hand and the canteen on your hip. By bending your body until your back is parallel with the ground, you are able

to simulate running. The gait as well as the contour resembles the camel's; but alas! you enjoy no such natural adaptation for pack-bearing, nor for the rude contacts with earth that await you. For after loping forward some twenty-five yards, you are ordered to "lie down."

This is not to be construed as an invitation to enjoy a well earned rest. On the contrary your torture is about to begin. In civilian life it is customary when lying down to select some spot or object which yields slightly to the pressure of the body, or corresponds somewhat to its outlines. But in skirmish formation you lie down in your place; if you are a rear-rank man, then half a pace to the right of your file-leader. The chances are one hundred to one that the spot fits you very badly. Nevertheless, down you go. You then hoist up on your left elbow, and address your rifle in the direction of the enemy. Your whole consciousness is now concentrated in the elbow. This member, which was never intended as an extremity, rests in all likelihood upon a rough-edged piece of granite separated from your bone by one thickness of flannel shirt. The rifle presses mercilessly upon it. Your pack, thrown forward in your fall, rests upon the back of your neck, adds itself to the weight upon your elbow, and renders it almost impossible — judged by civilian standards, altogether impossible — to look along the sights of your rifle. The pain in the elbow is soon followed by a sharp cramp in the wrist. When these parts have become sufficiently numb for you to attend to minor discomforts, you begin to realize that you are lying on your bolo knife, and that your canteen is sticking into your right hip.

At this moment the platoon leader orders you to "fire faster," and with a desperate contortion you reach around to the small of your back and grope for a slip of cartridges with which to reload your rifle. Then "Cease firing!" "Prepare to rush!" and again "Follow me!" — this time not only *to* a prone position, but *from* a prone position. You are carefully enjoined that you must get up running and lie down running, lest you shall at any time present

a fixed target to the enemy. You dig a hold with your foot, summon your last reserves of strength, totter forwards with all your goods hanging, dangling, dragging about you, and soon resume business with that elbow exactly where you left off. This is called "advancing by rushes," and it is customary to do it for distances of a thousand yards or more in instalments of fifty yards or less. It is capped by a bayonet charge in which after drawing the reluctant bayonet with the right hand from just behind the left ear, and fumbling hastily about for the proper grooves and sockets, you expend your last ounce of strength in a desperate sprint uphill.

Now in this description I have made no reference to the enemy. In fact there is no reference to the enemy, at least no personal reference. There is a vague sense of the enemy's direction, described as "twelve o'clock" if it be immediately ahead, or "one o'clock" if it be a little to the right, etc. But you entertain no murderous thoughts except for the person, luckily unknown, who invented your pack; and you are not apprehensive or sorry for the enemy, for you are too profoundly, too whole-heartedly sorry for yourself.

In all this there is a most extraordinary alteration of one's scale of values. I think I can understand something of the mind of the soldier in the trenches who welcomes the order to stand erect, preferring the chance of death to another moment of agonizing cramp. At such times remote memories and prospects, the normal hopes and fears of life, are expelled by importunate sensations. One is either too acutely wretched, or too gloriously happy, for either anxiety or regret. The range of consciousness is narrowed to aches and pains, or to such soul-satisfying joys as full respiration and restored circulation.

There are compensations in hardship, wholly unsuspected by those who have not lived through them. To stretch one's limbs without a pack, to sit by the roadside against a bank, to drink lukewarm water out of an aluminum can, to eat beans out of a tub, to bathe by hundreds in one shal-

low brook, to mitigate the natural roughness of one's stubble bed with a bit of straw — it requires some cultivation to raise these experiences to the pitch of ecstasy. But it is worth while. When, in decorous society, one is informed that "Dinner is served," it is in apologetic and doubtful tones, as though the announcement were intrusive or unwelcome. But with what glad emotion does one spring forward, unashamed, with mess-kit extended for instant use, when one hears the hearty roar of the Falstaffian under-shirted cook: "E Company! *Come and git it!*" . . .

There is a popular belief that it is a fine thing to be an officer, or even a "non-com." And it is doubtless important that this belief should be professed in training camps. But volumes might be written confidentially on the luxury of being a private. When, in one of the occasional lulls between the stated exercises of the day, some sergeant shouts down the company street, "Squad leaders come and get ammunition," or "Non-commissioned officers report at the first sergeant's tent," then if you are a private there steals over you the delicious realization that it does not mean you. It is like sick-call when one is well. I despair of making an uninitiated person realize the full significance of an order that does not mean you. Your poor corporal scurries out of his tent, you hastily take possession of the much coveted ramrod which he has been forced to leave behind, and then and there, thanks to your corporal's harder lot, you enjoy a genuine sense of leisure. Not that you do nothing — only exhaustion justifies that. But you clean your gun with a cosy feeling that you have got at least that day's work well in hand.

Let me hasten to add that cleaning your gun does not mean the same thing as making your gun clean. It means an infinite series of motions approaching cleanness as a limit which they never reach. Each rag seems to come through the muzzle blacker than the last. The captain calls special attention to screw-heads and other minute cavities, and you poke individual grains of sand about in them with the point of a pin; but you never get them all. The simple

childlike faith with which this task of Sisyphus is performed is touching. It becomes in time a sort of harmless mania, a chronic activity which one automatically resumes whenever not diverted by more urgent business.

Corporals and sergeants enjoy no immunity from rifle-cleaning, pack-carrying, or any of the thousand duties that keep a private on a panting dog-trot from reveille to taps, and since they are burdened with other duties as well, their lot is hard. The worst of it is that they have to think and make decisions. At least they have to try, which is just as bad. But the last thing that is wanted of a private is that he should have ideas of his own. Even when in doubt as to his orders, a private who is fully alive to his prerogatives will ask his corporal, and wait patiently and restfully for him to find out. The great thing is that a private can, by an adroit passivity, both earn praise for his soldierly obedience and at the same time ease his mind. With his body he has to be everlastingly at it, and there is no escaping that pack. But the non-commissioned officer is a pack-animal who is required also to think—an unparalleled cruelty; while the commissioned officer, if he has little on his back, has much on his mind. Oh, the luxury of the vacant mind! Oh, the restfulness of the obedient and incurious will! Oh, the deep peace of hooking the canteen under the fifth right-hand pocket of the belt, without having to decide between the fourth or the fifth, or inquire why it should be either! . . .

Soldierly experiences are common experiences, and are hallowed by that fact. You are asked to do no more than hundreds of others, as good or better than yourself, do with you. If you rinse your greasy mess-kit in a tub of greasier water, you are one of many gathered like thirsty birds about a roadside puddle. If you fill your lungs and the pores of your sweaty skin with dust, fellows in adversity are all about you, looking grimmer than you feel; and your very complaints uttered in chorus partake of the quality of defiant song. To walk is one thing, to march, albeit with sore feet and aching back, is another and more triumphant.

It is "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here," or "Glorious! glorious! one keg of beer for the four of us"—it matters not what the words signify, provided they have a rhythmic swing and impart a choral sense of collective unity. Special privilege and personal fastidiousness, all that marks one individual off from the rest in taste or in good fortune, seeks to hide itself. Instead there is the common uniform, prescribed to the last string and button, the common nakedness of the daily swim, the common routine, the common hardships, and in and through it all the common loyalty and purpose.

To many this is the first dawning consciousness of the fellowship of country. Patriotism is not praised or taught, it is taken for granted. But though inarticulate, it is unmistakably the master-motive. There is a fine restraint in military ceremony that enables the purest product of New England self-repression to *feel*—without awkwardness or self-consciousness. Every late afternoon at the last note of "retreat," the flag is lowered, and the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." Men in ranks are ordered to attention. Men and officers out of ranks stand at attention where they are, facing the flag, and saluting as the music ceases. Thus to stand at attention toward sundown, listening to solemn music sounding faintly in the distance, to see and to feel that every fellow-soldier is standing also rigid and intent—to experience this reverent and collective silence which forbears to say what cannot be said, is at once to understand and to dedicate that day's work.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

October 2, 1915.

Verdun

DURING the past week many of us have waited breathlessly for news from Verdun. The possibility that this time a German army would be thrust deep into the side of France has had fear's power to shake us. Although we wish the Allies to succeed, and although we are not blind to the harm their cause will suffer if the Germans break the French line, yet this larger anxiety has been for the moment put aside by an intenser anxiety for France herself, so exposed and so resolute. We love France as if the country were a person. You may tell us that to care so much where knowledge is so slight is to be sentimental and unrealistic. That may be true. But realism is only one need of the spirit. It is not the sole need. If some of us are right in thinking we have a liking for realism, and if we do not choose to be realistic about France, then it is as plain as platitude that the causes of this choice lie deep, that we make it because we are grateful for pleasures we have really had. Our acquaintance with France and the French is imperfect and superficial. Our ignorance is great. But objects quite as imperfectly understood have inspired some of the most genuine affections in history.

No man understands friendship who can explain his choice of friends on merely rational grounds. It is just as hard to explain one's liking for French landscape, which may easily seem insipid to eyes blinded by delight in the gorgeous improbability of the tropics, and in which you miss that sense of something over, of acreage to spare, often given by landscape in the United States. Yet a few springs ago, while we were travelling south from Paris, I wondered how anybody could fail to enjoy a landscape so accessible to man. We went at a gentle pace, according to

modern notions, through miles of faint greens turning livider, following the river along shaded roads, down wide valleys cultivated everywhere, giving one a feeling that everything had long been put to human uses. Everywhere was the touch of orderly, diligent, waste-hating French hands. Then came a welcome breath of the north before the real south, when we looked at the high-lying spring snows on the mountains about Grenoble. Through the colored windings of a gorge with no one in it we came out upon windy Provence, into a country of plain and low hills as fine as etching. After all this wind the stillness was very still at Valescure, where we woke up one morning with the Mediterranean light in our eyes.

In almost all this landscape, on the way we had taken from Paris to the Côte d'Azur, there was an economy, a terseness, that made one think of an orderly mind. Knowing so little French, one saw, in the people along the route, who are so different here from there to anybody who quite understands, only the traits common to nearly all, the faces alert with something which is at first almost suspicion, which changes easily into a self-respecting courtesy, and which takes equality as a pleasant matter of course. Being on the move all day, however, and mostly shut up through all this French scenery to the sound of our own voices, one didn't hear enough French, enough of that voluble speech in which every sentence is somehow concise. Perhaps this was why our journey, lying mostly through such accessible landscape, left an impression of the inaccessibility of France? This illusion did not survive a return to Paris, where French speech flooded in again as one did the usual pleasant things. It is because one understands French so ill, and speaks it worse, that the French seem inaccessible when one is among them, remote in their long tradition and their present habit. In the country one is brought to think of this tradition by the many signs of that long patience which has had its way with the soil. Here in Paris it is the older streets, the narrow passages below crenellated towers, that waken sleeping memories,

that give one a sense of tradition, of time, of a country which has been great for so many years.

The interest on these visits to France, although when I am there I am conscious of the isolating power of an inaccurate ear and a stumbling tongue, is paid when I get home again and take up a French book. I hear French voices as I read, and some of them are so kind as to speak now and then with a French accent. My eye remembers too, after its fashion, and my pleasure in reading is heightened by this presence of a visible and audible word. The very journey which made me realize the inaccessibility of France now makes French books more accessible than they had been. Somewhere in this universe I sit and read. What is this universe? "C'est une sphère infinie dont le centre est partout, la circonférence nulle part." To say with a talker's ease things as difficult as thought — what an art of prose! To give to calculated order, to hard intellectual structure, such an air of naturalness, almost of improvisation! To confine a richness of varied elements into sentences as simple as poverty! With a casual hand to place each of these sentences where it can look backward and forward! Here are closeness with ease, wit with profundity, gaiety that diffuses light. How lucid Latin lucidity is, and how Latin! By its side our English prose looks turbid and slipshod.

A bookish pleasure, people may say who insist upon a distinction between literature and life. But even when we are tasting, smelling, touching the most real of real worlds, our life is only something that goes on inside us. It does not require that the stimuli we are responding to should have animal or vegetable life of their own. Life can be better measured by the intensity of that process which is going on inside the man or woman who is doing the living. Often for days on end I am asleep in life and only wake up when I begin to read. Sometimes I am exhausted by the society of persons who think they can open their closed minds by taking them to walk through a museum of modern topics. After such an experience it is a relief to read Montaigne,

to remember that nobody, in any of the three centuries since his time, has had a mind more free, to feel a deep gratitude to the nation of whose free spirit his genius is the most complete expression.

Free minds are not possible to most of us, but a belief in their existence is possible, and it was from France that some of us first got this belief. From France, too, we first learned, although never before so solidly as in the past year and a half, that qualities we had been taught in youth to look upon as mutually destructive, could exist side by side in one nation, that the light hand might be strong, and the laboring mind take its ease. Of France we may know little, yet our affection is real. It springs from gratitude for qualities we wish the world to keep. Gratitude is at the bottom of the anxiety we have felt, for a week past, while listening for news from Verdun.

P. L.

March 4, 1916.

The Irish Revolt

"It may be a good thing to forget and forgive; but it is altogether too easy a trick to forget and be forgiven."—G. K. Chesterton in "The Crimes of England," 1916.

WHEN a rebellion has failed men say it was wicked or foolish. It is, on the contrary, wickedness and folly to judge in these terms. If men rise against authority the measure of their act cannot be loyalty or prudence. It is the character of the authority against which men revolt that must shape one's mind. No free man sets an ultimate value on his life. No free man sets an ultimate sanction on authority. Is it just authority, representative, tolerable? The only revolt that is wicked or foolish is the revolt against reasonable or tolerable authority. If authority is not livable, revolt is a thousand times justified.

The Irish rebellion was not prudent. Its imprudence did not weigh with the men who took to arms. Had hope inspired them they would have been utterly insane. But hope did not inspire them. They longed for success, they risked and expected death. The only consequence to us, wrote Padraic Pearse before action, is that some of us may be launched into eternity. "But who are we, that we should hesitate to die for Ireland. Are not the claims of Ireland greater on us than any personal ones? Is it fear that deters us from such an enterprise? Away with such fears. Cowards die many times, the brave only die once." To strike a decisive blow was the aspiration of the Irish rebels. But decisive or not, they made up their minds to take action before the government succeeded in attaching all their arms.

In this rebellion there was no chance of material victory.

Pearse, MacDonagh, Connolly, Clark, Plunkett, O'Rahilly, O'Hanrahan, Daly, Hobson, Casement, could only hope against hope. But their essential objective was not a soldiery. It was an idea, the idea of unprotested English authority in Ireland. It was to protest against the Irish nation remaining a Crown Colony of the British Empire that these men raised their republican standard and under it shed their blood. In the first process of that revolt few of them were immediately sacrificed. Their fight was well planned. They made the most of their brief hour. But when they were captured the authority they had opposed fulfilled their expectations to the utmost. Before three army officers, without a legal defender, each of the leaders was condemned by court-martial. Their rebellion had been open. Their guilt was known and granted. They met, as they expected to meet, death.

The insurrection in Ireland is ended. A cold tribunal has finished by piecemeal the task that the soldiers began. The British Empire is still dominant in Dublin. But ruthless and remorseless behavior sharpens the issue between authority and rebellion. Even men who naturally condemn disorder feel impelled to scrutinize the authority which could deliberately dispense such doom. If that authority deserved respect in Ireland, if it stood for justice and the maintenance of right, its exaction of the pound of flesh cannot be questioned. It does not represent "frightfulness." It represents stern justice. Its hand should be universally upheld. But if, on the other hand, English authority did not deserve respect in Ireland, if it had forfeited its claims on these Irishmen, then there is something to be made known and said about the way in which this Empire can abuse its power.

Between the Irish people and English authority, as every one knows, there has been an interminable struggle. A tolerable solution of this contest has only recently seemed in sight. The military necessity of England has of itself precluded one solution, the complete independence of Ireland. The desire for self-government in Ireland has opposed another solution, complete acquiescence in the union.

Between these two goals the struggle has raged bitterly. But human beings cannot live forever in profitless conflict. After many years the majority of the English people took up and ratified the Irish claims to self-government. In spite of the conservative element in England and the British element in Ireland, the *modus vivendi* of home rule was arranged. It is the fate of this *modus vivendi*, accepted by the majority of Irishmen as a reasonable commutation of their claims, that explains the recent insurrection. These men who are dead were once for the most part Home Rulers. Their rebellion came about as a sequel to the unjust and dishonest handling of home rule.

For thirty-five years home rule has been an issue in Great Britain. The majority of the British people supported Gladstone during many home rule sessions. The lower house of Parliament repeatedly passed the measure. The House of Lords, however, turned a face of stone to Ireland. It icily rejected Ireland's offer to compound her claims. This irreconcilable attitude proved in the end so monstrous that English Liberalism revolted. It threw its weight against the rigid body that denied it. It compelled the House of Lords to accept the Parliament act, its scheme for circumventing the peers' veto. Then, three times in succession, it passed the home rule bill.

Every one knows what happened. During the probation of the bill the forces that could no longer avoid it constitutionally made up their minds that they would defeat it unconstitutionally. Men left the House of Lords and the House of Commons to raise troops in eastern Ulster. These, not the Irish, were Germany's primary allies in the British Isles. Cannon, machine guns and rifles were shipped to Ireland. Every possible descendant of the implanted settlers of Ireland was rallied. Large numbers were openly recruited and armed. The Ulster leaders pleaded they were loyal but they insisted that the Liberals of England did not and could not speak for the empire. The only English authority they recognized was an authority like-minded to themselves. Lord Northcliffe joined with Lord Londonderry and Lord Abercorn and Lord

Willoughby de Broke and Lord Roberts and Sir Edward Carson and Bonar Law to advise and stimulate rebellion. Some of the best British generals in the army, to the delight of Germany, were definitely available as leaders. A provisional government, with Carson as its premier, was arranged for in 1911. The Unionist and Orange organizations pledged themselves that under no conditions would they acknowledge a home rule government or obey its decrees. In 1912 the Solemn Covenanters pledged themselves "to refuse to recognize its authority." During this period the government negotiated, but took no action. There were no Nationalists under arms.

If free men have a right to rebel, how can any one gain-say Ulster? It was the Ulster contention that home rule would be unreasonable, intolerable, and unjust. This was a prophecy, perhaps a natural and credible prophecy. But it is not necessary to debate the Ulster rebellion. It was a hard heritage of England's crime against Ireland. It is enough to say that English authority refused to abandon the home rule measure and in April, 1914, Mr. Asquith promised to vindicate the law.

The British League for the support of Ulster had sent out "war calls." The Ulster Unionist Council had appropriated \$5,000,000 for volunteer widows and orphans. Arms had been landed from America and, it was said, from Germany. Carson had refused to "negotiate" any further. His mobilization in 1914 became ominous. The government started in moving troops to Ulster. The King intervened. Mr. Balfour inveighed against the proposal to use troops. The army consulted with Carson. Generals French and Ewart resigned.

About this period, with Asquith and Birrell failing to put England's pledges to the proof, the National Volunteers at last were being organized. Mr. Asquith temporized further. At his behest John Redmond peremptorily assumed control of the Volunteers. Their selected leader was Professor MacNeill, a foremost spirit in the non-political Gaelic revival. There was formal harmony until the European war was declared, when Mr. Redmond sought

to utilize the National Volunteers for recruiting. This move made definite the purely national dedication of the Irish Volunteers.

Four events occurred in rapid succession to destroy the Irish Volunteers' confidence in English authority. These were decisive events, and yet events over which the Irish Volunteers could have no control.

On July 10th, 1914, armed Ulster Volunteers marched through Belfast and Sir Edward Carson held the first meeting of his provisional government.

On July 26th, 1914, the British troops killed four persons and wounded sixty persons because rowdies had thrown stones at them in Dublin, subsequent to their futile attempt to intercept Irish Volunteer arms.

On Sept. 19th, 1914, the home rule bill was signed, but its operation indefinitely suspended.

In May, 1915, Sir Edward Carson became a member of the British Cabinet.

These events were endured by John Redmond. He had early accepted a Fabian policy and put his trust in Englishmen who shirked paying the price of maintaining the law they decreed. The more radical men in Dublin were not so trusting. They had heard Asquith promise that no permanent division of Ireland would be permitted, and they learned he had bargained for it. They had heard him promise he would vindicate the law, and they saw him sanction the defiant military leader as commander-in-chief and the defiant civil leader as a minister of the crown. With the vivid memory of British troops killing Irish citizens on the streets of Dublin, they drew their conclusions as to English honor. They had no impulse to recruit for the defense on the Continent of an Empire thus honorable. They looked back on the evil history they had been ready to forget. They prepared to strike and to die.

Irishmen like myself who believed in home rule and disbelieved in revolution did not agree with this spirit. We thought southern Ireland might persuade Ulster. We thought English authority was possibly weak and shifty, but benign. We did not wish to see Ireland, in the words of

Professor MacNeill, go fornicating with Germany. When our brothers went to the European war we took England's gratitude as heartfelt and her repentance as deep. Our history was one of forcible conquest, torture, rape, enforced subservience, ignorance, poverty, famine. But we listened to G. K. Chesterton about Englishmen in relation to magnanimous Ireland: "It was to doubt whether we were worthy to kiss the hem of her garment."

All the deeper, then, the shock we received from the execution of our men of finest mettle. They were guilty of rebellion in wartime, but so was De Wet in South Africa. There seems to have been a calculation based on the greater military strength of the Dutch. A government which had negotiated with rebels in the North, which had allowed the retention of arms in Ulster, which had put Carson in the Cabinet, could not mark an eternal bias in its judgment of brave men whose legitimate constitutional prospects it had raised high and then intolerably suspended. But this English government, often cringing and supine, was brave enough to slay one imprisoned rebel after another. It did so in the name of "justice," the judges in this rebellion being officers of an army that had refused to stand against rebellion in Ulster.

It is not in vain, however, that these poets and Gaelic scholars and Republicans have stood blindfolded to be shot by English soldiers. Their verdict on English authority was scarcely in fault. They estimated with just contemptuousness the temper of a ruling class whose yoke Ireland has long been compelled to endure. Until that yoke is gone from Ireland, by the fulfillment of England's bond, the memory of this rebellion must flourish. It testifies sadly but heroically that there are still Irishmen who cannot be sold over the counter, Irishmen who set no ultimate sanction on a dishonest authority, Irishmen who set no ultimate value on their merely mortal lives.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

May 13, 1916.

Lord Kitchener—the Man and the Legend

A GREAT leader carries a legend as a saint wears a nimbus. It is the mark of his greatness, and of a soldier who failed to impress the imagination of his men and his country one might say that he was a brilliant tactician, or a scientific strategist, but one could not say that he was a great leader. Many a soldier who was an indifferent general by textbook standards has made a legend round himself. Some marked peculiarity of personality he must have, which serves as a peg for anecdote and wonder; it may be the silence and reserve of a William of Orange, or the dashing gallantry of a Henry of Navarre. Some noticeable and arresting peculiarity of physique is almost necessary to a really popular legend—the small stature of Eugene of Savoy, the “conquering nose” of Wellington, and the beauty of Claverhouse. If a soldier with a personality and a presence has won victories, what do his men care whether he won them by the book? If he touches the imagination, the legend will grow, and because our fancy has been stimulated, all that he does will seem rather bigger, rather stranger than the deeds of other men.

There has been nothing in our history quite like the Kitchener legend since the days of Wellington and Nelson. He was not loved like Nelson, nor was he quite the oracle that Wellington became, but he had come to seem to the masses, both in the army and in the street, our one indispensable man, our tower of strength, our unconquerable will. The handsome and slightly theatrical physique helped to explain it. The reputation for decision, driving power and soldierly bluntness was its real nucleus. It became the

fashion in the days of our imperialist reaction, between the Nile campaign and the Boer War. All the current anecdotes turned on this phase of Lord Kitchener's character. He was the man who "would stand no nonsense" and drive straight to his goal, and the popular imagination pictured the Cabinet trembling at his nod. His friends and his critics fixed on the same trait. The critics who remembered the *battue* at Omdurman, the digging up of the Mahdi's head, the farm-burning and the concentration camps in the Transvaal, dreaded his touch on affairs for precisely the reason which led his admirers to call for it. The mob likes ruthlessness in a soldier, and if Lord Kitchener had possessed the kind of vanity which loves to posture as a dictator, he might have led a Tory-militarist reaction, as Macmahon and in a sense Wellington did. The people who read the *Daily Mail* and gossip in suburban trains would have cheered themselves hoarse if he had sent the Liberal Cabinet or even the House of Commons "to the right-about." That was half his legend, and he played upon it consciously. The other half was its more solid and enduring part, the confidence that he and he alone was the inspired organizer of victory, the Carnot of our hour of need.

Legends are a good basis for an estimate of a leader. True or false, they are his power, his magician's wand, and what a man is thought to be is often more important in history than what he is. On one point the legend did the man gross injustice. No popular soldier ever had less of the mingled vanity and brutality that makes a dictator. Lord Kitchener was the simple professional soldier, with no interests and no opinion outside his work. So far was he from wishing to dominate the Cabinet that he regarded himself from the first as Mr. Asquith's junior officer, and served under him with the kind of simple loyalty which the old-world colonel gives to his general. The notion which at first dazzled the Northcliffe school, of using his legend to further a comprehensive militarist reaction, was based on a vulgar misreading of the man. It expected him to

demand conscription, and even pictured him "taking away that bauble," if the Liberal majority in the Commons had hesitated. He was in point of fact a late and reluctant convert to compulsion, not indeed because he had any objection to the principle — principles were not his stock-in-trade — but because it was an unfamiliar system of which he had no experience. If Lord Kitchener's unique power over men did not tell in the Cabinet, the reason was that his was the direct intuitive mind of a man of action. I have heard a colleague describe his difficulty in defending or explaining his opinions round the table at Downing Street. He always saw his conclusion, sharp, definite and firm, but his reasons remained mysterious, until he had leisure to retire to his office and put them down on paper. The legend was equally mistaken when it attributed to Lord Kitchener the conventional conqueror's brutality. A certain coldness he had, even a ruthlessness about means, and it suited him to be considered ruthless. But his great work in the Soudan was his beneficent constructive toil on behalf of its cultivators and its peasants, and in South Africa it was his chivalrous soldierly instinct which defeated "bitter-enders," and shortened the war by many a long month.

There did indeed come a time when the legend embarrassed the Cabinet, and it might have been glad to see a less formidable man in Lord Kitchener's place. He had become indispensable, however, not because his qualities were really necessary, but because his prestige had become a national asset. The men had enlisted in "Kitchener's army." The country had a blind faith in Kitchener's magic. The real fact was, however, that his conception of organization was a little primitive. He was a giant who dreamed of doing all the work himself. He could not decentralize. He would not devolve his labors on subordinates. He was apt, moreover, like all men of his type, to surround himself with second-rate personalities. He dispersed the general staff and attempted himself to overlook the whole complex work of the war, strategy, supply, training and recruiting. It was an old fault, and while the legend survived the

"Kitchener of Chaos." The ideal organizer is, I suspect, a lazy man with an active imagination. He schemes and dreams in his armchair, and sets others to do the work. Lord Kitchener on the contrary was the active man with a slow imagination. The consequence was a state of things which gradually forced the Cabinet, very tardily, very gradually, in terror of arousing the legend, to devolve one department after another upon other chiefs. The supply of munitions was wrested from the War Office by Mr. Lloyd George. Recruiting was given to Lord Derby. Training and home defense were devolved upon Lord French. Finally the General Staff was restored under Sir William Robertson, and to it fell the strategy of the war. There was another disappointment. The iron will of the legend was far from working with the necessary firmness. It is no secret that Lord Kitchener looked with no favor either on the Dardanelles adventure, or the Saloniki distraction. On the first point he let himself be rushed by Mr. Churchill, and on the second he gave way to General Joffre.

These are negative counts in an estimate of a great man. What has to be said on the other side overbalances them by an overwhelming weight. What he gave to the nation was, first of all, his personality. When he undertook the gigantic unfamiliar task of facing the greatest military power in Europe with a miniature army, with generals who had never handled great masses of men, without the military habit or the instinct of organization, our chief need was confidence. Without this man we should have been rent in factions, military and political. We should have lacked the sure faith, the unfaltering trust in the end, which inspired the volunteers who made Kitchener's army. They looked to him, a colossal figure of the magical soldier, as Napoleon's men looked to their chief. The marvel was that no showy victories lay behind him. At Omdurman he had obliterated savages: at Paardeberg he crushed Cronje, none too brilliantly, by weight of numbers. What the popular mind saw in the man was a certain bigness and simplicity,

a power of long vision and sure calculation. There without a doubt the popular mind was right.

It was in the early months of the war that Kitchener showed this demonic quality, which is not cleverness or talent, but an instinctive subconscious trend of the will. In those days much cleverer men, Mr. Belloc for example, were timing the arrival of the Russians in Berlin. Lord Kitchener quietly told us that the war would last three years. We were incredulous, and the French were angry, but the big man went calmly on his way. He had to make what must have been one of the hardest choices in history. Under the impression of those moving events in France, first the distressing retreat from Mons, then the hopeful stimulating moment of the Marne victory, and at length the long struggle that followed it to outflank the German right, nine soldiers in ten would have played for momentary results. They would have hurled into France every fully trained man. They would have packed off our half-trained territorials after a month's hardening in camp. They would have gambled with the chance of invasion. They would have left the future to take care of itself. Those were the days when it seemed that another division or two might have saved Antwerp, and a few corps more broken the German right, as the Germans themselves broke the Russian lines later on at the Dunajec. We were holding Ypres by putting cooks and grooms into the firing line, and cavalry with half their effectives slaughtered were fighting night and day as infantry without rest or sleep. All the while we had in England tens of thousands of fully trained men, and scores of thousands who were three-parts trained. Kitchener resisted the promptings of the moment. He had made up his mind to a long war. He was counting on the strokes of the second and third year. He needed the veterans, the seasoned officers and the non-commissioned officers — to train his millions. A nervous, shortwinded man would have played for prompt victory and succumbed to the call of the hour. He might have won some momentary

successes. It is possible that Antwerp could have been saved—for the moment. It is conceivable that Joffre's great outflanking effort might have succeeded. But the effort would have left us without reserves. There would have been no drafts to fill the gaps, and above all there would have been no new army to continue the trial of endurance.

It is possible even now to hold two views about this policy of Lord Kitchener's. There is the restless imaginative view of the critical school, summed up in Mr. Lloyd George's epigram, "Time is a doubtful neutral." That school would have conducted the war on shorter views, with more dash, and with more initiative. It does not follow that short views can shorten a war. The typical essay of that school in the Dardanelles assuredly lengthened it. Lord Kitchener in rejecting the lure of prompt victory showed the sounder estimate of the enemy's resources and capacity. His decision, a simple instinctive choice, was the hardest and most momentous act of will which any soul in Europe has taken since the Kaiser declared war. It commits us all to-day, and because of it we have the war of attrition and endurance. We are fatally today under the thrall of a great man's intuition—the power of rapid measurement, the cold restraint, the sureness and confidence which could in a lonely moment defy at once the German resolve to make a short war, the economist's prediction that a long war was suicide, the buoyant optimism of the mob, which always believes in victory tomorrow. There was bigness and vision in that man, and the world must move against its wish to the slow rhythm of his thought.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

June 24, 1916.

The Future of Mr. Lloyd George

IT is strange that the Catholic Church, casting about for forms of penance, never thought of using the portrait painter's art. An order of painting friars, whose skill could reveal the mind in the face, would have exerted a terrible power upon a sensitive penitent. Conceive a closet hung with sketches taken in youth, in middle life and in old age by the same merciless hand, in which would stand revealed the soul's wear under the friction of time.

The most brilliant and the most pitiless of English draughtsmen painted the other day for the Red Cross a portrait of Mr. Lloyd George. The foible of Mr. Augustus John is not veneration, and in this vivid but cruel work the man is drawn as few of us venture to see him. One rarely sees a face quite as it is. Memory brings its colorings, and man's record shapes insensibly for us the expression of his features. The clearest memory that exists for me of Mr. Lloyd George is of the man as he was some sixteen years ago, mid-way in the Boer War. The face was younger and smoother and less scarred by the world. It bore a daring look of challenge, and the eyes had still something of the poet's vision, who sees a distant horizon. In those days, with no thought of self and no anxious heed for his career, he braved a nation at war, and with an eloquence that counted no consequences, denounced the greedy and oppressive policy which was erasing from the list of free peoples the names of two little republics. It is another man whom Mr. John has seen. The world has built its walls about him. The vision of distant things and high ideals is gone from the eyes. The features have lost that suggestion of spiritual beauty. It is the face of a politi-

cian, busied in the chancy pursuit of success, absorbed in the struggle with other wills, and bent by its habitual thoughts into a look that has more in it of calculation than of chivalrous defiance. It makes above all an impression of restlessness. It is uneasy, insecure, alert, the face of a man who is for ever scheming, who gambles with his own career and stakes his all upon success. The lifted brow is watching for some stealthy movement of an opponent, and the lips, twisting the gray moustache, hold back the nervous impulse to an instant retort. The idealist and knight-errant of sixteen years ago has become the engineer of political crises, the artist of coalition, the blender of parties and opinions, the opportunist, the manipulator.

Whatever the future of Mr. Lloyd George may be, he will remain a Celt. His originality, his success and also his failure, come back to this, that he brings into English affairs a temperament provokingly alien, in its daring and in its grace. He is never quite like any one else, and in any party he wears its colors with a difference. When English Liberals fought the Boer War, they used to speak more in sorrow than in anger, heavily, with a lament for the evil times. His rage was quick, inspiring, impenitent, and when he struck, his lithe frame danced with the joy of battle. Other men fought the House of Lords, and even Mr. Asquith hurled ponderous phrases at them. But who else enjoyed fighting them? He was an artist in his vituperation, and his phrases were not so much missiles hurled at an enemy as postures in which he revealed himself with delight.

There is an English tradition in oratory, based on classical models, and redolent of Latin prose. You still may hear it, though rarely in this generation, in the more studied utterances of Mr. Asquith in his Ciceronian vein, or of Mr. Churchill, when he recollects his ancient descent. To that style Mr. Lloyd George makes no pretensions. His form is simple, colloquial, familiar. But he plays on a chord of sentiment which the English orator, trained in a public school with its red-Indian tradition of a speechless reserve,

is ashamed to touch. The same speech will sink into sheer vulgarity, and then rise to a pure note of poetry, a ringing appeal to sentiment which reveals the Welsh bard beneath the British politician.

In his handling of men and movements the secret of the man is an un-English grace and charm. There is no group or section but has at some period accused him of betrayal. There is none which he has not on occasion disappointed and misled. They behaved, with the single exception of the suffragists, as though the process were rather agreeable than otherwise. I have often watched Greeks manipulating Turkish governors and soldiers with a like skill, and I came to the conclusion that provided a Greek could keep a Turk flattered and amused, he did not mind being "done." This art is rarely developed by ruling races, and in this as in so much else, Mr. George is the Celt. The ruling race perceives the obliquity, but it enjoys the exhibition of grace.

A man of this mercurial temperament without systematic training or discipline, no reader, no student, avid of immediate success, alive in every nerve and living in the movement, impulsive, intensely personal and undisguisedly vain, will be guided in his political career by the two arts of which he is the master. By them he must succeed. He will choose his opinions as a prima donna chooses her rôles. Some suit his style and others do not. The orator must speak to the masses, and lead a popular party, for he speaks the mother-tongue of the democracy. That is at once his endowment and his limitation. If he had this gift alone, he would remain to the end of his days a leader of revolts and a champion of proletarian causes, more often in opposition than in power. The other art conflicts with the orator's endowment. He has the instinct for compromises. He is always on the lookout for what he calls in familiar speech "a deal." An opponent is always for him a man with whom he may one day form a combination.

His mind moves the more readily on these lines, because in politics he is essentially a realist. The traditions of old-

world Liberalism have always sat lightly on him. His mind is not at home among doctrines and principles. He lives by his eyes, perceiving sharply and feeling easily where others reason stubbornly. Welshman though he is, he cares little for the dreary negative radicalism of the Disestablishment movement. He has done little or nothing for Irish home rule, and Irish nationalists distrust him. He is in private a heretic on free trade, and is destined in all likelihood to destroy it. He cares nothing for the cherished Liberal tradition of voluntary service, and would as readily set up conscription for the industrial as for the military services of war. Liberalism is not for him a body of doctrines. It is at most an emotional key. It is the state of mind which lies behind effective speeches about the claims of the democracy and the interests of the poor. Progressive it may be and constructive, but it would find its allies rather more naturally among the Tory democrats of the younger school, than among the stiff trade-union leaders with their ingrained attachment to formulæ, and the radicals who count their descent from the Manchester school.

The orator will always choose a policy which can be expounded in effective speeches to popular audiences. But the engineer of compromises will find a certain æsthetic pleasure in bringing incompatible elements together, and forming in the chaos of contemporary English politics new combinations and unexpected coalitions. The restlessness of the man gives him, in spite of old hostilities, more real affinity to such a personality as Lord Northcliffe, mobile, enterprising and adaptable, than to the respectable inertia of Mr. Asquith.

Only a rash prophet would dare to cast the horoscope of such a man. He will have made at least three fresh crises in the Cabinet — if it survives — before these pages have crossed the Atlantic. One can, however, see the lines on which he is moving. He is following in the steps of our last great demagogue, Joseph Chamberlain, who also turned midway in an ambitious career from radicalism to

imperialism. He will take over the standard of aggressive imperialism. He will drop the fetters of radical tradition in such matters as conscription and free trade. He will aspire to lead a "national" party, equally divorced from the old Toryism of class privilege, and the old Liberalism of difficult principles. He lacks indeed the robust English brutality of Mr. Chamberlain. He will retain something of the sentiment of the school in which he grew up. He will not turn crudely from his old pacifism to a doctrine of force and revenge, for pacifism makes an effective note in oratory, but he has learned that the wider success must be won by an appeal to the simpler passions of imperial self-consciousness. He will embark on the new venture with the resolve to say much and to do something for the cause of the poor and for constructive social reform. That also was Mr. Chamberlain's intention. In the event he will probably learn that the support of such forces as are represented by the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* must be paid for. The classes which will help him to establish conscription and to destroy free trade will not applaud further essays in the super-taxation of unearned wealth, or fresh campaigns against the landed interest.

I question whether we shall ever see him in the place which his ambition assigns to him, as a Premier at the head of a national party. English prejudices demand a more stable, a less mercurial leadership. The public-school tradition is merciless, moreover, to a man who affects an easy attitude towards the conventional loyalties and decorums. His fate, I suspect, is to be rather the brain and the tongue than the titular president of some new coalition. By what process of disruption the new group will crystallize is still obscure. The risk at present is that Mr. Lloyd George's silent work of intrigue behind the scenes may lose him the following which is his asset. At present his alliance with Lord Northcliffe, his manœuvres against Mr. Asquith, and the whispers of his infidelity to cherished Liberal principles, have shaken his position, while for lack of oratorical opportunity he has made no new converts. His power will

be manifest only when he has made some three or four speeches in the new direction. It is a real power, and it will survive while he can shape a peroration.

The inner world of politics shakes its head during these intervals of silence. It knows too much of the tactician's manœuvres. It remembers too much about those various causes which he "torpedoed" when they inconvenienced his career, as he "torpedoed" the suffrage bill. It detects the ambition. It doubts the power of self-control. It resents the restlessness, the slyness, the half-truths, and in moments of irritation it even rebels against the charm. It will admit the power only when the orator returns with the plaudits of the multitude behind him. A multitude he can still find. It will not be organized labor, resentful of conscription and distrustful of every form of organized state action. It will not be radical nonconformity, profoundly rooted in the historic Liberal past. It will be a wider, more fluid audience, less thoughtful, less prejudiced, less critical. The lobbies of Westminster will register its cheers, count its votes, and measure the man by the echo. On that arithmetic turns the future of the Coalition and the destiny of Mr. Lloyd George.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

May 20, 1916.

Ideals of Organization

THE issues of so great a struggle as the present one are necessarily compounded of intricate and complex factors, and necessarily they change as the vast catastrophe works on. Last autumn the most obvious aspect was the combined resistance of Russia and western liberalism against the flamboyant imperialism of the German court and the Berliners. The war was dynastic. We fought the latest of the dynasts. We resisted a vulgar, modernized Cæsarism. We did more than resist it; we broke it and defeated it. Whatever the outcome of this war, it will mean now no such triumph of court and privilege and hereditary aristocracy as the entry of William II into Paris in 1914 would have involved. The Marne battle ended that. Nothing is more remarkable than the relative disappearance of the Emperor and the Crown Prince — and Gott — from this struggle. It is manifest even in the post-card shops of Berlin; not even that impassioned American citizen, Mr. Viereck of *The Fatherland*, would now produce poems about "Thou Prince of Peace, thou God of War!" if he wished to stir Teutonic hearts; it is another people, an altogether more respectable and more formidable people that the allied world has to reckon with. The tawdry, intensely nationalist "imperialism" of Unter den Linden, the Teutonic "Gott," the "aristocratic" officer with a weakness for champagne and frightfulness, shooting of peasants and rapes in marketplaces, the swagger and the uniform and all that figured as most typically German last August drift towards the negligible. Behind the Germany of William II there appears the Germany of Professor Ostwald, of the Zeiss factories, of Essen — the true modern Germany, a very great and formidable nation. Its watchword is organization. It justifies its monarchy al-

most contemptuously. The family of Potsdam is, from the new point of view, the grain of causative matter, important only by position and function, about which there has gathered concentrically the pearl of national obedience. It is with this revealed Germany that the democratic forces of the world have now to deal. It continues the war, and it states its case anew. It is fighting extraordinarily well, far better than the headlong, boasting, threatening Germany of the Junkers which was held and repulsed on the east and on the west and driven from the seas in 1914. And it has abandoned its reliance upon divine right for a saner and altogether more valid claim.

There comes to hand from the University of Neuchâtel a very timely and interesting pamphlet by Professor van Gennep, entitled "The Spirit of Organization; a Contrast of the French and English Formula as opposed to the German," in which he states what one may call the democratic-individualist point of view as opposed to the German conception of order, very brilliantly and ably. He chooses Professor Ostwald as his antagonist, and he writes his case against the German idea, be it noted, with scarcely a mention of either Nietzsche or Bernhardi. So shifts the front of the intellectual conflict. The Germany of 1915 has passed away from Bernhardi; Ostwald is its prophet. Professor Ostwald fares badly in this pamphlet both as a dialectician and as a patriotic and amateurish ethnologist, but Professor van Gennep has the wisdom and generosity to go behind the ill-advised forms and phrases of the great German's expression, to his fundamental proposition. That fundamental proposition is this: that "individualism" as a stage of social development has to give place to "organization"; and that "organization" is a new and higher level to which Germany is leading the nations. It is not difficult for Professor van Gennep to show that in social, intellectual, and economic development as distinguished from political elaboration, America and France and England and not Germany were the pioneers of organization, and that the real opposition intended is not between order and chaos

as Professor Ostwald imagines, but between authoritative state socialism and voluntarism — as a synonym for which Professor van Gennep frequently uses the word “coöperation.” And upon the ground thus cleared Professor van Gennep draws his morals and conclusions, and frames his anticipations of the outcome of the war. He foreshadows the triumph of the individualist democratic idea, triumphing through coöperative activities that will mitigate the rigors of individual and national competition, and he crowns this triumph in an ultimately republican United States of Europe. It is possible to sympathize very warmly with his spirit and still doubt the validity of these hopes or the completeness of the individualist “formula” as a recipe for the most desirable social organization.

At the present time the English mind is in no mood to accept Professor van Gennep's interpretation of its motives. It is very largely occupied with a number of the less pleasing consequences of the individualist formula in practice. It is out of tone with individualism. Many American minds must also be finding an interest in consequences of a kindred sort. The first of these less satisfactory consequences of individualism is the relative ineffectiveness of a democratically chosen government in all practical things. It is no use denying that the Central Powers were not only better prepared for this war at the outset, but that on the whole they have met the occasions of the war as they have so far arisen with much more collective intelligence, will power, and energy than any of the Allies, not even excepting France. They have succeeded not merely in meeting enormous military requirements better, but in keeping the material side of their national life steadier under greater stresses. It is idle for this writer to pretend to think that the United States would make any better showing in this matter than Great Britain. The British government has been excellent in argument and admirable in rhetoric, but it has been slack, indolent, and unready in all matters of material organization; it has muddled and wasted national feeling, and it has been manifestly

afraid of the press and over-sensitive to public clamor. It has shown all the merits and failures one might have expected from a body of political lawyers, trained in the arts of making things *seem* right, wary and prepared to wait and see what chances the adversary will give, and as incapable of practical foresight, as remote from the business of making real things *go* right, as enclosed nuns. If the present governments of Great Britain and the United States are the best sort of governments that democracy can produce, then Professor Ostwald is much more right than Professor van Gennep is prepared to confess, and democracy is bound, if not this time then next time or the time after, to be completely overcome and superseded by some form of authoritative state organization.

And the deficiencies of the "liberty state" as we know it are by no means confined to the badness of its governmental product; that is merely the initial weakness of an extensive system of failures that this war enables very many people to realize now for the first time. The first of these problems of failure is the "shirker," who is merely in relation to the militant necessities of the situation what the "blackleg" has been to economic necessity. The thesis of democracy is that there is a nobility in men and a power in public opinion that will make all free citizens who are conscious of their citizenship exert and sacrifice themselves for the general good to an extent greater than they would do under any sort of compulsion. An immense note of interrogation hangs over this proposition at the present time. That the disposition of the majority will be to do so is unquestionable; the perplexing question for our democratic states is: What happens in the case of the exceptions, and how do these exceptions affect immediately and ultimately the *morale* of the general body? If the blackleg, the shirker, the grafter, the traitor, get an advantage by their exceptional refusal to behave decently, if they remain behind to breed and marry while the generous spirits go out to fight and die, if they profit and increase while honest men remain poor, then bad citizenship has "survival value"

as compared with good citizenship, and there is a manifest discouragement of all the good impulses in men. Democracy means in that case not merely administrative weakness but a secular degenerative process. Its best elements will die progressively for its worst. The generally accepted theory of democracy can scarcely deny the existence of these exceptional base instances, but it declares that there is a generosity and power in public opinion that will more than correct the evil of mean and selfish aims. That indeed "self-sacrifice is the best policy." The present time is bringing forward the doubt whether this is so, in a very acute form.

This assumption of the righting influence of public opinion is implicit throughout Professor van Gennep's pamphlet, and being granted, there is little to complain of in the rest of his case. He explains how the "*esprit de coopération égalitaire*" exists in the case of the western Allies and not in the case of Germany, that it has been fostered by games and strikes alike, that our women of the industrial class have been disciplined to endurance by the voluntary resistances of strikes. . . . But the plain question at once confronts us whether the voluntary collective will of the western Allies is as a matter of fact any stronger or clearer than the trained and ruled collective will of the Central Powers. There can be little doubt which side has achieved the higher collective efficiency. It is not the western side. And the quality of Professor van Gennep's assertions about the spirit of the democracies in this conflict seems all through to be tainted by the desire to see them rather as they ought to be than as they are. It is possible to believe that democracy is being at present tried and modified rather than triumphantly demonstrated, and that the best social ideal is as yet not realized by any human society, that it lies between the two conceptions or, if you prefer, it involves both the two conceptions that play behind the "organization" of Professor Ostwald and the "freedom" of Professor van Gennep.

It is not only that individualistic democracy has produced

no real assurance against the danger within — the danger of unpunished shirking and self-seeking, the danger that its necessary virtues carry with them less survival value than does the neglect of these necessary virtues — but also it has no effective guaranties against a certain form of attack from without. It trusts to public opinion, but it does nothing to insure the soundness or purity of public opinion. Interests at home or foreign Powers are at liberty to do their utmost to control and purchase this controlling force of the democratic state. Professor van Gennep seems altogether too prone to regard public opinion and the spirit of a nation as a magically secure thing. No one who has studied Ford Madox Hueffer's recent remarkable book on Prussian culture, "When Blood is their Argument," can rest very comfortably in such a belief. Through books, newspapers, pulpits, theatres, cinematographs, schools and colleges, the mind of a people can be systematically molded and modified. Professor Ostwald's "organization state" is prepared to do that not only with its own people but, as the recent German press campaign in America shows, with the minds of any other peoples who stand in its way. That campaign has been clumsy and unsuccessful so far, but there is no intrinsic reason why it should always be clumsy and unsuccessful. The individualistic democratic state has no sure protection whatever against that form of attack.

It is possible then for a firm believer in freedom and democracy to read Professor van Gennep's eloquent assertion of these ideals at the present time in a very critical and chastened spirit. The relative feebleness, the practical incompetence, the forensic quality of democratic governments may excite a doubt whether, in the method of election by a single non-transferable vote, democracy has really found its effective method of governing; the existence, prosperity, and predominance of evaders, self-seekers, and profiteers may open the question whether an unrestricted "go as you please," is the ultimate rule of freedom; and the unlimited possibilities in a free press run for gain, of venality, vulgarity, and treason, the fluctuations and light-

mindfulness of such a press, may perforce open up the prospect of ultimately making the press a power in the state at least as responsible as the state's educational organization. The strains and experiences of this world conflict may, in fact, be bringing us to realize that democracy is not only a newer thing in the world than the authoritative state it seeks to destroy, but also that it is something much less mature, with a completer development of its powers and a completer mental organization still to come. At best it may be as yet no more than an infant Hercules fighting adult serpents by instinct rather than intelligence. The electoral method that will save it from the party politician is still to seek; it has still to establish its mutual disciplines and possess its mind.

H. G. WELLS.

July 24, 1915.

Integrated America

MR. GARRISON'S resignation exposes a condition which close observers of Congress have suspected for some time. When the administration plans for the army were brought to the Capitol they were laid on the table and left to cool. Almost immediately the scheme began to crumble, and Congressmen representing every kind of party interest could be seen crawling through the cracks in it, carrying little crumbs back to their own districts. No one but Mr. Garrison seemed much interested in the plan as a whole, for to think of the plan as a whole was to think in terms of the nation, and few Congressmen do. So there was never much interest in the Continental army, not because the plan was regarded as impracticable, but because it conflicted with state pride, the militia interests, and because there was nothing in it for "my district."

But the alternative was alluring: federal aid to the local militias. That was comprehensible. There was something in that. No matter that forty-eight separate militias are an absurdity for a nation. It promised to open another pork barrel, to add the militia to pensions, rivers and harbors, public buildings. Mr. Garrison's own horizon was national, and he really desired an effective result. He would not endure a sham rigged on corruption, and the challenge he offered the President was that the President assert the nation's interest as against that of localities, states' rights, the militias' rights and the little Congressmen. Mr. Wilson answered with an "open mind," which seemed to mean that he was not willing to risk an open fight with Congress.

Mr. Garrison had led Mr. Wilson to the edge of that struggle in which all Presidents with a national vision have to take part. He had asked him to lead the nation against

local and private interests. Mr. Wilson hesitated. It is not enough to say that this hesitation reveals the weakness of the President. The fact that every executive, be he Roosevelt, Taft, or Wilson, has sooner or later to split with Congress is a fact that is deeper than personalities or party politics. It arises because our vivid interests are still local and private in scope. Almost every national project, whether of defense or conservation or tariff legislation, finally breaks its head upon this stubborn and aggressive localism. The evil of localism is a very radical evil, so radical that it frustrates practically all effort to reform anything, from the army to the civil service. Most reformers are in the end driven to fight it. Naturally they have looked about for leadership.

For a time it seemed that the Progressives might furnish the leadership. But the minor leaders of that party were in a panic of eagerness to get back into the Republican party, so they went to Chicago last January, made a shabby little smirk of an excuse about "social justice," announced boldly that they were patriots, and sold themselves to the Republicans for nothing. They were fatuous enough to suppose that they could line up this country on the issue of "Americanism"; that they could make Republicans seem pro- and the Democrats anti-America. In the excitement no one was to notice that they had scuttled.

Their chief, Mr. Roosevelt, has done better. He has kept his outlines sharp, and he has expressed a real vision. Through many of Mr. Roosevelt's utterances it is possible to detect a new conception of the state and of the obligations of citizenship.

Behind Mr. Roosevelt in the last months has been the general feeling that the United States can no longer be irresponsible in the world, that it must have a foreign policy clearly defined and realistic in method, that its industrial life must be organized from out of its chaos and waste, that the population cannot be allowed to disintegrate into its European elements, that citizenship is a much firmer duty than it ever was, and that in general there must be an end

to the slack and thoughtlessness and drift of our national life. The war has given large numbers of Americans a new instinct for order, purpose, discipline. These Americans are distressed at the local selfishness and blind individualism of the United States. They feel that modern life requires a people screwed up to a higher pitch of devotion and forethought. It is from this sentiment, strongest, I imagine, on the Atlantic seaboard and in some of the big cities, that Mr. Roosevelt has been drawing his strength.

The sentiment has never been crystallized into ideas, much less into a popular political program. Mr. Roosevelt undertook to crystallize it. But what happened to the impulse which was to change the character of America, after it had passed through Mr. Roosevelt's conscience? Admitting that Mr. Roosevelt has to paint with a large brush, the ideas which he advertises are immersed in a confusion of phrases about honor, patriotism, righteousness, on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-handedness. He had and probably has in mind a revolutionary conception of what America should be. But when he set out to explain it he explained little but his contempt for Mr. Wilson and his command over epithets of scorn. He rarely got out of the rut of purely conventional moral judgment, with its attendant phrases about shame and honor and manliness. The result is that Mr. Roosevelt can be pocketed by the very simple method of refusing to let him sing a solo about Americanism. Every one can join in the chorus, and the fact that one vocalist is a little louder than the rest is hardly a distinction.

Mr. Roosevelt has failed to create a living issue in domestic politics for Progressives or Republicans. He has failed not for lack of opportunity, but because he did not take time to realize it. He had a splendid impulse at hand, just the raw material for statesmanship: a people shocked by war, dimly aware that they were inadequate; a large and powerful group half-inspired by the vision of a more purposeful America; an opposition party almost incapable of national action. To make a genuine use of this ma-

terial Mr. Roosevelt would have had to waste less energy in bitterness towards Mr. Wilson and the pacifists, and spend a great deal more on the workmanship of his ideas.

It is not his purpose which is at fault, but his method. In this supreme moral crisis the group he is working with have been guilty of a most discouraging failure of imagination and clumsiness of technique. They are recognizing more clearly than ever before the vices of the American character, its trust in the magic of words, its collective irresponsibility, its shirking of facts and the harder realities of life. They are deeply impressed with the precise and synthesized organization of Germany. An increasing number of Americans are out of sorts with our straggling democracy, in which freedom without high purpose has become a corruption; with Congress, in which no coherent program of reconstruction is possible because Congress is a convention of local interests engaged primarily in scooping things out of the pork barrel; with our diplomacy, which uses words without underwriting the costs; with the general slouchiness and distraction of the public morale.

Conscious of the evils to which reformers have pointed for years, Mr. Roosevelt and his followers looked about for a remedy. They fixed upon compulsory military training. They do not say America needs conscription for military purposes, but that it needs it to redeem its spiritual life. The theory is that if the whole male population could be passed for a definite period through the same discipline, subjected to the same sacrifices, we should be welded into a more homogeneous and accurate people. By being run all through the same hopper we should be squeezed and cut into a nation. We need education, and here is the machine to give it to us.

It is a wholesale and mechanical solution for a real problem, a case of good vision frustrated by bad technique. For it is clear that if years of compulsory education have not disciplined us, six months of military drill will not do it. Our conscriptionists are novices in education. At the very moment when teachers are discovering that discipline and

responsibility cannot be produced by blind obedience to superiors, military enthusiasts are in haste to embrace the discarded theory and to educate a people through the drill-master.

There is a deeper failure in this approach to the problem. Assume that the Swiss military system would really produce the utopia promised. The fact remains that short of the gravest national danger the system cannot be adopted in the United States. England in the midst of a terrible war has hardly dared to adopt conscription. In peaceful America, with the exceptional isolation of our people, the scheme is fantastic. The propagandists are impressed because the idea of conscription has made headway. Let them not deceive themselves. It has made headway among an insignificant minority. The opposition has not been felt because the American people do not regard the idea as a serious possibility. The propagandists, of course, meet many people who agree with them, and this gives them the illusion of success. But the trouble is that they meet mainly the people who agree with them. All propagandists do.

It is argued that if the idea is a good one, men ought to stand for it whether it is practical or not, but the question to be asked is why the scheme is not practical. I think the answer will be that the American people are too separatist and too much devoted to getting on for any such sacrifice to ideal educational purposes. In other words, the very vices which compulsion is designed to cure will prevent it from being adopted. Granting that compulsion would be good for America, it is a remedy that Americans would not adopt unless they were convinced of its value. They would have to grasp the vision, realize their own faults, and have the collective energy to change their whole traditional view of life. If they could do that, compulsion would hardly be necessary. We should be such a realistic and imaginative people that six months' drill would add little to our abundant virtues. Compulsion will not be adopted for its alleged spiritual by-products. It may be

adopted to prevent an invasion. If we were an autocracy it might be imposed by a benevolent despot. But to expect a democracy like ours to accept it as an educational program is to assume that the virtues desired already exist. If they did exist we should not need to stop at anything so meagre as military training. We should be able to construct a national system of education of incomparable depth and richness, and make a real start towards a purposeful democracy. The kind of result aimed at by Mr. Roosevelt and his followers cannot be achieved by shouting people into it or by what looks like a nice, simple, logical, wholesale device. Neither method has been employed by creative statesmen who in the past have drawn their people to a larger allegiance.

What Mr. Roosevelt is trying to do, in a phrase, is to intensify the nationalization of America. He is aiming to draw Americans out of their local, group, class, and ethnic loyalties into a greater American citizenship. That is a mighty thing to attempt, for every time we increase the area of vivid and practical loyalty we take a step toward decreasing the friction of mankind. We shall learn world-citizenship, if at all, in the school of graded experience when the object of loyalty is constantly being enlarged. To be able to grasp and work for a political unit as varied as the United States or the British Empire is to have made a great move out of provincialism.

The problem Mr. Roosevelt has set himself has arisen before in American history. Alexander Hamilton dealt with it when he set himself to unify a distracted people, to create a loyalty larger than the states'. His task was if anything more delicate, for the habit of association was hardly formed. He did not resort to rhetoric nor trust to a mechanical panacea. He had too much imagination and too good sense of technique to spoil a great purpose with careless methods. In Hamilton's stupendous success Mr. Roosevelt and his friends may read a lesson, for their inspiration is to carry on the work which Hamilton began.

The men who made a Union out of discordant colonies

and a privately-minded people, suffered from few of the illusions which affect their successors to-day. They did not suppose they could unify a people and create a strong government by waving flags or preaching the value of self-sacrifice. They knew that there were a thousand reasons why union was desirable, why an efficient authority was needed, why a national allegiance should absorb merely local patriotism. They were in actual danger not only of war between the states but of interference from Europe. There was every reason imaginable why Hamilton and Washington should have been able to persuade the Constitution into existence and to keep it going through its inherent usefulness. Yet Hamilton was too knowing ever to build his edifice out of such fragile material. He put "America first" by attaching to the new government such a weight of financial and commercial interest that the most powerful citizens were enlisted for the Union. By his great fiscal measures, the funding of the debt, the assumption of the state debts and the National Bank act, he created a powerful class of enthusiastic federalists. He brought into existence a class of people whose incomes depended upon the Union, who worked for the Union, who were the actual government. It is no exaggeration to say that the Constitution would have been nothing but sham if it had not embodied the interests of groups large enough and able enough to preserve it. The ideal values of American union grew out of the most solid and dependable of human motives. That is why they survived.

The scholar who has brought these truths home with patient detail is Professor Charles Beard. (See "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States," and "Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy.") Many readers have cried out in pain at his "revolutions." Yet all that Professor Beard has proved is that Hamilton was a great architect of human society who employed materials suited to the strain, and was not an evangelist or a romanticist about government. No sounder tribute could be paid to Hamilton than to say that he knew

"the government could not stand if its sole basis was the platonic support of genial well-wishers. He knew that it had been created in response to interested demands and not out of any fine-spun theories of political science." The men around him seem to have kept in mind the simple truth that Constitutions are not worth the paper they are written on unless there are men interested in preserving them; and that the way to create governments is to attach to them powerful groups. Thus in 1790 Oliver Wolcott, Jr., writes: "I can consider the funding system as important in no other respect than as an engine of government . . . unless some active principle of the human mind can be interested in the support of the government, no civil establishments can be formed which will not appear like useless and expensive pageants. . . ." And these men were forging a union and creating a nation. They were doing a work which it is the intention of Mr. Roosevelt and his followers to carry forward.

Nor is Professor Beard the only historian to insist upon the *Realpolitik* of American union. Some years ago an Englishman, Mr. Frederick Scott Oliver, published a life of Alexander Hamilton which is one of the noblest biographies in our language. Mr. Oliver is also the author of "Ordeal by Battle," a book much read to-day in England and America, and referred to recently by Mr. Roosevelt with enthusiastic approval. Mr. Oliver wrote about Hamilton not only because he admired him, but because he wished to study the American union in order to get some light on the puzzling problems of British imperialism. Mr. Oliver has no taint of the muckraker in him. He has the grandiose manner, and he doesn't like to talk about trade if he can help it; but he is too honest to blink at the facts, and so we find him writing: "In his treatment of the debt Hamilton was not concerned merely with the honour of his country, nor did he regard the matter only with the merchant's eye to the advantages of good credit in case of further troubles. His measures were something more than financial. They had a deliberate political intention. . . ."

the political object of his financial policy was to bind the moneyed classes firmly to the central government; to induce them to look to that quarter for the security of their capital and the punctuality of their dividends; to fix their interests in it rather than in the state governments."

How tremendous was the force which Hamilton enlisted in the cause of union can be grasped when we realize that a competent observer of the period estimated the debt as more than one-fourth of the whole volume of property in the United States. In Massachusetts, says Professor Beard, the public securities more than equalled the amount of money loaned at interest. Had Hamilton failed to attach such power to the Union, it is hardly conceivable that a strong central government could have been established. The greatness of his mind is not that he designed a balanced Constitution, but that he never neglected to use the interests which were alone capable of realizing it. That is what we mean by constructive statesmanship, and we may well ask what there is in Mr. Roosevelt's present program which shows the same instinct for realities.

Mr. Roosevelt is preaching Americanism, which means a more closely knit nation. Is he offering anything which is really fit to accomplish that purpose? Has he proposed anything comparable to Hamilton's magnificently radical conception? We can ignore the preaching; it has its uses, but Mr. Roosevelt himself has taught us to be wary of words not backed by deeds. There are, to be sure, in Mr. Roosevelt's utterances, a certain number of vague footnotes about justice to everybody, about "laws" for labor, shippers, farmers, business men; there are allusions to the "control" and "encouragement" of industry. He has urged federal incorporation. But nowhere do his ideas even begin to assume the design, the incomparable realism, of Hamilton's fiscal measure. There remains the program of military service. This falls to the ground for the reason that it does not rest on necessity, and is merely put forward because it is such a fine idea. Inasmuch as no scheme of compulsory training has yet been proposed which

can enlist the support of the workingmen, farmers, small business men, women voters, and new immigrants who are the bulk of the nation, it is an ideal in a vacuum. Yet the intention of Mr. Roosevelt is one that we shall have to comprehend. I do not mean all his intentions. I mean his basic vision of a more highly organized nation in which the great mass of the population lives a national rather than a local life, in which we become more than ever a union of people rather than a congeries of groups, provinces, and racial stocks. To fulfil that intention is not easy. It will never be fulfilled by some easy little mechanical device. To integrate America will require a daring construction, and a long and desperate struggle.

What Mr. Roosevelt needs is an economic program at least as comprehensive as Hamilton's, which will attract the interest of the great mass of the population to the national government. We are to-day a scattered people because we have a scattered industrial system. Our government is weak in the affection of the people because it is a weak government, because it rarely touches their lives, because it does not protect them, because it is still something distant and unimportant. The great reality for most Americans is still the locality where they dwell, the industry or farm where they get their living. National loyalty is so generally a phrase without obligation because the national power is so much of an abstraction. If Mr. Roosevelt is to give concrete meaning to his ideal of Americanism he will have to look about for a social program which will make America real to the most distant by appealing to their lives and enlisting their hopes.

Any one who is trying to get Congress to adopt a national project is likely to find himself balked by the intensity of local feeling. In its worst form this particularism appears as the pork-barrel, but that is not its only form. States' rights, provincial patriotism, sectional interests, not only stand in the way of an adequate military program; they obfuscate issues like conservation and the control of industry. This local-mindedness is cut across by a still graver

kind of disunion — the divisions of class and clique. No one supposes that any measures now within the realm of statesmanship can obliterate the hostility and rivalry of sections and groups. Hamilton with all his genius achieved merely a working union, not an ideal union. What we have to aim at is plans that will wed larger and larger masses of Americans to the federal government, and allay the worst forms of suspicion which hinder national action.


Without a railroad system Americans scattered through so immense a territory could not coöperate at all. We should be a collection of deaf and dumb communities, much like China or Russia, in which the mass of people would never think or act effectively as a nation. The railroads, as their publicity men tell us, have become the chief source of American unity. They reach out into the most obscure village and destroy the sense of distance. When a man wishes to take a vacation and "get out of America," he hunts up a place not on the railroad. When a little town secures connection with some trunk line it feels as if it had been absorbed into the nation's life.

Yet just because the railroads play so large a part in welding us together, they are also capable of setting us against one another. The power to make rates is the power to discriminate between communities. Over this power a tremendous struggle goes on. Some sections are well served, others poorly, and as a result the railroads are a source of great sectional rivalry in the United States. States' rights has taken on a new intensity owing to the effort of different sections to regulate railroads in their own interest. There has developed a tangle of local conflicts due to the fact that state commissions try to bend the management of railroads in the interests of a particular locality. This rivalry exists because American railroads are not operated as a unit but as competing systems. The effect of the conflicts is to disorganize American political thought, for they align business men against each other, and deepen particularist as against national habits. The pork-barrel is in many ways a minor sign of this deeper disunion.

Because we cannot operate our railroads as a unified national service, we cannot undertake any thorough military preparedness, we cannot coördinate our industrial resources, we cannot really control business in the interests of the nation. There can be no thorough plan of economic development because the government has no positive leverage upon it. Not only reformers but the wiser railroad men are beginning to see that the railway problem is becoming constantly more "impossible." They recognize that rate-making is a public function, yet it can never be satisfactory or tolerably fair under existing conditions. It is plain that you cannot make an equal rate for two systems one of which has long hauls and the other short. The same rate is almost certain to be excessive for one road and too small for the other. Under a unified system this difficulty would not arise, since the excess earned by one part could be applied to the deficiencies of another part.

The same problem arises in regard to wages. The railroads to-day face the most powerful unions in America. A prosperous road may be able to meet their demands, while a poor road cannot. Moreover, these unions, which represent the skilled workers, are becoming so great an interest that private railway management cannot cope with them. It is fairly clear that wage-making on the railroads will have to become a public function. But wages can never be regulated fairly for competing railroads. The roads must operate as a unit if equal wages are not to prove an impossible burden.

With rates and wages, safety appliances, kinds of service, and what-not regulated by the government, private railroad initiative has all but disappeared. What remains is the worst feature of private management—the fact that the railroads are not one national system over which burdens can be distributed according to needs. And the responsibility is divided. Neither the railroad executives, nor the government, nor the unions have that essential of good administration—the combination of responsibility with power.



This profound disorganization at the very heart of our industrial life is the opportunity of the statesman who wishes to integrate America. The political leader who has the vision to see that to nationalize America he must first nationalize the railroads will be the man who has taken a step towards realizing Mr. Roosevelt's intentions. To transfer to the federal government the management of the nineteen billion dollars of capital in the country's most vital industry would do more than any other thing to make us a nation. The interests of the national government would then be unmistakably superior to those of the states and private interests. The government would then have the instrument and the power for controlling and stimulating business. By its control of rates and railroad development it could coördinate industry, and there would be created a very large class of bondholders, employees, shippers, executives, whose immediate interests were national rather than local.

The obvious objection is that our government is too inefficient to operate so great an industry. To be sure it already controls all vital operations, exercising power without responsibility, but the real answer is that efficiency grows from practice and need. Give a great enough number of people a vital interest in railroad efficiency, and if you have any faith in the American character you must believe that they will develop that efficiency. Railroad nationalization would make efficiency a moral issue in American politics, because the evils of inefficiency would be felt in every corner of the Union. Only in some such great enterprise can Americans be expected to learn their most needed lessons: that a successful democracy must have a powerful government, that it must be a government which touches their lives if they are to cherish it, that it must be the custodian of interests so great that inefficiency and waste and the lack of public spirit are crimes against the state. It is hard to see how Americans can develop national responsibility in any other way than by assuming it.

It is necessary to admit, I think, that we have to-day no

practical plan which solves the conflict centering around the working-class. Even if a plan existed, our disorganization is at present too great for any prospect of success. But a plan is possible which meets the worst evils from which the workers suffer, a plan which would give them greater security, greater share in the government, a discipline in cooperation, and a sense that they lived in a nation which did not ignore them. To pretend to more than this would be to offer them a delusion or a snare.

A statesman interested in the integration of America must realize some proposal which will give human warmth to the national government, which will make federal power mean not only abstract legislation, not only inspection, commissions and other instruments which are alien and forbidding. If the people are to weave their affections into the structure of the nation the government must be able to reach them in sickness and in sorrow, in misfortune and in old age. A really imaginative program of Americanization must include a comprehensive, nation-wide system of health, accident, maternity, old-age and unemployment insurance. If such a system is devised so that it is coöperatively administered, the nation would be expected to accumulate so much experience in self-government, so much good-will, and provide so great a demonstration of what the state means and might mean, that a real impulse would have been given towards efficiency and discipline and a synthesized people. Under that stimulus we should find the will and the knowledge to nationalize education, and prepare ourselves not merely for military responsibilities but for all other necessities which are frustrated by the chaos and suspicion of our life.

No doubt this is a radical program to offer Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressives, but they are trying to deal with a radical situation. To many reformers, on the other hand, it may seem tame. It would not be tame, once it were made a political issue; and the effects of so courageous a scheme would be unending. In revolutionary importance it is comparable to Hamilton's financial program on which

the Union was founded. The program suggested may not meet our need, but anything less comprehensive in spirit will prove, I think, to be just nothing at all, a mass of phrases and aspirations without substance. Yet nationalized railroads and national insurance are in themselves empty ideas unless they are formulated for action, exploited by leaders who can reach the people, and realized by men with at least some of Hamilton's ingenuity and practical wisdom. If Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressives are to play the rôle which their impulse indicates, they would have to do more than "come out" for such a program. They would have to see that it was not a plank in a platform, but the essence of their best vision. They would have to make it their own with the same fervor that they are now pouring into military preparedness alone. This is the dwelling of which armament is merely a façade.

There is no way of knowing whether Mr. Roosevelt and his followers have it in them to undertake this kind of statesmanship. But this much at least is certain: more than any other political group they are capable of grasping the vision, more than any other they have made a start in this direction. In fact, Mr. Roosevelt is the only national leader who in our time has represented this insight. That is the political meaning of his rich and abounding personality. That is why he survives every defeat, why the springs of his energy are constantly renewed. That is why we cannot stop talking about him. He is forever tantalizing us with the hope that we have in him a leader equal to our needs. If he is that leader he will translate his phrases about America and about patriotism into some great national project. It will require courage and imagination and skill. It will raise an opposition as bitter as that which fought Hamilton. But if he means what he is preaching to us, he will not delude himself into the belief that the defeat of Mr. Wilson, the use of rhetoric, and the threat of thundering deeds is the true path to an integrated America.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

February 19, 1916.

The Archaic Two-Party System

ORDERLY popular government is no doubt in a measure dependent upon formal constitutional and legal systems. It is also dependent upon the number and character of political parties, and the relation of party organization to social forces. Who has not drawn contrasts between the political cosmos of Anglo-Saxon politics and the political chaos of the states of continental Europe? In the Anglo-Saxon cosmos we find the two-party system, Government and Opposition. The party in power exercises a constructive function while the opposition devotes itself to criticism. The two parties change position and function often enough to prevent the party in power from waxing fat and corrupt, and the opposition from waning into inanity and destructiveness. In the continental chaos, on the other hand, we find a multiplicity of little parties, arranged in semicircle from extreme Right to extreme Left — baffling terms, indicative of relativity and want of principle — and actual government conducted by *blocs* of elements constantly coalescing or drawing apart, with much futile noise and flashing, like April thunder-caps.

In Anglo-Saxondom there are, to be sure, periods when a third party appears. But such a third party lives only so long as it has a working chance of becoming the second party or the first; and in the event that it succeeds, the dissolution of the old party crowded to third place follows infallibly. The Populist party died not because of evaporation of principles but because of the fatal discouragement of third place. The Progressive party is dying or dead, just because it was forced to third place in the last Congressional elections. Only the Socialist party lives on in insignificance. We can't account for the fact; let us treat it as a freak of nature.

It appears then clearly that the two-party system is founded in right reason and democratic principle. But wait: something seems to depend on what the two parties stand for. Suppose that their principles are diametrically opposed: the one stands for free labor and the other for slavery. How then does the charmed alteration of power and opposition work? With what spirit does the party in power surrender the government to its opponents? With the ugliest and most ominous spirit in the world; with open threats of recourse to civil arms. Our own history shows where such a partisan struggle ends. Suppose that at some future time the two great parties, in England or the United States, are the Labor party and the Capital party. No one need doubt that the strife between them would take the form of war without quarter. The one in possession of the government would yield only after exhausting all the resources of force and fraud.

A two-party system is compatible with orderly and efficient government only when the two parties share a large common capital of principle, or to put it baldly, stand for practically the same things. And this condition obtains only where one class is fully dominant in society, and the two parties merely represent different methods of advancing the interest of the class, or where society is essentially homogeneous. For a century and more the middle class has been dominant in British life — a consequence of England's position as mistress of the seas and workshop of the world. Both great parties have aimed at the same object, to advance British business interests at home and abroad. To the outsider not interested in personalities, there is little visible difference between the country saved under the one party or lost under the other. In the United States, except for the period of the slavery struggle, partisan differences have been mostly fictitious. There is a very narrow margin of practical fact between Democratic free trade and Republican protection, between Republican extravagance and Democratic retrenchment. Filling the offices has for years been the chief object of political strivings.

But homogeneity and undisputed class control are transitory phases in national development. In England labor has already broken with the middle-class politics that pretended to represent it. Land reform is likely to produce another political force not easy to compromise with tradition. In the United States neither the labor nor the agrarian interest is anywhere near organized self-consciousness. The laborers and the farmers are fairly distributed between the two great parties, and their particular claims are stilled by sops. The farmers get protective duties against the importation of farm products of which we have an excess, widely distributed literature on cut-worms and live-stock diseases, etc. The laborers get concessions, chiefly illusory, like the labor clause of the Clayton act, and the Tavenner bill throwing scientific management out of government arsenals. But at almost any time something may occur to shock the farmers or the laborers into political self-consciousness. We may recall the signs of agrarian factionalism in the opposition to the Payne-Aldrich tariff and Canadian reciprocity. We shall see more of them as we advance to the stage of a food-importing country. As for labor, no one knows when a reactionary judicial decision, or an unfortunate arbitration in such a matter as a railway strike, will create a labor party here, as the Taff Vale decision created one in England.

Economic evolution has already progressed far beyond the homogeneous state in which we developed our political traditions, and there is every indication that the trend toward social heterogeneity is strengthening. We cannot confine governmental activity to the field of common interest; we must accept the necessity of compromise. If we had each interest represented in Congress and the legislatures by a party under the discipline of its own leaders, we should have the machinery for effecting compromises, of bringing conflicting forces to an equilibrium. If, for example, labor were directly and adequately represented in the New York legislature to-day, it would not necessarily confine itself to an attempt to kill the State Police bill. It

could take into consideration the possibility of accepting a state police, in exchange for concessions of superior value. If the labor representatives in Congress were independently organized, and as numerous as they ought to be in view of the magnitude of the interests they have to defend, they would not necessarily seek to exclude scientific management from government works, but could consider under what regulations this new force might be utilized for the benefit of labor. The function of class representatives attached to the fringe of a traditional political party is essentially negative. They can interfere with the enactment of bad measures, but they have little power to secure the enactment of good ones. Unionists in Congress can help to keep conditions as they are; but labor cannot be content with conditions as they are. It may be very well for the present to concentrate upon the purely economic factors of the labor struggle. But sooner or later the necessity will arise of handling also the legal factors constructively. And for this, independent political organization is necessary.

The two-party system is obsolete, so far as constructive legislative purposes are concerned. It enjoys, however, a fictitious vitality, as a convenient method of filling the offices. It is conceivable, therefore, that it may long persist. But if it does so it will be inevitable that the practical interests which fail to find adequate representation will gradually align themselves with one of the parties, which will ultimately extrude the interests that have reason to be contented. In the end we shall have a two-party system with a sharp division on vital principles. And this, as we have seen, will be the condition most menacing to political order and progress.

April 8, 1916.

Voting for President

ONCE every four years the American people seize the opportunity afforded by the presidential campaign to indulge in a prolonged feverish and enervating debauch. The outbreak stands alone in their political life. Ordinarily they waste very little excitement or sentiment on politics. They have to vote so frequently, for so many insignificant offices and on so many futile occasions that voting has become cheap. It has become an operation hardly more thrilling or perturbing than that of smoking a cigar. But in this exceptional instance the infusion of water into the voting privilege has not availed to diminish its value. There has been conferred upon the American voter the opportunity of casting one vote of transcendent importance. The Presidency has been increasing in size until it is now probably the most powerful political office established by any modern system of government. In seizing the occasion offered by a presidential campaign to break into an orgy of political excitement American voters are only allowing their feelings to rise and effervesce in sympathetic commotion with the tremendous hazards, temptations and doubts of casting a vote for a presidential candidate.

Although our American constitutions were framed largely for the purpose of preventing the concentration of too much power in the hands of one man or one body of men, all the precautions adopted by the fathers have not sufficed to prevent what they most feared from taking place. An American President who is large enough to cope with the opportunities of his office can do more individually to mould the political behavior of his fellow countrymen and the destinies of his country than can the Russian Czar or

the German Kaiser. He is, to be sure, circumscribed by a comprehensive group of constitutional restrictions from which they are free, but the limitations upon his authority are formal and its prerogatives are substantial. During his briefer term of office he can drink deeper than they of the actual sources of political power. An absolute monarch must always be to a very considerable extent the accomplice of a permanent bureaucratic machine and the mouthpiece of an authoritative national tradition. A Kaiser is a figurehead for kaiserism. But the power of an American President is to a much larger extent personal. His cabinet is composed of clerks. Even if a permanent, independent and self-willed bureaucracy is coming, it has yet to be organized. The country is governed less by authoritative traditions than by a fluid and immediate public opinion, and all conditions are conspiring to confer on the President a prodigious influence on the formation of public opinion. The American people are more than ever a newspaper democracy. The President is obliged to be a newspaper hero. Whatever he does or says is unexceptionable and incomparable news. The vague and changing national tradition permits him to mould popular ideas and guide popular impulses. He can use as an instrument the most insidious and pervasive vehicle of publicity which ever pervaded the highways of a national mind. His fellow countrymen in so far as they cannot be converted into accepting his leadership can be hypnotized into failing to oppose it.

The President's opportunity of informing and dominating American political life has been much enhanced by recent changes in the nature and relative importance of American foreign policy. In this region his legal authority is unusually extensive. The nation's official diplomatic agents are responsible to him. His position as commander-in-chief of the army and the navy has in the past been of minor importance except during war; but when the army consists of 500,000 trained soldiers and the navy is large enough to upset the balance of international maritime power, these prerogatives begin to wear a royal aspect.

While he cannot declare war or make peace, the formulation of the foreign policy which may inevitably involve the country in war is being confided very largely to him. Until recently foreign policy was the phase of American politics about which there was least controversy. It was dictated by specific and authoritative instead of by a fluid and uncertain condition. But now that American isolation has passed and the situation of the United States demands rather a positive and a dangerous than a negative and safe policy, a really colossal responsibility has been imposed on the man who happens to be President. He alone has complete access to the sources of knowledge upon which action must be conditioned. He alone has the authority to act, when action is necessary. He alone can override congressional opposition and force public opinion to accept his decisions. Mr. Wilson's success in his fight with Congress over armed merchantmen is a significant demonstration of the extraordinary power which has been lodged in the Presidency as a result of the novel problems and crises of American foreign affairs. In its relation with other countries the President incontestably and almost exclusively speaks and acts for the whole nation.

The transformation of the American President into a potentate has been the occasion of many misgivings and apprehensions. It is urged that the American people are putting too many of their political eggs in one basket. They are erecting their Chief Magistrate into a plausible imitation of a dictator. They are allowing their presidential election to assume certain characteristics of a plebiscite, which confers on the successful candidate a general license to govern the country. The system, it is said, of presidential government will not work. No one man can measure up to the size of a President's job. He cannot at the same time be sufficiently capable as a leader, an administrator, a negotiator, a law-giver, and a publicity agent. He would not have the time even if he had the ability. Neither can a voter cast a discriminating vote for an office which requires of its incumbent the performance of such varied and

exacting tasks. He would be turning the government largely over to one man; and in so doing he could only be gambling upon the chance of getting the kind of government in which he believed. His support could amount to nothing but an expression of general confidence.

There is much force in these misgivings and apprehensions. The President is being asked to do more than one man or many men can do properly, and the Presidency is in danger of being transformed into an over-loaded and unmanageable political office — one which might become an offense in the hands of an overbearing man and a nuisance in the hands of a weak man. But talk about dictatorships and plebiscites is an exaggeration. The American nation has the qualities as well as the defects of a newspaper democracy. Its Presidency is an excessively exacting office, only because it has become the indispensable mouthpiece of national public opinion. Certain essential aspects of his power are as much dependent on popular confidence as is the power of the British Cabinet dependent on the confidence of the House of Commons. Without the support derived from public opinion and renewed, if not from day to day, at least from month to month, his ability to initiate and to govern would be pared down within narrow limits. Even his express constitutional prerogatives would be sterilized by the want of public support. A dangerous or incompetent but unpopular President could do many kinds of damage; but he could not undermine American institutions. The Presidency obtained its recent accessions of power only in response to a genuine need of national leadership. Its transformation does not indicate that the American democracy is no longer capable of self-government, and it does not call for condemnation, opposition and reaction. What it does call for is analysis, understanding and an improved organization.

The real difficulties and dangers of the situation do not arise from the transformation of the Presidency into a great representative institution. They arise from the failure to

transform the other political institutions, associated with the Presidency, into more serviceable associates of that high office and more effective checks upon the possible abuses of its power. A chief executive who is responsible for formulating and initiating the foreign and domestic policy of a government needs to be surrounded by advisers who are something better than clerks and who are themselves independently representative of certain phases of organized opinion. The cabinet members obtain the quality of being independently representative only by sitting in the legislative body and by securing some independence of position as a consequence of their influence on Congress. But the really formidable difficulty is Congress itself and the system of local partisan organization which Congress chiefly represents. The President, no matter how strong he is in popular confidence, is obliged to govern by means of a party and by means of a majority in Congress. Yet these party organizations and congressional majorities are always seeking to nullify one essential phase of a successful system of presidential government. They always insist on retaining ultimate direction of the administration of the national business and the national laws. They will yield anything to a President except their control over finance and over the appointment of upper administrative officials. Thus the President can neither dispense with the congressional party machine nor depend on it for loyal service and independent counsel. It hampers him grievously in the practical work of administration which should be lodged entirely in the hands of the executive. But it does not supply an effective organ of independent or disinterested criticism and advice. Presidents, no matter how able and well meaning they are, will certainly fail to live up to the needs of the office unless they are supplied with really expert assistance and really independent counsel. And they will never get it until some President is willing to sacrifice his legislative program and his party popularity to the supremely important work of emancipating presidential government from the handicap of

disloyal and defective instruments, and restoring to congressional government its proper function of independent review, criticism and discussion.

August 5, 1916.

At the Chicago Conventions

ON the train to Chicago I met one of the most prominent of the Republican managers. He had with him, he said, a clipping from the New York *Evening Post* which set forth what Mr. Roosevelt thought of the Republican party four years ago. The substance of it was that the historic party of Lincoln had become a whited sepulchre inhabited by second-story men. The clipping was hardly needed as a reminder. The delegates had not forgotten. Whoever else may have lost sight of Armageddon, they had not. It was the central impulse of their political religion. They were perfectly willing to stand around in hotel lobbies and let ardent Progressives shout at them that they wanted Teddy. The inflexible sense of those delegates was in the refrain: "This convention will nominate a Republican."

There never was any question about it that the memory of 1912 was the decisive fact at Chicago. The platform might talk about the prestige of America. What the delegates were concerned about was their prestige back home. Four bitter years they had been cursing Mr. Roosevelt in the regular metaphors of politics; he was the "ingrate," the "Benedict Arnold," the man who "had bitten the hand that fed him." The hard, substantial, unimaginative men who had been sent to Chicago had identified the sense of their own self-respect with anti-Rooseveltism. The public opinion to which they were responsive was not that of the "American people" supposed to be calling insistently for Teddy. They answered to their friends in the organization who would have regarded them as soft and gullible fools had they permitted "T. R. to get away with it now." Optimistic Roosevelt workers comforted themselves with the thought that politicians are practical men out to win. They

little knew the real character of the so-called practical man. He is not a person who forgets his prejudices and takes the long view of a situation. He is always a man who reacts to his brute memory and his immediate experience.

The practical sense of those delegates was that they had a real prize to offer, and that there was no reason why they should give it to the man who had tried to destroy them. The mass of them had no particular fervor for any candidate. They cared for the party and they wanted a good party man. The real issues of the day played a shadowy rôle in their minds. The orators talked about a crisis, but it was obviously the same old crisis that always exists when the Democrats are in office. So for the first few days the Favorite Sons were allowed a run for their money, or to put it more accurately, they were allowed a run because of their money.

The headquarters of the Favorite Sons were worth visiting. They had the atmosphere of booths at a tawdry world's fair. In front of the Indiana rooms there was an intolerably genial young man who barked at you to come in, seized you if you came within reach, clutched you with a moist hand, and projected you into the cigar smoke with an arm around your shoulder till he had you face to face with Indiana's most attractive offering, Mr. Jim Watson. "Meet Mr. Watson and have a cigar — newspaper man — good. Great story for you boys . . . the delegate from the Philippines has just declared for a merchant marine and Fairbanks . . . always glad to see you." Massachusetts had a red-satin and gold parlor, and before there was time to realize it, Senator John Wingate Weeks had offered a cigar. The would-be President was presiding, a great egg-shaped man. In one corner was a photograph of Weeks as an Annapolis graduate, not yet egg-shaped. On the table was Weeks in a company of naval reserves drilling on Boston Common during the Spanish War, already egg-shaped. The inference was that Weeks had always been for preparedness. He defended the port of Boston, I believe, against Cervera's fleet.

Leaving the battle-scarred veteran, I approached the Roosevelt Republican headquarters. It was a colder and more business-like place. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was shaking hands with Negro delegates. George Ade was talking to George von L. Meyer. The chief office boy was Mr. Satterlee, who sat at a roll-top desk with nothing very much to do. But he had decisions to make. A man brought in a statuette of Roosevelt as a Rough Rider with an American flag in his hand. The base bore the inscription "I am for peace." Inspecting it critically Mr. Satterlee approved the sculpture but changed the inscription. Make it read "peace with honor," he said, and dismissed the artist with the air of a determined executive.

Upstairs in two or three small rooms was Mr. Frank Hitchcock, who owns a card-index and has money enough to travel. No badges, and no cigars and no slogans, but perfect assurance prevailed. Mr. Hitchcock, looking tired and clean, saw us. He asked no favors and made no complaints. The invincible logic of the situation was with him. The Hughes candidacy was unanswerable, and all the clear-sighted people knew it from the start. They were not worried about Mr. Hughes's opinions on "Americanism" and "preparedness." They knew that he would not have allowed his name to be used had he disagreed with the general plan of the attack on President Wilson. They knew that when he spoke he would say all that can be said in words about the alleged issues at hand. They knew he was progressive enough to make a progressive campaign against him impossible. They knew Mr. Roosevelt had committed himself so deeply against the President, had thrown overboard so much progressive baggage, had proclaimed the crisis so overwhelmingly that he could not fight the anti-Wilson ticket. They knew that the threat of a third party headed by Mr. Roosevelt was a bluff that would not be made good. They did not yield to the delusion that Mr. Hughes could be scared out of the running, because the fact that he would run must scare out the Roosevelt opposition. They knew that the Hughes nomination would

pocket Mr. Roosevelt and eliminate the Progressive party.

To be sure Hughes was not an unmixed delight. But there were politicians in the convention who had learned something from 1912, and the menace of Roosevelt and the Progressives was more vividly in their minds than the stark virtue of Hughes. They did not allow themselves to think too much of 1920. Against this logic and this mood the Roosevelt workers argued ingeniously but helplessly. They pointed out that Hughes was the cruellest boss-killer of them all, that T. R. was always good to the good bosses, and a story spread around that one somewhat pro-Roosevelt boss had said: "The Colonel used to kick me out of the front door every once in a while, but he'd see me now and then at the back door. But this man Hughes won't let me smell the lilacs around the White House." It did not avail. Nothing could have availed with those delegates. They were going to nominate a Republican and no one else.

In the newspapers, in the emotions of the spectators, in the noise of marching and shouting, the Progressives played a big part in Chicago. But in the perspective of fact, in the actual balance of power, they never counted seriously. The Republicans were polite to them, but not profoundly interested in them. They were regarded as a small collection of spoilt children who had no important influence and were neither to be feared nor insulted. Except for the fact that the Hughes nomination was in itself a concession to progressivism, the Republican convention ignored the Progressives. It followed its schedule relentlessly. It conferred when the Progressives asked for a conference. It appointed a committee which was in itself a defiance. The committee listened for hours to the astonishing fact that the Progressives wanted Teddy, and were even willing to compromise on Teddy. Having learned the fact they reported it gravely to the Republicans who had read in the papers that the Progressives wanted Teddy. They followed their schedule with the realistic sense of men who knew that confronted with the *fait accompli* the Progressives would be helpless.

The Republican convention has been described as cold. It was cold because there never was anything to grow hot about. The triumph was so easy that there wasn't anything to gloat over. But the sense of brute power was overwhelming, like that of a great monster with a little brain which plodded forward and could not be stopped. It was a most representative crowd, representative of a massive and selfish and cynical demand for place. It was not the "cohorts" of a legendary Wall Street. Articulate Wall Street was demonstrating vainly for Teddy and tepidly for Root. It was the gathering together of distributed privileges, of tariff-protected manufacturers, business lawyers, and pillars of society from all over the union. It was the quintessence of all that is commonplace, machine-made, complacent and arbitrary in American life. To look at it and think of what needs to be done to civilize this nation was to be chilled with despair.

This brutal fact flowered up into flamboyant oratory. I shall not soon forget the nine and a half hours I sat wedged in, listening to the nominating speeches and subsisting on apple pie and loganberry juice — hours of bellow and rant punctuated by screeches and roars. I think there were fifteen nominations plus the seconding orations. It was a nightmare, a witches' dance of idiocy and adult hypocrisy. DuPont for instance, and his wonderful grandfather, and the grand old state of Ohio, and the golden state of Iowa, and the flag, red, white and blue, all its stripes, all its stars, and the flag again a thousand times over, and Americanism till your ears ached, and the slaves and the tariff, and Abraham Lincoln, mauled and dragged about and his name taken in vain and his spirit degraded, prostituted to every insincerity and used as window-dressing for every cheap politician. The incredible sordidness of that convention passes all description. It was a gathering of insanitary callous men, who blasphemed patriotism, made a mockery of Republican government and filled the air with sodden and scheming stupidity. The one note of freedom in those roaring days was during the demonstration for Roosevelt,

when the sun suddenly appeared after days of rain. There was enough humanity left to cheer the sun.

To go from the Republican to the Progressive Convention was to find again the open generosity of a better America. The mass of the delegates there were the most warm-hearted crowd I have ever seen. But from the first it was evident where their hopelessness lay. In 1912 the cant phrase which dominated them was "service." This year the word was "leadership." They have no creed, none whatever. The passion which had been diffused through their "covenant" had been sucked out and concentrated on Theodore Roosevelt. They clung to him as a woman without occupation or external interests will cling to her husband. They clung so hard that they embarrassed him with their infatuation. They loved too much. They loved without self-respect and without privacy. They adored him as no man in a democracy deserves to be adored. They took a creed from him which subsequent events showed was not their real creed.

They trusted their leaders, but their leaders never trusted them. The delegates never understood what was happening, and it was never fully explained to them. What happened was this: the men who controlled them tried to use the Progressives as a threat and a bluff to force Theodore Roosevelt on the Republicans. I believe that for a few hours they thought the bluff might work. But it was always a transparent bluff, for it was obvious that Roosevelt did not intend to make it good if Hughes were nominated. Everybody seemed to realize the emptiness of the threat except the naïve Progressive delegates.

The first division amongst them was over the question: Should Roosevelt be nominated early so as to make him a real threat? The "conservatives" prevented this; why I do not know. For obviously if the bluff was to have even a tinge of reality it must be made before the balloting at the Republican convention. The real reason, I imagine, was the feeling of men like Mr. Perkins that Mr. Roose-

pain of having made an empty

It was plain as day that no matter what Roosevelt did, Roosevelt could not be. Then was this: Should the Progressives or should Roosevelt be made to? That was all that was left to the "radicals" and "conservative," as it was called, retained nomination was delayed. On Saturday morning suggesting Senator Lodge. The matter was decided. On the man to whom they turned their anger. Lodge was a slap in the face to every Progressive, a bewildered at the sheer folly of it, that had happened to their leader. A suggestion in a political sense; temperamental bluntness, as if a class upon him.

With suggestion with resentment, and then the spirit of that nomination was to be Roosevelt. It was a nomination that trouble for him. There was no that spirit, I think, he understood it. The burden on him, they felt better. The leaders had about two communication with Oyster Bay in answer. In the meantime Hughes had

tion gathered at about three o'clock down to most of in the press section. The delegates were not. They were teased and it was very- it had a cam-farce.

is that they intended to go it without Roosevelt. The third is that they were pulled along gently to the reading of the telegram and the hurried adjournment to prevent a smash.

As it became evident from hints thrown out and from the general evasiveness of the men on the platform that the Progressive party was lost, a very curious and a very significant thing happened. The aggressively nationalistic and military tone, the Bismarckian creed which the party had taken from its leader began to disappear, and the old cries for social justice and popular rule were heard again. Hiram Johnson mentioned the interests of children, and it sounded strange. John Parker, the most poignant figure at the convention, begged them not to destroy a party which offered the only hope to liberal Southerners. In the last hours there was a momentary flare of the real soul of the party. When the end came, there were tears and anger and a bitterness at the cold brutality of it all. Mr. Roosevelt had been nominated defiantly. He declined skilfully but without a note of comradeship for the men and women who had adored him. There was a great destruction of faith, and to my mind an unnecessary and inhuman treatment of a very human and trusting band. It was unnecessary to fool them, it was unnecessary to make an empty bluff, it was unnecessary to use them, it was unnecessary to be uncandid with them. Unnecessary, because even by the coldest calculation, the men who used the Progressives were poor politicians who should have known from the very start that Theodore Roosevelt would not be nominated by the Republicans.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

June 17, 1916.

Brandeis

ONE public benefit has already accrued from the nomination of Mr. Brandeis. It has started discussion of what the Supreme Court means in American life. From much of the comment since Mr. Brandeis's nomination it would seem that multitudes of Americans seriously believe that the nine Justices embody pure reason, that they are set apart from the concerns of the community, regardless of time, place and circumstances, to become the interpreter of sacred words with meaning fixed forever and ascertainable by a process of ineluctable reasoning. Yet the notion not only runs counter to all we know of human nature; it betrays either ignorance or false knowledge of the actual work of the Supreme Court as disclosed by two hundred and thirty-nine volumes of United States reports. It assumes what is not now and never was the function of the Supreme Court.

The significant matters which come before the Supreme Court are not the ordinary legal questions of the rights of Smith v. Jones. If they were, the choosing of a Supreme Court Justice would be of professional rather than of public interest. In our system of government the Supreme Court is the final authority in the relationship of the individual to the state, of the individual to the United States, of forty-eight states to one another, and of each with the United States. In a word, the Court deals primarily with problems of government, and that is why its personnel is of such nation-wide importance. But though the Court has to decide political questions, it escapes the rough-and-tumble of politics, because it does not exercise power for the affirmative ends of the state. What it does is to define limitations of power. It marks the boundaries between

state and national action. It determines the allowable sphere of legislative and executive conduct.

These are delicate and tremendous questions, not to be answered by mechanical magic distilled within the four corners of the Constitution, not to be solved automatically in the Constitution "by taking the words and a dictionary." Except in a few very rigid and very unimportant specific provisions, such as those providing for geographic uniformity or prohibiting the enactment of bills of attainder, the Justices have to bring to the issues some creative power. They have to make great choices which are determined in the end by their breadth of understanding, imagination, sense of personal limitation, and insight into governmental problems. It is a commonplace of constitutional law, insisted upon by students like David Bradley Thayer, a commonplace to be kept vigilantly in mind, that Justices of the Supreme Court must be lawyers, of course, but above all, lawyers who are statesmen.

To generalize about periods and tendencies in the history of the Supreme Court is to omit many details and qualifications, but that the great problems of statesmanship have determined the character of the Court at different periods in our history there can be no doubt. In the first period, barring a negligible opening decade, the Court under Marshall's great leadership dealt with the structure of government. It gave legal expression to the forces of nationality. Marshall also laid down what may be called the great canon of constitutional criticism by insisting that it is a "Constitution that we are construing, a great charter of government with all the implications that dynamic government means." After Marshall the ever-present conflict of state and national power absorbed attention until the Civil War. Then followed a third period in which national power was ascendant, a period of railroad and industrial development, of free lands and apparently unlimited resources, a period in which the prevailing philosophy was naturally enough *laissez-faire*. It was a period of luxuriant individualism. The Fourteenth Amendment was made the

vehicle of its expression, the quality of the Court was exemplified in the sturdy personalities of Justices like Brewer and Peckham. "Liberty of contract" flourished, social legislation was feared, except during the sound but brief leadership in the opposite direction by Chief Justice Waite.

The period of individualism and fear is over. Occasionally there is a relapse, but on the whole we have entered definitely upon an epoch in which Justice Holmes has been the most consistent and dominating force, and to which Justices Day and Hughes have been great contributing factors. It is the period of self-consciousness as to the true nature of the issues before the Court. It is the period of realization that basically the questions are not abstractions to be determined by empty formula, that contemporary convictions of expediency as to property and contract must not be passed off as basic principles of right. It is this new spirit which led Justice Holmes to say that it was the Court's duty "to learn to transcend our own convictions, and to leave room for much that we hold dear to be done away with, short of revolution, by the orderly change of law."

At present the important field of judicial interpretation is practically restricted to two provisions of the Constitution: the Commerce clause and the Fourteenth Amendment. Around these center the contending forces of state and national action. The Fourteenth Amendment in a word involves an application of the "police power," which extends "to all the great public needs." And so it covers the whole domain of economic and social and industrial facts and the state's response to these facts. The principle of law — that the state cannot exercise arbitrary or unwarranted power — is undisputed. The difficulty is with the application of the principle, and the application involves grasp and imagination and contact with the realities of a modern industrial democracy. Under the Commerce clause we are dealing not with abstract legal questions but the pervasive facts of life, for, as the Supreme Court itself has said: "Commerce among the states is not a technical legal con-

ception but a practical one drawn from the course of business."

To the consideration of these very questions Mr. Brandeis has given his whole life. To their understanding he brings a mind of extraordinary power and insight. He has amassed experience enjoyed by hardly another lawyer to the same depth and richness and detail, for it is the very condition of his mind to know all there is to be known of a subject with which he grapples. Thus he is a first-handed authority in the field of insurance, of industrial efficiency, of public franchises, of conservation, of the transportation problem, of the inter-relations of modern business and modern life.

But his approach is that of the true lawyer, because he seeks to tame isolated instances to as large a general rule as possible, and thereby to make the great reconciliation between order and justice. Mr. Brandeis would extend the domain of law, as he only very recently put it before the Chicago Bar Association, by absorbing the facts of life, just as Mansfield in his day absorbed the law merchant into the common law. This craving for authentic facts on which law alone can be founded leads him always to insist on establishing the machinery by which they can be ascertained. It is this which has led him to create practically a new technique in the presentation of constitutional questions. Until his famous argument on the Oregon ten-hour law for women, social legislation was argued before our courts practically *in vacuo*, as an abstract question unrelated to a world of factories and child labor and trade unions and steel trusts. In the Oregon case for the first time there were marshalled before the Supreme Court the facts of modern industry which reasonably called for legislation limiting hours of labor. This marked an epoch in the argument and decision of constitutional cases, and resulted not only in reversal of prior decisions, but in giving to the courts a wholly new approach to this most important class of present-day constitutional issues. As advocate Mr. Brandeis has secured the approval of every constitutional case which

he has argued — argued always for the public — not only from the Supreme Court of the United States but from the courts of New York, Illinois and Oregon.

We may be perfectly certain, then, that Mr. Brandeis is no doctrinaire. He does not allow formulæ to do service for facts. He has remained scrupulously flexible. While, for example, he has made us realize that there may be a limit to the efficiency of combination, yet he has insisted that the issue must be settled by authoritative data, that such data must be gathered by a permanent non-partisan commission. So Mr. Brandeis helped to give us the Federal Trade Commission. He sees equally clearly that there are limits to the uses of competition, and no man has spoken more effectively against the competition that kills or more vigorously for the morality of price maintenance.

The very processes of his mind are deliberate and judicial — if we mean by deliberation and judicial-mindedness a full survey of all relevant factors of a problem and courageous action upon it. He has an almost unerring genius for accuracy, because his conclusion is the result of a slow mastery of the problem. Events have rarely failed to support his judgments. In the New Haven situation, for instance, the conclusions which Mr. Brandeis had reached and for which he sought quiet acceptance a decade ago were finally vindicated. So of all his public activities — the adoption of a sliding scale in franchise returns, the adoption of a savings-bank insurance, the settlement of industrial disputes, the regulation of conditions of labor, the conservation of our natural resources — in each problem there have been three stages: thorough investigation by and with experts; education of the public to the results of such investigation; and then political action with informed public opinion behind it, either by legislation for the government or by changes in the structure of one of the great groups of the state, such as the trade union or employers' organizations.

Mr. Brandeis says of himself: "I have no rigid social philosophy; I have been too intent on concrete problems

of practical justice." A study of his work verifies this analysis. It is true he has a passion for justice and a passion for democracy, but justice and democracy enlist a common fealty. It is by his insistence on translating these beliefs into life, by his fruitful intellectual inventiveness in devising the means for such translation, that Mr. Brandeis is distinguished. One who has brought the agency of a vitalizing peace to the most anarchistic of all industries, the garment trades, and has done it not by magic but by turning contending forces into coöperative forces, has that balance of head and heart and will which constitutes real judicial-mindedness.

It is said of him that he is often not amiable in a fight. There is truth in the statement. The law has not been a game to him, the issues he has dealt with have been great moral questions. He has often fought with great severity. He has rarely lost. His great fights have been undertaken in the public interest. In the course of his career he has made enemies, some of whom were malicious, others honestly convinced that he had wronged them. A number of charges have been made against him, not one of which has been proved, though no one can question that Mr. Brandeis's enemies have spared no pains to prove them. His friends who are in a position to know the details of his career believe in him passionately. They are delighted that so able a committee of the Senate should have undertaken the work of running down every insinuation. They believe that no man's career can stand as much scrutiny as his. They want the insinuations crystallized, examined and disposed of, so that the nation may begin to employ this man who has at once the passion of public service and the genius for it.

February 5, 1916.

Unionism vs. Anti-Unionism

THE majority of contemporary controversies between wage-earners and their employers involve directly or indirectly one issue of overwhelming importance. They involve the issue of labor organization itself, of the extent to which it deserves to be encouraged or discouraged and of its function in the industrial system of a democratic nation. No other questions connected with the industrial situation provoke such harsh and stubborn differences of opinion. Many well meaning people who may favor some legislative program of "social justice" are opposed to or suspicious of unionism — that is, to the attempt of the wage-earners to secure justice for themselves. The lack of any effective consensus of opinion about the merits and dangers of unionism has passed comparatively unnoticed hitherto, because it has not brought with it any immediately inconvenient consequences. The "public" had assumed an attitude of neutrality, based on ignorance and irresponsibility, and knew no sufficient reason for reaching a decision on such a perplexing controversy. But recently the resulting immunity from serious inconvenience has ceased. Strikes are becoming the order of the day. They interfere with service or supplies necessary to the public comfort; they compromise vital public interests; they are calling for increasing intervention by the government. Yet if the government is to intervene intelligently and effectively, it must act upon some consistent policy with respect to the merits and the function of labor organization, which has the support of public opinion. What is that policy to be?

It is a formidable question, which demands a many-sided and carefully balanced answer, but one phase of this answer can, in our opinion, be made short, sharp and decisive. It

should be the policy of the American nation to discriminate in favor of unionism, to recognize its merits, to define its functions, and to make it an essential part of the national industrial system. A policy of this kind does not demand the unionizing of non-union labor as the result of coercion or intimidation; but it does imply popular and official discouragement of any attempt by employers to outlaw unionism. As long as the unions are required, as is so frequently the case at present, to fight not for an improvement in the economic conditions of their members, but for their very lives, no progressive social adjustment of the conflict between the wage-earners and their employers is possible. The conflict is degraded to a level in which fear and suspicion are the dominant emotions and some kind of violence the inevitable, if reprehensible, weapon.

A very rudimentary analysis of the sources of unionism will indicate the danger to the national integrity of allowing the issue of unionism itself to be raised. Wage-earners form unions because their individual ability to bargain with their employers is feeble and cannot be strengthened except by their acting together. If the individual wage-earner is dissatisfied with the conditions under which he is working he is incapable of making an effective protest; but if all the wage-earners in a shop or a trade are capable of acting together they can often compel their employers to grant them better terms. Unionism is consequently an indispensable condition of the economic independence of the wage-earners as a class. It is as important to them as the vote is to the citizen or as some protection against the abuse of political authority is to the property-owner. By no other method can they safeguard themselves from being victimized by economic forces which may, indeed, occasionally operate beneficially to them, but which always operate irrespective of their inclinations and wills. The law has declared that labor is not a commodity, but despite the law it must remain a commodity unless wage-earners possess the power to participate effectively in the negotiations whereby their work is bought and sold. The thrifty wage-earner, acting as an

individual, can, of course, change his employment and sometimes better his condition, but acting as an individual his only choice lies between opportunities of employment over whose terms he himself can exercise no control. When employers refuse to negotiate with the unions, they are denying to their employees the very substance of citizenship in an economic community. They are trying to condemn their wage-earning fellow-countrymen who as a class cannot be paid salaries or become property-owners, to the humiliation of having little or nothing to say about the major business of a wage-earner's life.

Hence the bitterness and intensity of the industrial conflicts which involve the question of union recognition. It is one of those ultimate issues which both sides refuse to arbitrate. The unionists compare arbitration about the recognition of their unions to the arbitration by a nation whether it is entitled to exist. The employers are equally reluctant either to recognize the unions until they are forced to do so, or to arbitrate the question of recognition, because they do not want to abandon any share of their economic power to independent and, from their point of view, irresponsible organizations. As soon, consequently, as this issue is raised, something like civil war sets in, and both parties have a tendency to fall back upon violent methods. The employers spend large sums in collecting social derelicts from all over the country with whom to keep their business going and to break the power of the unions. These unfortunates are assaulted by the unionists and in the absence of an efficient police force have to be protected by gunmen. The laws, the institutions and the authority of the state are perverted by both sides, each in its own interest. The social atmosphere is poisoned by recriminations, fear, and hatred, and the beaten party retires sullenly to obscurity, fully determined to renew the conflict at the first favorable opportunity.

The fight for and against union recognition is embittered and irreconcilable, because it necessarily degenerates into an unscrupulous and desperate struggle to win or to keep power.

The unionists are fighting for the possession of sufficient economic strength to enable them to become self-respecting citizens in an industrial democracy. The employers know that when the unions get the power it is frequently used in ways inimical to industrial efficiency, and they make this knowledge the excuse for refusing, wherever possible, to part with any share of their autocratic control. Officially the American nation has tried to evade the issue by admitting a "right" on the part of wage-earners to organize and an equally valid "right" on the part of employers to refuse to recognize organization. But when rights conflict and are asserted by large classes possessed of a considerable ability to enforce them, the national unity is compromised. Neither can it be restored by pious exhortations in favor of mutual good feeling and peace. The war between unionism and anti-unionism is one about which neutrality is ceasing to be honorable or decent. If the American nation continues to be neutral, it will merely become the victim of both of the belligerents. Mr. Quackenbush, the chief of the legal department of the New York Interborough Company, has given emphatic expression to this opinion. During a recent public hearing, as quoted by the *New York Tribune*, he declared that the country could no more exist half-union and half-non-union than it could exist half-slave and half-free. We agree with him. The political party which first stands upon this truth, as the Republican party first stood upon the truth about slavery, will during the next generation enjoy, like the Republican party, a stormy but triumphant and fruitful career.

If it has come, as Mr. Quackenbush declares, to an exclusive choice between unionism and non-unionism, can any intelligent democrat doubt on which side the preference must fall? Should the American nation consent to the destruction of unionism, it would officially abet a policy of degrading the labor of its own citizens to the status of a commodity. Such an action would be just as suicidal as would have been the elevation of Negro slavery, as the South wished, from a legal right into an aggressive national policy.

The United States would present the extraordinary spectacle of the denial by the largest political democracy in the world of the essentials of industrial self-government to the class of wage-earners. The idea is preposterous, but is it any more preposterous than the present neutrality between unionism and anti-unionism, than the sinister connivance at the frequent attempts made by large employers to eradicate unionism among their own employees? In so far as these attempts exist and succeed they create the same condition within a limited area as the adoption of a policy of discouraging unionism by the national government would over the whole country. They introduce irreconcilable antagonisms into the industrial system which are intermittently effervescing into violence and must inevitably continue to do so. Precisely because the warfare between unionism and anti-unionism in our industrial system compromises the public safety, and because anti-unionism is an impossible national policy, the nation must come to the deliberate and official discouragement of anti-unionism and the promotion of unionism.

Those employers who fear that the adoption of such a course would surrender them, tied hand and foot, to a grasping labor oligarchy should ponder one salutary consideration. Up to date the unions have been struggling for the opportunity to survive and grow, and their policy has been determined by their position as semi-outlaws. They had to seek power in order to protect themselves from being exterminated; and when they seized it, with the threat hanging over them of being deprived of it, they could hardly be expected to exercise it considerately. But after they obtain the security of recognition their attitude will change. A frank and loyal attempt to incorporate unions into the national industrial system will in itself tend to socialize the policy of the unions and make them more responsible. Unionism will then become one of the most powerfully and helpfully educative influences in the community. It will train a class of citizens whose political activities must remain for the present circumscribed in the purposive use of

economic power. Industrial controversies will persist, but they will turn, not on the possession or the denial of power, but on the conflicting or varying purposes on behalf of which the two belligerents each propose to use their share of it. And the nation will not be indifferent to the outcome. The state will intervene partly to prevent the power of either party from being abused, but chiefly to discover and devise methods of adjustment between their conflicting purposes. Permanent boards of investigation will be needed, which will scrutinize specific labor problems and processes and after a survey of all the available facts suggest tentative methods of overcoming immediate difficulties. Industrial controversies will thus become capable of something resembling a rational treatment. The labor costs and rewards which prevail in important industries will be audited by industrial experts just as the cost of managing a particular plant and of manufacturing and selling its products is now audited by expert accountants. The scientific management which is converting business into a profession would have its counterpart in a scientific analysis of labor problems and the gradual acquisition of a scientific method of dealing with them. In no other way can they be taken out of the dubious region of class conflict.

September 23, 1916.

Loyal Employees

ON the very day before the employees of the New York City Railways Company went out on a strike, a delegation waited on the President, Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, and informed him that of the 2568 motormen and conductors employed by the company, 2423 or over 94 per cent had signified their loyalty. This delegation of "loyal employees" later assured the Mayor that they "wanted to stick," that they had been treated fairly and were satisfied with conditions. "All we want," said their leader, a picturesque conductor named "Rusty" Livingston, "is to help the public and be assured of protection. We don't believe in violence or crime, or you would not see gold bands on the sleeves of the men before you." Yet on the next day but few cars were running, although there was ample police protection and no violence.

It is probable that Mr. Shonts and other officers of the company were not entirely surprised at the overwhelming protestation of loyalty. The loyal petition had been sent to the car barns by the company, and each motorman and conductor on leaving his car had been asked by the starter or some one else in authority to affix his signature. If the conductor or motorman refused to sign he would incur the animosity of his immediate superior and might be forced to work seventeen hours a day, or be given bad runs, or be fined, disciplined or discharged. One conductor or motorman is no match for the New York City Railways Company. Being weak individually he gave in temporarily. If Paris was well worth a mass, surely the man's job was worth an unmeaning signature to a lying document, obtained under compulsion. Even the unionists, who were collectively agreed on striking, put their names to the loy-

alty pledge. A moral hero would have stood out alone against the great railway company, but moral heroes are not in demand as conductors and motormen.

Whether Mr. Shonts really believed, or merely wished the public to believe, that 94 per cent of his employees were overflowing with loyalty, is a psychological problem of no universal consequence. The mental attitude that would even casually entertain such a hypothesis is of importance only because the men who think in this way have so extraordinary and abnormal an influence over our whole industrial life. When such men speak of loyalty they think of humble subordination. The conception fuses with that of feudal allegiance, fealty, homage, the dutiful respect of the inferior for the superior, the unthinking response of the true and faithful and rather stupid servant, who shall not be without his reward, once the officials of the company can satisfy a mob of exigent stockholders and really afford to act benevolently towards these men with the gold bands on their sleeves. In ordinary life Mr. Shonts does not expect loyalty of the seller to the buyer or of the lessor to the lessee. He asks merely for fair dealing and common honesty between any two parties to a contract, and he does not demand that a bargainer sacrifice his interest out of loyalty to the party of the second part. Why, then, does he ask loyalty of the motorman or conductor, who gets more or less from his contract in proportion to his bargaining power, and who usually gets less because he is forced to bargain alone?

At first glance one might believe that Mr. Shonts and his fellow officials were merely hypocritical in assuming that their employees were loyal. They might easily have learned, if they did not already know, that wages on their lines were far below those in other cities and absurdly inadequate to the maintenance of a decent standard of living in New York. They might also have learned that men were kept uselessly and without pay about car barns; were liable at any moment to be forced to work overtime — without excess pay — and were subject to immediate dis-

charge and with no real opportunity for the hearing and redress of their grievances. The men could not possibly be loyal to a President Shonts whom they had never seen, or to the "alien" company directors from Boston, who took efficient charge of the interests of New England stockholders, or to the company itself, over the management of which they had not the slightest control. A man who holds his job on sufferance, who may be dismissed with short notice or none, may be held to a company by interest or fear but never by a more generous emotion.

Most men, however, are not hypocritical, but actually believe the absurdities it is to their interest to believe. Even the best employer, who is far more considerate of his workers than Mr. Shonts thus far has been, usually shares this illusion of loyalty. He does not understand how a man can work year after year in one shop without succumbing to a feeling of loyalty akin to that which one feels for his birth-place, city, state, nation or king. The employer himself often gives to his business a devotion far transcending any hope of profits. His business is for him a means of self-realization. He does not conceive that the wage-earner does not feel an equal interest.

With this conception of loyalty to the business is associated the allied conception of personal loyalty to the leader. In his more sentimental moods the good-natured employer looks upon himself not as one who gets labor as cheap as the market permits, but as the foremost among a number of workers associated in the "happy family" of industry. The employer is the captain, breadgiver and benefactor of these lesser men. He is conscious of excellent intentions and of many positive benefits conferred upon individual workers. For men to desert him after years of such latent or active benevolence and to follow the leadership of some "cheap" labor agitator from a distant city seems the blackest ingratitude and disloyalty.

This instinctive indignation against outsiders is rather crudely expressed by the President of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company in a printed appeal to his "Friends and

Co-workers" in the railway. He fears that the "handful of men from other cities"—the officers of the union—will not only be disturbers of the industrial peace but will seek to impose upon us, in the place of our former "mutual confidence in intention and fellowship in performance," "a condition either of armed neutrality or of war between officers and men," thus creating "a barrier of suspicion and the cold atmosphere of bargain." In fixing wages, hours and conditions, in determining, in other words, the basic facts of the workman's life, the company will have to meet the suspicions of the bargainer instead of relying upon a grateful loyalty based on the workers' belief that the employers will deal with them justly.

But if this is loyalty, then the less we have of it the better. What it means is complete surrender, for the wage-earner who does not pursue his interest loses his interest. Fairness to the employer, a decent human attitude towards him, a reasonable regard for his interests, are all the personal loyalty that may be asked of the workman. More than this is abjectness and sycophancy. The problem of loyalty towards the business enterprise as such is more complicated. Here there lies a certain common interest, underlying the sharply opposed interests of employers and employees. Every business is in this not too remote sense a joint enterprise. To be loyal to such a business, however, and to be able to perceive this ultimate common interest, the wage-earner must first be secure in his special immediate interest. If he has not the power to protect his wages and working conditions—and without organization he has not this power—he is likely to regard the business merely as a temporary means of making money.

The truth is that the old conditions, making for a loyalty of the worker to his work, trade and employer are passing. The personal relationship in industry is fading; the tenure of a job is becoming weaker; the pride in individual work is vanishing as division and standardization of labor advance. Finally the old conservative routine and custom, which formerly made the son work at his father's task for

his father's employer, is gone forever. All these developments weaken the employee's loyalty. Unable to bargain alone, the wage-earner realizes that he must be loyal only to his fellow workers, whether in his own or in distant cities, even if this new loyalty alienates him from his employer and introduces "a barrier of suspicion."

In the main this loyalty of the worker to the men of his craft, industry or class is the chief tool with which we must work, so long as wage-earners are as defenseless and insecure as they are to-day and industrial conditions as anarchical. In better circumstances we might find a higher loyalty. The scientists employed by the United States government are supremely loyal to their service and their science. The teaching staffs of universities and of many schools bring to their work a devotion which is not subordinate to the desire to make more money or to work fewer hours. In all these instances there is pride in the work and a chance for useful labor and sometimes for signal recognition.

The problem to-day is to create among wage-earners a new loyalty, a new sense of identification with their work similar to that which we find among certain groups of professional workers. Such a sentiment cannot be created, however, without giving the worker a dignified position in the industrial world, decent wages, reasonable hours, a secure tenure of position, a chance for self-expression and initiative, and a real share in the direction of the enterprise. None of these basic conditions can be obtained by the worker bargaining individually, but only through the action of a powerful union, opposed to the employer in all controversies over the division of the product, but united with him in the effort to advance the industry as a whole. Loyalty to a union deserving of loyalty is thus a condition precedent to any real loyalty of the worker to his trade.

August 19, 1916.

The Control of Births

FEW intelligent people would still maintain that it is better to have been born an imbecile than not to have been born at all, or say in the genial language of Luther, "If a woman becomes weary, or at last dead, from bearing, that matters not; let her only die from bearing. She is there to do it." Yet this hideous doctrine is to-day an American policy enforced whenever possible by long imprisonment. The time is at hand when men and women must denounce it as a conspiracy by the superstitious against the race, when public opinion must compel the amendment of laws which make it a criminal offense to teach people how to control their fertility.

Harmless methods of preventing conception are known. The declining birth-rate shows that they are in use by the upper classes of all countries, including the United States. They are widely distributed in Europe and Australia. In Holland the society which instructs the poorer classes through the agency of medical men and mid-wives has had the approval of ministers of state, and has since 1895 been recognized by royal decree as a society of public utility. Yet Holland has not been going to the dogs. The death-rate and infantile mortality have been falling rapidly, the excess of births over deaths is increasing, and according to the recent Eugenics congress, the stature of the Dutch people has improved more rapidly than that of any other country.

But what so many of the well-to-do and the educated practise, the poor are prevented from learning. The law in effect insists that where conditions are worst, breeding shall be most unregulated, that those who can care for children least shall stagger under a succession of pregnan-

cies, that the race shall be replenished by ignorance and accident, that the diseased, the weak-minded, the incompetent, shall by law be compelled to fill the world with horror. Men and women pay for it. They pay for it by a high infant mortality, that monument of tragic waste. They pay for it by the multiplication of the unfit, the production of a horde of unwanted souls. They pay for it in the health of women, the neglect of children, and the fierce burden of destitution. They pay for it in late marriages and their complement of prostitution and disease, in the wide-spread practice of abortion, in illegitimate births, in desertions and adulteries. There is no one of these miseries which cannot be largely reduced by the extension to all classes of inventions already the property of the educated.

What are the objections to the use of a knowledge which is defended by so few and practised by so many? The root of them is the tendency to shudder at anything which seems to interfere with God's plan. Added to it is the theory that sex is sin, that whatever reduces its terror increases its joy. In this scheme of things the child is a threat against unchastity, a punishment, as they say, for "getting caught." It is the view of life which makes men fight prophylaxis as an inducement to immorality, which terrorizes the unmarried mother, and insists that the wages of sin shall be expiated in the death of infants, in thwarted childhood, in hospitals, insane asylums, and prisons.

But the clean good sense of mankind is through with that black inversion, and wherever intelligent people meet, the doctrine is accepted that the child shall not be considered the punishment of sin but the vessel of the future. All decency to-day insists that no one shall be born until there is a home anxious to receive him, that nothing is to be gained by the bearing of undesired and unforeseen children. It is argued that contraception is injurious. No doubt some methods are injurious, but that there is a simple method innocuous enough seems to be amply proved. It has been claimed that there is a subtle psychic injury in the use of mechanical preventives, but it has not been demonstrated,

and against this possibility must be weighed the crushing effects on the health of the race which clearly result from chaotic breeding.

Among reasoning people the argument from superstition is no longer heard, and the supposed injury to health is urged less and less. The ground of the discussion to-day is moral. It is said that if sexual intercourse is severed from childbearing, a great increase of promiscuity will result. Reduced to accurate terms, it is believed that more unmarried women will have sexual relation. On this ground the existing law is defended. But what is the actual situation? The fact that contraceptives are not widely known is the greatest cause of late marriages, because it is the cost of children which makes men postpone their marriages. This leaves an increasing population of unmarried men and women. The great majority of men live an illicit sexual life with the minority of women who are prostitutes. The other women remain abstinent or they take a lover and either bear an illegitimate child or undergo an abortion. The use of contraceptives would undoubtedly diminish the real evils of illegitimacy and abortion. There would remain the women who prefer celibacy, the women who are condemned to it, the women who honestly prefer to wait for a husband, and the women who are afraid not to wait. These last are the ones whom the moralists have in mind. They are thinking of a vaguely defined but real class who preserve a technical virginity for fear that they will become pregnant. The defenders of the law are afraid, too, that a general relaxation would follow, that this class would grow at the expense of the women who now believe in a really monogamous life.

This, as we understand it, is the case as it stands in the minds of most people to-day. There is an honest conviction that ignorance of preventives is the safeguard of chastity. It would be folly to deny that it is a safeguard, though it is certainly not the only one. The question is whether earlier marriages, the reduction of illegitimacy and abortion, the prevention of too frequent pregnancy with its dis-

astrous effect on the health of the wife and the morale of the husband, the lightening of economic burdens, the decrease in the birth of the unfit, are not reasons which far outweigh the importance attached to the personal chastity of a minority among women. Is everything to wait for them? Are we to balk at measures which will do more than any step we can take to solidify the family, to make it sane, tolerable, and civilized, because we are afraid that some women cannot be trusted with the conduct of their own lives? Is society to set all its machinery in operation to make a terrifying darkness, for fear that the light of knowledge may tempt a few?

Surely the cost is monstrous and the method ridiculous. For after all, ignorance can be enforced only upon those wives of the poor who suffer from it most. The young woman of the middle class who really wishes to know can find out, but it is the poor and the illiterate who need to know and cannot find out. It is the business of society to enlighten them, to allow physicians and district nurses and mothers' clubs to spread the needed information. It should not be necessary for brave women like Mrs. Sanger to risk their liberty. The knowledge need not be published in the newspapers. It should be circulated quietly and effectively. What society cannot afford to do is to enforce the ignorance because of a timidity about the potentially unchaste. A mature community would trust its unmarried women, knowing that the evil of unchastity is greatly exaggerated. Our society does not seem to have attained such self-confidence; it still seems to regard virginity and not child life as the great preoccupation of the state.

It has been claimed that the knowledge of how to limit births is the most immediate practical step that can be taken to increase human happiness. The relief which it would bring to the poor is literally incalculable. The assistance it would lend all effort to end destitution and fight poverty is enormous. And to the mind of man it would mean a release from terror, and the adoption openly and

frankly of the civilized creed that man must make himself the master of his fate; instead of natural selection and accident, human selection and reason; instead of a morality which is fear of punishment, a morality which is the making of a finer race. Fewer children and better ones is the only policy a modern state can afford. If there are fewer children there will be better ones. A nation must care for its young if they are precious. It cannot waste them in peace or war with that insane prodigality which is characteristic of the great spawning and dying nations where the birth-rate and the death-rate are both exorbitant, where men breed to perish.

March 6, 1915.

Billy Sunday

BEFORE I heard Billy Sunday in Philadelphia I had formed a conception of him from the newspapers. First of all, he was a baseball player become revivalist. I imagined him as a ranting, screaming vulgarian, a mob orator who lashed himself and his audience into an ecstasy of cheap religious fervor, a sensationalist whose sermons were fables in slang. I thought of him as vividly, torrentially abusive, and I thought of his revival as an orgy in which hundreds of sinners ended by streaming in full view to the public mourners' bench. With the penitents I associated the broken humanity of Magdalen, dishevelled, tearful, prostrate, on her knees to the Lord. I thought of Billy Sunday presiding over a meeting that was tossed like trees in a storm.

However this preconception was formed, it at least had the merit of consistency. It was, that is to say, consistently inaccurate in every particular.

Consider, in the first place, the extraordinary orderliness of his specially constructed Tabernacle. Built like a giant greenhouse in a single story, it covers an immense area and seats fifteen thousand human beings. Lighted at night by electricity as if by sunshine, the floor is a vast garden of human faces, all turned to the small platform on which the sloping tiers from behind converge. Around this auditorium, with its forest of light wooden pillars and braces, runs a glass-enclosed alley, and standing outside in the alley throng the spectators for whom there are no seats. Except for the quiet ushers the silent sawdust aisles are kept free. Through police-guarded doors a thin trickle fills up the last available seats, and this business is dispatched with little commotion. Fully as many people wait

to hear this single diminutive speaker as attend a national political convention. In many ways the crowd suggests a national convention; but both men and women are hatless, and their attentiveness is exemplary.

It is, if the phrase is permitted, conspicuously a middle-class crowd. It is the crowd that wears Cluett-Peabody collars, that reads the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is the crowd for whom the nickel was especially coined, the nickel that pays carfare, that fits in a telephone slot, that buys a cup of coffee or a piece of pie, that purchases a shoe-shine, that pays for a soda, that gets a stick of Hershey's chocolate, that made Woolworth a millionaire, that is spent for chewing-gum or for a glass of beer. In that crowd are men and women from every sect and every political party, ranging in color from the pink of the factory superintendent's bald head to the ebony of the discreetly dressed negro laundress. A small proportion of professional men and a small proportion of ragged labor is to be discerned, but the general tone is of simple, commonsense, practical domestic America. Numbers of young girls who might equally well be at the movies are to be seen, raw-boned boys not long from the country, angular home-keeping virgins of the sort that belong to sewing circles, neat young men who suggest the Y. M. C. A., iron-grey mothers who recall the numbered side-streets in Harlem or Brooklyn or the Chicago West Side and who bring to mind asthma and the price of eggs, self-conscious young clerks who are half curious and partly starved for emotion, men over forty with prominent Adam's apple and the thin, strained look of lives fairly careworn and dutiful, citizens of the kind that with all their heterogeneousness give to a jury its oddly characteristic effect, fattish men who might be small shopkeepers with a single employee, the single employee himself, the pretty girl who thinks the Rev. Mr. Rhodeheaver so handsome, the prosaic girl whose chief perception is that Mr. Sunday is so hoarse, the nervously facetious youths who won't be swayed, the sedentary "providers" who cannot open their

ars without dropping their jaws. A collection of decidedly table, normal, and one may crudely say "average" morals, some of them destined to catch religion, more of them destined to catch an impression, and a few of them, sitting near the entrances, destined resentfully to catch a chill.

Very simple and pleasant is the beginning. Mr. Sunday's small platform is a bower of lovely bouquets, and the first business is the acknowledgment of these offerings. As a means of predisposing the audience in Mr. Sunday's favor nothing could be more genial. In the body of the hall are seated the sponsors of these gifts, and as each tribute is presented to view, Mr. Rhodeheaver's powerful, commonplace voice invites them to recognition. "Is the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company here?" All eyes turn to a little patch of up-standing brethren. "Fine, fine. We're glad to see yeh here. We're glad to welcome yeh. And what hymn would *you* like to have?" In loud concert the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. delegation shout: "Number forty-nine!" Mr. Rhodeheaver humorously parodies the shout: "Number forty-nine! It's a good 'un, too. Thank yeh, we're glad to have yeh here." Not only immense bouquets, but gold pieces, boxes of handkerchiefs, long mirrors, all sorts of presents, mainly from big corporations or their employees, are on the tight platform. One present came from a mill, a box of towels, and with it not only a warm, manly letter asking Mr. Sunday to accept "the product of our industry," but a little poetic tribute, expressing the hope that after the strenuous sermon Mr. Sunday might have a good bath and take comfort in the use of the towels. Every one laughed and liked it, and gazed amiably at the towels.

The hymns were disappointing. If fifteen thousand people had really joined in them the effect would have been stupendous. As it was, they were thrilling, but not completely. The audience was not half abandoned enough.

Then, after a collection had been taken up for a local charity, Mr. Sunday began with a prayer. A compact figure in an ordinary black business suit, it was instantly ap-

parent from his nerveless voice that, for all his athleticism, he was tired to the bone. He is fifty-three years old and for nine weeks he had been delivering about fifteen extremely intense sermons a week. His opening was almost adramatic. It had the conservatism of fatigue, and it was only his evident self-possession that cancelled the fear he would fizzle.

The two men whom Sunday most recalled to me at first were Elbert Hubbard and George M. Cohan. In his mental calibre and his pungent philistinism of expression he reminded me of Hubbard, but in his physical attitude there was nothing of that greasy orator. He was trim and clean-cut and swift. He was like a quintessentially slick salesman of his particular line of wares.

Accompanying one of the presents there had been a letter referring to Billy Sunday's great work, "the moral uplift so essential to the business and commercial supremacy of this city and this country." As he developed his homely moral sermon for his attentive middle-class congregation, this gave the clue to his appeal. It did not seem to me that he had one touch of divine poetry. He humored and argued and smote for Christ as a commodity that would satisfy an enormous acknowledged gap in his auditors' lives. He was "putting over" Christ. In awakening all the early memories of maternal admonition and counsel, the consciousness of unfulfilled desires, of neglected ideals, the ache for sympathy and understanding, he seemed like an insurance agent making a text of "over the hill to the poorhouse." He had at his finger tips all the selling points of Christ. He gave to sin and salvation a practical connotation. But while his words and actions apparently fascinated his audience, while they laughed eagerly when he scored, and clapped him warmly very often, to me he appealed no more than an ingenious electric advertisement, a bottle picked out against the darkness pouring out a foaming glass of beer.

And yet his heart seemed to be in it, as a salesman's

heart has to be in it. Speaking the language of business enterprise, the language with which the great majority were familiar, using his physical antics merely as a device for clinching the story home, he gave to religion a great human pertinence, and he made the affirmation of faith seem creditable and easy. And he defined his own object so that a child could understand. He was a recruiting officer, not a drill sergeant. He spoke for faith in Christ, he left the rest to the clergy. And to the clergy he said: "If you are too lazy to take care of the baby after it is born, don't blame the doctor."

It was in his platform manners that Sunday recalled George M. Cohan. When you hear that he goes through all the gyrations and gesticulations of baseball, you think of a yahoo, but in practice he is not wild. Needing to arrest the attention of an incredibly large number of people, he adopts various evolutions that have a genuine emphatic value. It is a physical language with which the vast majority have friendly heroic associations, and for them, spoken so featly and gracefully, it works. Grasping the edge of the platform table as if about to spring like a tiger into the auditorium, Sunday gives to his words a drive that makes you tense in your seat. Whipping like a flash from one side of the table to the other, he makes your mind keep unison with his body. He keys you to the pitch that the star baseball player keys you, and although you stiffen when he flings out the name of Christ as if he were sending a spitball right into your teeth, you realize it is only an odd, apt, popular conventionalization of the ordinary rhetorical gesture. Call it his bag of tricks, deem it incongruous and stagey, but if Our Lady's Juggler is romantic in grand opera, he is not a whit more romantic than this athlete who has adapted beautiful movements to an emphasis of convictions to which the audience nods assent.

The dissuading devil was conjured by Sunday in his peroration, and then he ended by thanking God for sending him his great opportunity, his vast audience, his bouquets

and his towels. When he finished, several hundred persons trailed forward to shake hands and confess their faith — bringing the total of “penitents” up to 35,135.

Bending with a smile to these men and women who intend to live in the faith of Christ, Billy Sunday gives a last impression of kindliness, sincerity, tired zeal. And various factory superintendents and employers mingle benignly around, glad of a religion that puts on an aching social system such a hot mustard plaster.

F. H.

March 20, 1915.

As an Alien Feels

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I knew but dimly that the United States existed. My first dream of it came, as well as I remember, from the strange gay flag that flew above a circus tent on the Green. It was a Wild West Show, and for years I associated America with the intoxication of the circus and, for no reason, with the tang of oranges. "Two a penny, two a penny, large penny oranges! Buy away an' ate away, large penny oranges!" They were oranges from Seville then, but the odor of them and the fumes of circus excitement gave me a first gay ribald sense of the United States.

The next allied sense was gathered from a scallawag uncle. He had sought his fortune in America — sought it, as I infer now, on the rear end of a horse-car. When he came home he was full of odd and delicious oaths. "Gosh hell hang it" was his chief touch of American culture. He was a "Yank" in local parlance, a frequently drunken Yank. His fine drooping moustache too often drooped with porter. Once, a boy of nine, I steadied him home under the October stars and absorbed a long alcoholic reverie on the Horseshoe Falls. As we slept together that night in the rat-pattering loft, and as he absently appropriated all the horse-blanket, I had plenty of chance to shiver over the wonderments of the Horseshoe Falls.

This, with an instilled idea that America and America alone could offer "work," foreshadowed the American landscape. It is the bald hope of work that finally magnetizes us hither. But every dream and every loyalty was with the unhappy land from which I came.

For many months the music of New York harbor spoke only of home. Every outgoing steamer that opened its throat made me homesick. America was New York, and New York was down-town, and down-town was a vortex

of new duties. There I learned the bewildering foreign tongue of earning a living, and the art of eating at Childs'. At night the hall-bedroom near Broadway, and the resourceless promenade up and down Broadway for amusement. The only women to say "dear" the women who say it on the street.

In Chicago, not in New York, I found the United States. The word "settlement" gave me my first puzzled intimation that there was somewhere a clue to this grim struggle downtown. I had looked for it in boarding-houses. I had looked for it in stenographic night-schools. I had sought it in the blotchy Sunday newspapers, in Coney Island, in long jaunts up the Palisades. I had looked for it among the street-walkers, the first to proffer intimacy. And of course, not being clever enough, I had overlooked it. But in Chicago, as I say, I came on it at home.

America dawned for me in a social settlement. It dawned for me as a civilization and a faith. In all my first experiences of my employers I got not one glimpse of American civilization. Theirs was the language of smartness, alertness, brightness, success, efficiency, and I tried to learn it, but it was a difficult and alien tongue. Some of them were lawyers, but they were interested in penmanship and ability to clean ink-bottles. Some of them were business men, but they were interested in ability to typewrite and to keep the petty cash. It was not their fault. Ours was not an affair of the heart. But if it had not been for the social settlement I should still be an alien to the bone.

Till I knew a social settlement the American flag was still a flag on a circus-tent, a gay flag but cheap. The cheapness of the United States was the message of quick-lunch and the boarding-house, of vaudeville and Coney Island and the Sunday newspaper, of the promenade on Broadway. In the social settlement I came on something entirely different. Here on the ash-heap of Chicago was a blossom of something besides success. The house was saturated in the perfume of the stockyards, to make it sweet. A trolley-line ran by its bedroom windows, to make it musical. It was

thronged with Jews and Greeks and Italians and soulful visitors, to make it restful. It was inhabited by highstrung residents, to make it easy. But it was the first place in all America where there came to me a sense of the intention of democracy, the first place where I found a flame by which the melting-pot melts. I heard queer words about it. The men, I learned, were mollycoddles, and the women were sexually unemployed. The ruling class spoke of "unsettlement workers" with animosity, the socialists of a mealy-mouthed compromise. Yet in that strange haven of clear humanitarian faith I discovered what I suppose I had been seeking — the knowledge that America had a soul.

How one discovers these things is hard to put honestly. It is like trying to recall the first fair wind of spring. But I know that slowly and unconsciously the atmosphere of the settlement thawed out the asperity of alienism. There were Americans of many kinds in residence, from Illinois, from Michigan, from New York, English-Americans, Russian-Americans, Austrian-Americans, German-Americans, men who had gone to Princeton and Harvard, women spiritually lavendered in Bryn Mawr. The place bristled with hyphens. But the Americanism was of a kind that opened to the least pressure from without, and never shall I forget the way these residents with their "North Side" friends had managed so graciously to domesticate the annual festival of my own nationality. That, strange though it may seem, is the more real sort of Americanization Day.

From Walt Whitman, eventually, the naturalizing alien breathes in American air, but I doubt if I should have ever known the meaning of Walt Whitman had I not lived in that initiating home. It was easy in later years to see new meanings in the American flag, to stand with "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," but it was in the settlement I found the sources from which it was dyed. For there, to my amazement, one was not expected to believe that man's proper place is on a Procrustean bed of profiteering. A different tradition of America lived there, one in which the earlier faiths had come through, in which the way to heaven

was not necessarily up a skyscraper. In New England, later, I found many ideas of which the settlement was symptomatic, but as I imbibed them they were "America" for me.

What it means to come at last into possession of Lincoln, whose spirit is so precious to the social settlement, is probably unintelligible to Lincoln's normal inheritors. To understand this, however, is to understand the birth of a loyalty. In the countries from which we come there have been men of such humane ideals, but they have almost without exception been men beyond the pale. The heroes of the peoples of Europe have not been the governors of Europe. They have been the spokesmen of the governed. But here among America's governors and statesmen was a simple authenticator of humane ideals. To inherit him becomes for the European not an abandonment of old loyalties, but a summary of them in a new. In the microcosm of the settlement perhaps Lincolnism is too simple. Many of one's promptest acquiescences are revised as one meets and eats with the ruling class later on. But the salt of this American soil is Lincoln. When one finds that one is naturalized.

It is curious how the progress of naturalization becomes revealed to one. I still recollect with a thrill the first time I attended a national political convention and listened to the roll-call of the states. "Alabama! Arizona! Arkansas!" Empty names for many years, at last they were filled with one clear concept, the concept of the democratic experiment. "As I have walk'd in Alabama my morning walk" — the living appeal to each state by name recalled Whitman's generous amusing scope. "Far breath'd land! Arctic braced! Mexican breez'd! The diverse! The compact! The Pennsylvanian! The Virginian! The double Carolinian!" The orotund roll-call was not intended to evoke Whitman. It was intended, as it happened, to evoke votes for Taft and Sherman. But even these men were parts of the democratic experiment. And the vastly peopled hall answered for Whitman, as the empurpled Penrose did not answer. It was they who were the leaves of our grass.

In Whitman, as William James has shown, there is an errant mysticism, a mysticism which his own "Democratic Vistas" exposed in cold light. Yet into this credulity as to the virtue and possibilities of the people an alien is likely to enter if his first intimacy with America came in the aliens' crèche. A settlement is a crèche for the step-children of Europe, and it is hard not to credit America at large with some of the impulses that make the settlement. Such, at any rate, is the tendency I experienced myself.

With this tendency, what of loyalty to the United States? I think of Lincoln and his effected mysticism by Union, union for the experiment, and I feel alive within me a complete identification with this land. The keenest realization of the nation reached me, as I recall, the first time I saw the capitol in Washington. Quite unsuspecting I strolled up the hill from the station, just about midnight, the streets gleaming after a warm shower. The plaza in front of the capitol was deserted. A few high sentinel lamps threw a lonely light down the wet steps and scantily illumined the pillars. Darkness veiled the dome. Standing apart completely by myself, I felt as never before the union of which this strength and simplicity was the symbol. The quietude of the night, the scent of April pervading it, gave to the lonely building a dignity such as I had seldom felt before. It seemed to me to stand for a fine and achieved determination, for a purpose maintained, for a quiet faith in the peoples and states that lay away behind it to far horizons. Lincoln, I thought, had perhaps looked from those steps on such a night in April, and felt the same promise of spring.

In the daylight, no doubt, the capitol is different, a maze of practical politicians. But it is not from these men's activities that the alien derives his final belief — his belief that, however they fail, there is in these states a touchstone of humanity, and that here men may renew themselves to a free and conscious end.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

July 24, 1916.

The Voice of the Pullman

ON the Pullman cars men must talk. For a little while one can read the paper, but soon one is carried far from the source of papers that can be read. You are addicted to the *Times* or *Evening Post* — with what an empty maw you are left after pecking at the *Fostoria Gazette* or the *Truckee World* or the *Sapulpa Winged Word*. Magazines tire your eyes, books make your arm ache. Cards are excellent; but only if you can play for money, and that's against the rules. Besides, the most innocent physiognomy may mask the most dreadful shark, and what do you know of your partner's history? You may scan the landscape, with prolonged satisfaction, especially on those western trains with comfortable seats on the rear platform. But there is too much of the U. S. A. Green valleys with glistening water, willow-lined — five or ten or twenty of them are delightful. Your generous country unrolls for your view a thousand. There is nothing so good to look upon as a mountain, tree-clad or naked stone, snow crested, cloud capped, precipitously steep or soft sloped, with spreading spurs like out-thrown arms, inviting you to the pale green meadow high up on its breast. But nature gave us too many mountains. She seems to have supposed that we would all be like the newly enriched prospector who thrust the cabalistic menu from him and cried, "Gimme a thousand dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

Mountain after mountain, while the car trucks beat out mercilessly the rhythm of Grieg's *Gangar*. Talk, or you'll die of ennui. Some indeed there are who neither talk nor die, but I am speaking now of human travellers. Loquacious they must be and are. One gets on the train, reads his

paper and joins in the talk; another gets off, and the color of the talk changes little. Your Pullman is like a spindle working ceaselessly, one thread spinning in, another spinning out. If you could wind up the yarn and carry it away with you, should you not have something fairly representative of middle-class America? From every section of the country, from every city, from every business interest these talkers come. Did you ever see a conventional native son of Reno? You will find one on the Pullman, when you try to be witty over Reno's chief enterprise. Did you ever see a drummer for bloodsuckers — not human ones, but the little shrinking, elastic creatures won from the swamps by the bare legs of Sardinia's sons? One can be found on the Pullman, if you go far enough. The voice of the Pullman is the voice of America. Send your ears travelling ten thousand miles and find out what you can hear.

First and most general you hear the sound of a great boasting. The men to whom you are listening have made the finest tools and fabrics, have grown the most wonderful wheat or oranges or cotton in the world. They are the most miraculous and unscrupulous salesmen and gamblers. "I owned ten lots on Main Street and got out just in time. They ain't worth the tax titles now." "I beat 'em down into that country and sold every establishment there. The other fellows couldn't sell their expense accounts, and got the sack when they sang their song to the boss." "I got him drunk as a bat and sold him a thousand blank quarterly reports for his office." "He's a shark at poker, but I cleaned him out of four hundred bones, and Lord, he was the sickest thing! Company money, most of it; I don't know how he squared his accounts."

Next in importance is a great pæan to Dame Fortune. If America believes that rewards in this life go to merit, it has not succeeded in making this belief penetrate to the Pullman. A man enriched by his foresight, energy, creativeness, you never hear of. Instead you hear of that old loafer up near Boulder who for years had tried vainly to sell or mortgage his stony homestead. The stones covered tungsten,

and now he is rolling in wealth, and Colorado is dry and dull. Or you hear of that quarter-blood whose allotment gushed oil while he sat out his time in Leavenworth penitentiary for the crime of boot-iegging. The wells gushed oil and royalties until they washed away his sins and set him free, to establish a palace and a harem on the soil where he had lived miserably on unlawful gains. In Nevada you hear of sad thieves made glorious by gold, in California and Texas by rising land values. Luck, luck, each section the Pullman traverses has its amazing instances, while Merit sits on the dusty leather cushion beside you, speculating on the possibility of sweating an honest penny out of his expense account.

"It's mainly luck, under this system," generalizes the fat man who has taken little part in the conversation.

"You are a Socialist?"

"Well, no, not exactly that. But I say, they're more than half right. When a man has enough, somebody ought to step in and tell him to let the other fellow have a chance. That's socialism, you say. Well, it's more than half right, I say."

"Look at that bunch of grafters up at the State House," objects the lean man with turkey-red tie. "If they had the say, it's a fine chance they'd hand out to you and me."

"Well, I know my ideas are kind of idealistic," says the fat man apologetically. "But that's the way I am. Always for the idealistic. And that's why I say the Socialists are more than half right."

Well, let us talk politics. Much politics is talked on the Pullman, and the method and content of the talk argues a great homogeneity of American thought, from New York to San Francisco, from Texas to Dakota. On the Pullman men don't argue. One man says his say, for himself and for his home state. Then there is silence, and another man says his say. It is a simple thing. As a rule it begins, "I've voted the Democratic ticket all my life, but I can't stand for Wilson's foreign policy. They say Roosevelt ain't safe, but I'm for him. And that's the way with nine men out of

ten in my state." But now and then appears a man with a swaggering air, the kind of man who rejoices most in a hopeless position to defend. "I don't care what you fellows say. I'm for Wilson. You kick about his foreign policy. Now you tell me what would you have done in his place? You'd have done just the same."

All Pullmandom is for preparedness, and boldly cries "Ay" to universal service, Pullmandom being generally past serviceable age. The prevailing argument is that we now have nearly all the wealth of the world — what if those impoverished European nations should unite for a raid on us? True, once in a while an anti-preparedness voice resounds: there are men who will court originality at all costs. Audible speech on the Pullman is pro-Ally.

"What the Kaiser intends to do, if he conquers Europe, is to go after South America. Then it's up to us."

"The Allies will never make peace till they've got the Kaiser on St. Helena. They'll do it, too."

The silent man in the seat nearest the door looks grim, grimmer, German. He clears his throat, thinks better of it, and retires into the Pullman.

And now the train enters the jaws of a deep valley. The scenery is beginning, and the ladies issue upon the observation platform. Hushed is the voice of business and high politics. For when traveling men and tourist ladies come into conjunction upon the observation platform, intelligence plunges downward to its lowest level. Mind at its dawn is chiefly occupied with learning the names of objects, with bestowing names where none were needed, with inventing nicknames where names are already at hand. What was the first intellectual exercise of Adam and Eve? Naming the animals.

"What is the name of that funny, pointed mountain?" demands the stout lady with the kodak.

"That's Jael's tentpin," replies the obsequious functionary who lives by selling souvenirs, with rights to his information service thrown in. "That other mountain is Jael's hammer."

"Oh," breathes the stout lady, appeased. Two bits of the alien universe clamped down with names.

"They call this Feather River," remarks the perennially kittenish lady in blue taffeta, turning toward the background of traveling men with an all-embracing, glacier-thawing smile. "I haven't seen any feathers on it."

The broad real-estate man from Los Angeles is stirred to creative imagination. "See those two wheatstack mountains?" Immense cones, their apices bare and black under masses of whirling white cloud, their slopes cased with glistening ice, fringed below with live waters sparkling in the sun. "They call 'em the Two Bridesmaids. I'd call 'em the two Nigger Mammies. See their black heads and their white caps, their ragged muslin wrappers, with spangles on 'em."

The stout lady reflects, the kittenish lady smiles, the spare lady from Indiana knots her brows. Nicknaming is witty, but it obscures the memory of real names.

"Do tell me," she appeals to the functionary, "what is the name of that queer mountain?"

"That is Moses and the Ten Tables of Stone. There is one table, see? There is Number Two (pointing), Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine."

"But where is the tenth?" demands the spare lady from Indiana, straining her face painfully.

"Well, you see, lady, this is Nevada, and Moses forgot to bring one of them tables along. I forget which, but you ladies will know."

The traveling men guffaw and the ladies, even the kittenish one, look very serious and un-understanding. Awfully witty, but we *e medio occidente* know we mustn't encourage that sort of thing.

Well, let us sedate folk retire to the little square smoking compartment in the Pullman, where the white alkali dust filters remorselessly over the polished nickel of the lavatories, over the towels folded neatly in the high racks, over the black leather seats and the two or three unsocial individuals brooding in them. These are types of the men who

travel, yet neither talk nor die of ennui. They come down by narrow gauge out of lonely valleys, where mines are opening or irrigation projects approaching realization. Or they come in by motor from paper boom towns, or on horseback from speculative ranches among the cacti. Gray clothes, gray eyes, graying hair, spare of limb, knotted of brow, they are hard after Fortune, like exhausted grayhounds on the heels of an exhausted hare. They are obvious celibates, they seem never to eat, they drink water incontinently. Scarcely a word passes their lips, but they are easily moved to laughter — full throated, sharp, barking. As you study them your memory digs up a long-submerged circus barker's formula:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the laughing monkey. He eats sparingly, he drinks nothing but water, he does not mate in captivity. And why in thunder he laughs is unknown to science."

Pullman America is interested in the means of life, not in the ends. Listen to its talk for ten thousand miles, you will hear no word about religion or philosophy, art or pure science, unless perchance by way of dispraise. "You know Jim Harden? Well, say, he's a nut. We went up to little old New York together and, say, he wouldn't hear of anything but music. We went to one of those symphony concerts — simply awful — and Jim sat there hanging over the balcony railing, as if he wanted to eat the music up. You couldn't say a word to him, he was that afraid he'd miss just one little note. My, oh, I'd hate to be like that."

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

July 1, 1916.

Albert the Male

IN college Albert achieved the right club after many nights of worry, and a rather strenuous campaign conducted by his mother. I saw something of Albert in those days when we were freshmen together, and he was always cordial when we were alone. In public he did not know me so well, and there were times in the month before his election when he did not know me at all. I did not mind, for I knew that election to the club meant all the difference between success and failure. Albert could have lost his degree and laughed about it with the feeling of a good loser, but the club he required to give meaning to his life. He "made" it, and was never afterwards seen without the striped necktie which was its mark. No other ambition troubled Albert in college. Though he had a fair musical aptitude, he never joined the student orchestra because members of his club had never joined it. The orchestra as a matter of fact was composed of earnest and declass  nobodies.

After graduation Albert entered his father's bank and was elected to the right club. From these two foci Albert gathers all the opinions he displays. Of course he has never known it. Albert is not the sort of person to admit that opinions, like people, have a birthplace, a family tradition, and a basis in income. Whatever Albert believes he believes to be self-evident. There is not a touch of insincerity in him, for it is entirely beyond the range of his mentality to realize that what everybody says at the bank and the club is not a norm of sanity and decency.

When everybody at the club cursed Roosevelt as a socialist, Albert cursed him. Now that everybody at the club admires Roosevelt, Albert is wondering whether to join the reinforced infantry division for service in Mexico. One

public man Albert has consistently admired. He speaks of Elihu Root with awe. Albert says Elihu Root is the ablest living statesman, but I am prepared to stake my fortune on the assertion that Albert cannot name and describe any event, good, bad, or indifferent, in Mr. Root's career. Albert knows no more about the life work of Mr. Root whom he reveres than about Viscount Haldane whom he has been sneering at the last year or so with extraordinary bitterness.

He calls Haldane pro-German and suspects Mrs. Asquith of coddling the German prisoners in England. I tell you this to indicate that the great war has not found Albert wanting in imagination. As he says, Civilization is at stake. The war has done much for Albert's opinions. When it began he spoke of democracy as the hope of the world, and cursed the docility of the German Socialists. He advocated revolution in Germany and everlasting peace on earth. War, he said, was nothing but murder — cold, brutal murder and rape. As the months dragged on he met a number of Englishmen and Frenchmen at his bank and his club. Albert felt a little out of it. He took to hating Josephus Daniels. He began to believe that the Germans were about to capture and hold New York for ransom, and his mother registered both the motor cars with a society which was prepared on the outbreak of war to carry gold deposits and virgins away from the coast cities. Soon a stream of expatriated Americans began to return telling how America was despised in Europe. This worried Albert and he began to talk of American honor. By reading the New York *Herald* steadily he gathered the impression that outside of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York the country consisted of money-making cowards, pacifists and pro-Germans. It irritated him beyond measure to think of Iowa farmers buying Fords. He called it materialism, and blamed Woodrow Wilson for it.

At cotillions and bazaars, and at the horse show, he discussed the loss of American virility, the love of soft ease, the incorrigible pacifism of the American workman and farmer. He felt troubled about America. Then came Albert's trip

to London and Paris. I fear that I cannot do it justice, for those two weeks mark Albert's crystallization as a leader of thought and action. In London Albert went out to dinner four times and to a week-end party, and experience convinced him that America was a cheap place. He could not phrase it exactly, but he missed the noble touch. These new countries, full of money-makers, thought Albert. . . . By force of imitation he read Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle," and of course he read the London *Times* — *The Times*, he called it. Then he knew the remedy, and when he returned home he preached it.

What America needs is universal service. Plattsburg for everybody most of the time is his ideal, and a complete philosophy of life it is. Prepare for war because war is God's purge for the degeneracy of peace. Prepare for peace because only the invincible nation can insure peace. Hard physical work, says Albert, will educate for citizenship, industry and morals. All perplexities have left Albert, not a very surprising thing, however, when you remember that he has never had many perplexities to trouble him. Now at least he feels himself competent to formulate a diplomatic policy, an educational system and a moral discipline. A professor who has studied banking thirty years Albert regards as a theorist about banking. But a rookie who has nursed sore feet thirty days at Plattsburg is now a mystical authority on foreign affairs, national destiny, and on the obligations of citizenship.

This is Albert to-day, and with this equipment he faces the future. He is going to be very rich and his power is sure to be very great. He will be quoted in the newspapers. He will dine with editors and statesmen. Albert is one of those men who have power thrust upon them, and his opinions will carry more weight than a million humbler men's.

As I look back upon Albert's education I can't help trembling a little. Those nurse girls, valets, chauffeurs and butlers who encased his youth, that school where the ideal was a gentleman who had brushed against dead languages, the college course insulated in the best club, the bank where he met

his own kind, the dances and week-end parties where the social inbreeding is almost incestuous, have given Albert a sense that his world is all the world. I worry at the thought that he will grow up to govern, whether in office or out of it, to govern industry and to influence politics, to command the loyalty of America. It is distressing to think that he and his kind will have the power to cause antagonism or friendship with other nations, and that his stubbornness and blindness may turn the coming revolution into a disaster. I have no great faith in Albert. I think it is the Alberts who ruled Europe and brought it to ruin. I think it is the Alberts of Eton and Oxford who have compelled England to muddle in blood, as it is the Alberts of Prussia who thought blood and iron were the instruments of destiny.

I know Albert for what he is, a charming, well mannered, unconscious snob, who knows nothing of men outside his class, an uneducated, untrained, and shut-in person who has been born to power by the accident of wealth. You see I don't think with the socialists that Albert is a malevolent, intelligent conspirator with a hard heart. He is not malevolent, and he is not intelligent.

W. L.

July 22, 1916.

Bryan

EVERY man, people say, gets the interviewer he deserves. It is not true. Few notables have any such luck. In my whole life I've read the perfect interview just once. This was in January, 1895, not long after the first performance of "An Ideal Husband," when the *London Sketch* published Gilbert Burgess's interview with Oscar Wilde. Mr. Burgess was a man who knew the difference between questions and questions. He asked the right ones:

"What are the exact relations between literature and the drama?"

"Exquisitely accidental. That is why I think them so necessary."

"And the exact relation between the actor and the dramatist?"

Mr. Wilde looked at me with a serious expression which changed almost immediately into a smile, as he replied, "Usually a little strained."

"But surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilde with a touch of pathos in his voice, "terribly creative — terrible creative!"

The interview is republished in the volume called "Decorative Art in America" (Brentano's, 1906), and is still as fresh as ever, after twenty years. I turned back to it the other day, after reading here and there in two small blue volumes published in 1909, "Speeches of William Jennings Bryan, Revised and Arranged by Himself," and wondering whether Mr. Bryan would ever fall into the ideal interviewer's hands. You, for example, could not interview Mr. Bryan properly, nor could I. We should feel both supercilious and intimidated. The man for the job is somebody who could mediate fearlessly between the remote Bryan period and the present time. Does such a man exist? By accident I have hit upon the right party — Hector Malone.

Of Hector his creator has written, in the stage directions to "Man and Superman," that "the engaging freshness of his personality and the dumfounding staleness of his culture make it extremely difficult to decide whether he is worth knowing; for whilst his company is undeniably pleasant and enlivening, there is intellectually nothing new to be got out of him." You already perceive a certain affinity between Hector Malone and Mr. Bryan. Now for their unlikeness: When Hector "finds people chattering harmlessly about Anatole France and Nietzsche, he devastates them with Matthew Arnold, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and even Macaulay."

It is an affair of proportion. As Nietzsche and Anatole France are to Macaulay, Matthew Arnold and the Autocrat, so, in the scale of modernity, are these authors to those with whom Mr. Bryan does his devastating. Mr. Bryan's culture would seem about as dumfoundingly stale to Hector Malone as Hector's does to a generation fed on Anatole and Nietzsche. Hector is too modern and sophisticated to quote Gray's "Elegy," "The Deserted Village," Tom Moore and William Cullen Bryant. He knows that people don't do such things. But Mr. Bryan does them, and adds other incredibilities. Like Tennyson's brook, Demosthenes has said, Rollin tells us, Mühlbach relates an incident, as Plutarch would say — here they are, and more of the same, in these two blue volumes. Looking backward, Mr. Bryan quotes "breathes there a man with soul so dead" and "truth crushed to earth." Looking forward, he says that after Alexander and Napoleon "are forgotten, and their achievements disappear in the cycle's sweep of years, children will still lisp the name of Jefferson."

The earliest of these speeches and lectures is dated 1881 and the latest 1909. In reality all of them have the same age. They all taste of "das Ewig-gestrige, das Flache." In 1904 Mr. Bryan gives "the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace," and meditates thus upon eggs: "The egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates

from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg? . . . We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg." From its context in a lecture on "Man," delivered at the Nebraska State University in 1905, and also at Illinois College, I take this: "Ask the mother who holds in her arms her boy, what her ideal is concerning him and she will tell you that she desires that his heart may be so pure that it could be laid upon a pillow and not leave a stain; that his ambition may be so holy that it could be whispered in an angel's ear. . . ."

If there is already too much superciliousness in the world such passages do harm. They do good if there is not superciliousness enough. In either case they do good in their context. They and their context have helped thousands upon thousands of Chautauquan early risers to be cheerful and industrious and unselfish and kind. These speeches reveal an incomparable mental unpreparedness to deal with their grave subjects, with the resurrection of the body, the atonement, miracles, inventions, evolution, faith, the soul, the secret of life. With an easy, happy flow the make-believe thought comes out in sincere and shallow sentences, which make one respect Mr. Bryan's good intentions, and admire his sweetness and good will. Thousands of good men and women have grown better on this thin food. Blessed are those who mean well, for they shall be spared the labor of thought.

It sounds patronising, my attitude, and it is. Although you and I can no more write significantly of life or death than Mr. Bryan can, yet we have a superficial sophistication, we have acquired a suspicion that twaddle exists and may be distinguished from its opposite. Therefore do we smile complacently, in our offensive way, when Mr. Bryan sets forth "the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace." Little as we patronized him in 1896, how can we help patronizing Mr. Bryan now when we find him patronizing Christ?

Chronic good will, courage, a capacity for sudden formidableness, an early perception of important discontents,

sympathy with the unprivileged average — in this mixture, I suppose, we must seek the explanation of his hold upon his followers. His size and importance were measured at the Baltimore convention in 1912, and again in the following spring, when President Wilson, afraid to leave him outside and hostile, turned him into a third-rate secretary of state and a useful backer of presidential legislation. One likes to imagine him sitting in the state department, mellowed by his popularity, set free from old jealousies, showing an unexpected capacity for team play, frock-coatedly glad-handing and kind-wording a hundred callers a day, always glib and sunny and sincere. Is he a shade more acquisitive than you'd think to find such a very popular hero? Perhaps. Is he, for a man with exactly his reputation, a little too smooth, too unrugged, too deficient in homely humor? Why not? In every reputation, however explicable, there is a residuum of mystery. "What," as Mr. Bryan himself says, "is more mysterious than an egg?"

P. L.

December 5, 1914.

The Vote as a Symbol

ACCORDING to the arguments used both by advocates and antis, woman suffrage will wreck all our institutions; will leave us as badly off as we are now; will redeem the world; will make no noticeable difference in the home, the lives of women, the conduct of business, the care of children. The antis might score a very decent debating point against the suffragist by posing this dilemma: If the vote will change nothing, why work for it? If it will change everything, it is dangerous.

But this would be a debating point only. The truth of the matter seems to be that while the winning of the vote will itself change nothing very radically, it will register one of the greatest changes in the world. The mere right to mark a ballot for or against Whitman or Glynn is a small advance. Yet enlightened men and women will fight for it because it is a convenient symbol of a new outlook upon life and a new position in the world.

This is the real strength of suffragists. They need have no illusion that votes will bring about a quick regeneration in society. They have only to point out the enormous changes which machinery and education have brought to them. They live in a world which is a different world from that which conventional males and sheltered antis dangle before them. And because the world is different, it is impossible to amble along through it with platitudes about chivalry and protection and the gray hair of grandmothers and the sweetness of young wives. Those formulae do not express life as millions of women live it in the United States, A. D. 1915.

In their hearts the antis know this. Why the prophecies of perdition? They are nothing but the frightened knowl-

edge that something immense is stirring in the world, that women are involved in modern industry, that girls come from school and college with new ambitions, that they talk differently, think differently, and desire differently, that they insist upon being heard, that they are dissatisfied with the old sexual approaches, that they are not content to be petted drudges, angels who do all the uninteresting work, or inferiors who listen to men with wide-eyed, trusting admiration. It is a revulsion against all that this implies which gives its real fire to the suffrage movement, which has sustained women in the depressing monotony of propaganda, and evoked a wider popular response than perhaps any political reform in history.

Women are working for open acknowledgment of an inner revolution. They are trying to publish and register the fact that they have changed in attitude, and that society welcomes the change. It is to them a question of their standing, a matter of prestige and recognized power. They desire the vote not because it will solve more than a part of their problems, but because winning it is a way of saying aloud to a democracy that women are in a new world, that they know it, and are preparing to deal with it. That is why they pour out their strength to achieve the ballot which most male voters use so poorly. If the average man were treated his life long as a child, a doll, an inferior, fenced in by prejudices, not listened to in affairs that concern him, and regarded generally as a weak, pleasant, casually important creature of holidays and evenings and imagery, he too would look about for some symbol by which to proclaim his human value to the world. Women have fastened on the vote and made it the test. That is why it has gathered a significance beyond anything that any specific political reform can achieve.

There is no women's program. Women disagree as to what shall be their relation to industry, to their husbands, to their children; but they are coming to agree on a determination that they shall be listened to in an altogether new frame of mind while making their adjustments. They

are fighting the indirectness of feminine method, of the cajoling, exploiting, parasitic woman; they are fighting condescension, superior airs, and the chivalry which so badly conceals the ordinary reaction to anything female. They are humiliated by the expectancy of males, by the obvious restlessness which intrudes upon their business and social relations with men. They feel degraded by the competition of women among themselves, by the intrigue of idle women, by the bad economic habits of women, by the servile psychology which dominates their lives. They want something cleaner, something less furtively genteel, something that has shaken itself free from the everlasting tingle and preoccupation of sex. They feel that only by entering into the larger circles of human experience can they get a direct perspective on their relations to love and men and children.

In the old-fashioned relationship of men and women sex is pervasive. It dictates dress, speech, opinions, interests; if there is a common interest, it is a flirtation, a duel, a chase, full of double meanings and half-communicated intentions. It never travels far from its sexual base. Much gaiety and finesse are associated with it, and I suppose the greater part of the happiness which men have snatched from a disorganized world. But at the same time it has thwarted and stunted and impoverished human relationships, and it is extolled only because people have not had the imagination to see what life might be in a ventilated society.

At bottom the struggle might almost be described as an effort to alter the tone of people's voices and the look in their eyes. But that means an infinitely greater change, a change in the initial prejudice with which men and women react towards each other and the world. In some ways the change is too subtle for expression, but modern men and women recognize it, and know that in this spiritual emancipation lies the hope of finding answers to the more obvious problems of women's position. Thought will not flow freely and inventively so long as it runs in the narrow channels of the older tradition. It is a matter of reacting in

a fresher way, of fingering the issues directly instead of leering and smirking and giggling over them.

This change women cannot bring about by being nice girls, dancing well, dressing well, becoming adept in small talk, marrying an honest man, supervising a servant, and seeing that the baby is clean, healthy and polite. They have to take part in the wider affairs of life. Their demand for the vote expresses that aspiration. Their winning of it would be a sign that men were civilized enough to understand the aspiration.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

October 9, 1916.

The Obligation of the Vote

I

UNDERLYING much of the opposition to votes for women on the part of the average man is an instinctive suspicion that the agitation in its favor derives from a cultivated feeling of antagonism between the sexes. The suspicion has some measure of justification. In so far as women as a sex have any grievances against men as a sex, the agitation for the political enfranchisement of women is bound to bring to the surface a certain amount of conscious hostility. These grievances have naturally been expressed, emphasized, and sometimes over-emphasized by women suffragists. Their expression will and should continue as long as the great majority of men remain blind or indifferent to the shocking evils of the social problem in its sexual aspect. At a time when all their other delinquencies are coming home to roost, men cannot expect to escape payment on the debts incurred by their long and extravagant career of sexual irregularity.

The net ultimate effect of votes for women will not, however, be the reflection and perpetuation of antagonism between the sexes. If the cultivation of such a feeling were to be the dominant tendency of the movement, men would have good reason for regarding it with suspicion. The enfranchisement of women will, as a matter of fact, have the opposite effect of adding something which is now lacking in the association between men and women. It will add to the bonds of passion and affection the bond of a joint responsibility for the political welfare of society and a joint effort to redeem it.

The importance of associating men and women for the fulfillment of political responsibilities is sometimes underestimated by the suffragists themselves. They are naturally

very much more alive to the precious advantages which women will derive from associating in political work with other women — in the better understanding among themselves and the diminishing dependence on men which will result from such association. But women who are accustomed to associate with other women for the attainment of disinterested political objects will be better able to associate on the same plane with men. The necessity of such association as a consequence of the fruitful exercise of the suffrage is one of the strongest arguments in its favor. The opportunity and the inducement to work together on behalf of public causes constitutes an indispensable and an increasingly powerful bond among the members of a modern industrial community.

Unless opportunity for political association is provided, the relation between men and women will suffer from the disintegrating effect of contemporary social and economic life. Women have already been enfranchised to a considerable extent as industrial workers. In the future they will assume a larger rather than a smaller part of the industrial as compared with the domestic work of the world. If political enfranchisement is not added to this industrial enfranchisement, women will be driven to seek other than political remedies for their grievances, whether as women or as wage-earners, and to adopt other than political methods for the accomplishment of their common purposes. They will be forced to become in one way or another militant. But if the opportunity for joint political work is provided, men and women will be in some measure induced to seek political remedies for all kinds of social grievances. Universal suffrage for adults would constitute an official recognition that the bond established by a joint political responsibility for social welfare was deeper than any differences not only of wealth, class or education, but of sex.

The male voter is under obligation to grant votes to women, partly because universal suffrage is indispensable to the public acknowledgment of the peculiar importance of political responsibility in a modern social democracy. The

mass of men cannot with impunity separate their political interests from the mass of women. The persistent denial of votes to women would be the expression of a lack of confidence in human nature of both sexes and in the high promise for a democracy of comprehensive political obligations and specific activities. Opposition to woman suffrage is the expression, although not always the conscious expression, of an attitude towards the franchise which places a very cheap value on adult male suffrage. Advocacy of votes for women is the expression, although not always the conscious expression, of an attitude towards the franchise which will help to make votes for men additionally fruitful. Votes for all men and votes for all women will in the long run stand or fall and increase or diminish together. Both are questionable for much the same reasons. Both will be dependent for their success upon the organization of a really democratic representative system and upon the exercise of the same political virtues of inquisitiveness, mutual helpfulness, sympathy and courageous faith. A democracy of men must always pay for its failure to grant the vote to women by attaching an impoverished significance to votes for men. A sincere democracy will seek to fasten an ethical and social importance to all voting, wholly independent of the sex of the voter.

II

In order to understand the value which should be attached to votes both for men and women, we must make a short excursion into the region of political theory. Mr. Walter James Shepard, in an address delivered some years ago before the Political Science Association, distinguished five different conceptions of the suffrage. The first two of these scarcely concern us here. They are conceptions which flourished during classic and mediæval times. A man voted in the Greek city or state as the consequence of being a citizen. The suffrage was limited because the right of a citizen was limited to male heads of families. During the Middle Ages, on the other hand, the privilege of voting was usually

connected with the possession of land. Men and sometimes women voted, because voting was the attribute of a certain status — such as that of burgess, a taxpayer, a pot-wolloper, or a forty-shilling freeholder. There are many traces left to-day of these primitive tribal and privileged theories of voting; but they do not assume much importance in modern discussions of the suffrage. The two conceptions which dominate current political thought are those which make the exercise of the suffrage either an abstract right or a governmental function.

The theory of the suffrage as an abstract right furnishes such an impregnable argument in favor of the suffrage for women that it has always been popular with suffragist agitators. But they should beware of it. The victory which they obtain by its use is too easy. The agitation for woman suffrage becomes identified with a political theory which inspires fanaticism and dogmatism among its advocates, but which pays for this fanatical devotion by the occupation of an exposed and vulnerable position. Opponents of woman suffrage can pretend to have disposed of the argument in its favor when they have demolished the theory of voting as an abstract right, which is not difficult to do. Any graduate student fresh from the political science department of a contemporary university can triumphantly perform the work of demolition. Abstract rights of any kind have ceased to command very much reverence. Such advocates as they have cling to them as buttresses of conservatism and are careful to exclude the suffrage from the sacred community. Realistic political thinkers prefer to conceive voting as neither a right nor a privilege, but merely as a governmental office. The elector is fundamentally a public official. The law imposes certain qualifications of age, residence and the like upon him, just as it imposes certain similar qualifications on a senator. What those qualifications are should be determined exclusively by considerations of public welfare.

The conception of the elector as a public official who must be specifically qualified to vote meets with general approval. Our difficulties begin as soon as we attempt to

define the nature of the qualifications. Superficially such a theory of the suffrage justifies the imposition of rigorous censorship. Precisely this inference was derived from it when it was first clearly developed by the French doctrinaires. Inasmuch as an elector had to be selected by law rather than by the conscious choice of other men, and as the success of representative institutions depended upon placing intelligent and public-spirited people in the office of elector, the law should exclude people who were likely to be unintelligent or to be devoid of public spirit. Such people could not be excluded entirely, but their number could be very much diminished by the establishment of educational or property qualifications.

In spite of the general acceptance of the theory of the suffrage as a public office for which qualifications were desirable, the number of people all over the world to whom the suffrage is granted has been steadily increasing. Almost all modern countries with representative institutions have established adult male suffrage. The question is, how can such an indiscriminate extension of the suffrage be justified from the point of view of the established theory. How did people ever expect to get properly qualified voters by diluting the vote? The answer usually is that many of them did not. The ruling class submitted to an extension of the suffrage not with any expectation of obtaining a better electorate, but for the purpose of allaying discontent. The extension of the suffrage was an evil rather than a good, but it was the less of two evils. According to Mr. Henry L. Stimson, the suffrage was extended to all classes of men in the State of New York because "the general contentment to be derived from having all classes in the community share directly in the government would outweigh the certain impairment in efficiency which would come from the participation therein of an increased mass of voters untrained to concerted and effective action." Better an inefficient government and a contented citizenry than an efficient government and a discontented citizenry.

Thus even if the electorate is conceived as a collection of government officers who need to be qualified for their job, it may not be expedient to insist on very high or very special qualifications. It is more important that the voters should be numerous, contented and incapable, than few and highly capable. Discontent which cannot obtain a political expression is so much of a danger to the state that it should be allayed even if as a consequence the government does not in other respects work so well. According to this view the broadening of the suffrage helps to unify the different social classes. The unity is obtained by reducing the fit and the unfit to a common denominator, but those citizens better qualified for political work can serve the state in other offices than merely that of voter. The common denominator is the expression of common political responsibility.

The foregoing statement of the reasons for allowing men to vote, no matter whether they are especially qualified or not, is wholly inadequate; but inadequate as it is, it assuredly justifies votes for all women no less than votes for all men. Women, like men, vary considerably in their natural and acquired qualifications as voters. If especially qualified men are allowed to vote, whereas especially qualified women are not, the discrimination against women may conceivably be justified, but as soon as the suffrage is extended to the mass of men, any discrimination against women as women becomes too absurd. Manifestly many women are much better qualified to hold the office of voter than are the majority of men. If they are deprived of the vote, as the majority of men are not, their deprivation cannot be based upon the accepted theory of voting. It can be based only on the idea that whereas men can for political purposes be divided into more or less qualified groups and classes, women must all be lumped together merely as women. They belong primarily to a sex. No amount of intelligence, public spirit or political efficiency can overcome the fatal disqualification of womanhood.

In point of fact men condemn women to political incom-

petency, not because they can find any good reason for so doing, but merely because a large enough body of women have not as yet protested with sufficient vigor against the condemnation. Just as soon as the disfranchisement of women results in as effective an agitation as did the disfranchisement of less educated or less propertied men, it will be discovered that the general contentment to be derived from having both sexes in the community share directly in the government will outweigh the certain impairment in efficiency which will come from participation of an increased mass of voters "untrained to concerted and effective action."

It is chiefly a question of making the male rulers sufficiently uneasy, and of arousing them as the result of their uneasiness, to take a more enlightened view of the suffrage. They are not bestowing on women a precious privilege. They are implicitly withdrawing from women the right of being politically irresponsible and socially protected. They are asking women to share the anxious burden of government. They are asking women to put on a uniform and commit themselves to political good behavior. No wonder some women shrink from the responsibility; but if they shrink, it is not a matter for self-congratulation. They are refusing to qualify for a share in that part of the labor of social regeneration which must be accomplished through political action. Women will obtain political power at the time when it has ceased to be an opportunity for aggrandizement or satisfaction and has become chiefly an opportunity for public service. During the last few thousand years the ruling class have extracted the sweetness from the work of government. The remaining public business which they are kindly passing on to the democracy consists chiefly of untiring and unselfish work on behalf of better social conditions. The male voters in a modern democracy, instead of grudgingly, churlishly and condescendingly conferring the vote on women, would, if they really understood, fall on their knees and beg their mothers, their wives and their daughters to help them carry the common burden.

III

The extension of the suffrage to millions of men and women who have not been trained to concerted political action should not be conceived as a necessary but unfortunate compromise — as a mere safety-valve against militant discontent. It cannot be so conceived by anybody to whom the state has become not primarily an engine of government or an instrument of public business, but as a great experiment in comprehensive coöperative organization. The inferences one draws from the theory of the vote as a government office will ultimately depend upon one's conception of the government itself — its limitations, its functions and its undeveloped opportunities.

The opponents of votes for women tend to conceive government as the embodiment of authoritative force. "Government," said Elihu Root in an anti-suffrage speech delivered in 1894, "is protection. The whole science of government is the science of protecting life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, of protecting our person, our property, our homes, our wives and our children against foreign aggression, against civil dissensions, against mobs and riots, against crime and disorder." Throughout the greatest part of human history the art of government has been the art of protecting those who profited from property and peace against those who wanted to destroy or appropriate these precious possessions. In so far as the negative benefit of protection continues to be the primary object of political organization and policy, the extension of the suffrage to the great mass of women can be no more justified than it can be to the great mass of men. Political power should in that case be concentrated in the hands of those who have possessions and interests to protect, and who are capable ultimately of using force for their protection. The voter would be potentially a soldier. No sex or class could qualify for political power unless they had something substantial to safeguard and were willing ultimately to fight for what they had.

If the art of government continued to be the art of organizing protection for the possessors of material and moral goods against domestic and foreign marauders, votes for women would be a disastrous error, but it would be an error to which the whole social democratic movement would be condemned. An essential object of social democracy is the distribution of the goods which men have been fighting to protect throughout the whole community. It seeks to safeguard property, not by elaborating its legal and police protection, but by bestowing on the people the opportunity to possess it, the competence to create it, and the interest, if necessary, to defend it. Thus social democracy implies a positive rather than a negative object of political organization and policy. It requires of the state to provide against external aggression and internal disorder; incidentally by the relief of grievances, but ultimately by conscious systematic attempts to bring about a wide popular distribution of the funds of civilization. It looks toward a commonwealth whose citizens shall not be competing for large possessions and then fighting to keep them, but in which they shall be cooperating to produce an abundant product for general social use and to help all the coöperators to secure the material conditions of a free and generous life.

If such a commonwealth were actually in existence and the social labor involved by it were being carried on by the women as well as the men, probably every one would agree that its electorate should include both all grown-up women and all grown-up men. Unless universal suffrage prevailed, political power would not be commensurate with economic and social responsibility and achievement. According to any prevailing theory of voting, all adults would be qualified to vote. But even those who believe most devoutly in the coöperative commonwealth may admit that social labor at the present time often brings with it, both on the part of the wage-earner and the employer, only a meagre sense of political obligation, and that on the whole the political ability of women and their sense of political obligation is even more meagre than that of men. How can universal suffrage

be justified in a society which is passing from a capitalistic to a democratic basis, in which the coöperative idea is only just emerging, in which the negative object of protection must frequently be allowed to keep its former ascendancy, and in which the mass of voters, whether men or women, cannot as yet be expected to cast their ballots with any sufficient sense of public responsibility?

That it can be justified ultimately as a mere precaution against discontent is wholly inconceivable. If the net result of universal suffrage is a condition of popular contentment purchased by the loss of political capability, democracies will not survive in competition with nations to whom the same degree of self-government is denied but who are more efficiently organized. A relatively inefficient government would make as many mistakes in allaying popular grievances as it would in organizing necessary national services. The one sufficient justification for granting the vote to both men and women prior to the more general distribution of economic independence, mental alertness and social sympathy and aspiration, is the expectation that the vote itself will help to educate the voter in the essentials of democratic citizenship.

The great essential of democratic citizenship consists in a certain attitude of mind towards the state — a resolute disposition to seek the realization of social objects partly through the agency of political methods, a frank confidence in the good faith of the political establishment. The best chance which the state has to engage the attention, command the services and secure the willing support of its citizens is to make them part of the electorate. They will never rise to the level of their necessary political obligations unless their sense of responsibility is stimulated by a generous opportunity to act upon it. They cannot be prepared for the vote except by practice in voting.

There are, to be sure, people who argue that the best way to prepare women for political life is to prevent them in any real sense from participating in political life. Ex-President Taft has recently given a characteristically ingenuous expression to this opinion. He has no theoretical

scruples against votes for women, as has Mr. Root. He affects to believe that eventually they will be and should be allowed to vote. But he would deny the suffrage to them until they have obtained more education and experience in public affairs. He says: "The longer the extension of the franchise to woman waits, the better they will be prepared for it and the more good and the less harm it will do." He might as well have said: "The longer a man is made to wait for dinner the better prepared he will be for it and the more good it will do him." Women are to be trained for political responsibility by being deprived of the most elementary political activities and opportunities. If they can be kept from voting for a sufficiently long time and subjected in the meantime to some artificial process of political instruction, such as lectures on constitutional law by eminent professors, they will not need any practice in voting to enable them to emerge as intelligent and responsible voters. Did Mr. Taft really mean it? As well expect women to swim without permitting them to go near the water; as well expect to find the best mothers among women who have never had children.

If women have received any political education hitherto, they have not obtained it from listening to disquisitions on the American political system, but by participating in actual political agitation and work. They can, of course, continue to participate in public work without exercising the suffrage, but as long as they are not allowed to vote, their absorbing public activity is bound to consist in agitation for the suffrage. Suffrage work is undoubtedly proving to be a most useful source of political education to many women, but it will not continue indefinitely to constitute a really desirable training. Indeed, the longer women are compelled unavailingly to agitate for the vote, the worse many women would be trained to use it as loyal and public-spirited citizens. They will be perverted by the exigencies of a discouraging and disconcerting fight against male inertia and obscurantism. Another generation of fruitless agitation would educate them not without excuse into revolutionary militancy.

Education is no longer conceived as primarily a matter of instruction and indoctrination. It is a matter of experience, acquired as the result of action directed towards a purpose. Mr. Taft would prepare women for the suffrage much as the average male reformer of a generation ago was prepared. It would be a classroom training which would leave its victims devoid of any sense of political realities. It might well help to cultivate the sensitiveness of the pupils' noses to unpleasant political odors. It might even help them to make better use of their eyes and ears in politics. But it would deprive their hands and legs of muscular energy and of general capability. They would never have acquired the habit of political movement, and without the power of movement there cannot be cultivation or discipline of a genuinely political will and feeling. They would be receiving a kind of training for the vote which would make Mr. Taft's quoted statement literally true. The longer women who had undergone a training of this kind were kept waiting in an indefinitely prolonged purgatory of preparation before admitting them into the community of the elect, the better it would be for society.

The attempts to base a justification for woman suffrage on a functional theory of voting has in point of fact resulted in a modification of the theory itself. It has resulted in a fifth conception of the suffrage which Mr. Shepard in the address already mentioned characterizes as "ethical"—a conception of the suffrage which considers it in relation not merely to the efficiency of the government but to the latent moral and civic worth of the individual citizen. Women as well as men need the vote because under contemporary conditions they cannot be deprived of the opportunity of political activity without conscious or unconscious personal impoverishment. The state needs to confer the vote on women because it cannot afford to submit to impoverish one-half of its adult citizenship by denying to women the very beginnings of a political status. The opportunity to vote is necessary to any effective combination between the moral values involved by private life and the moral

values involved by the existence of a necessary public life. By putting men and women in uniform as electors the state officially recognizes that, being, like men, political animals, they would be stunted and warped by being deprived of the chance of political action.

Of course the practice of voting, like the practice of paddling around in shallow water or floundering around in deep water, does not necessarily turn out capable political swimmers. Its educational value depends largely upon the extent to which other agencies of political education are at work. It depends upon the kind of political goods which the voter has an opportunity of obtaining by the use of the vote. Its educational value is slight under a system of government organized chiefly to safeguard individual rights — as the American government has been organized in the past. But its educational value may be considerable under a system of government organized to accomplish positive social purposes. For in that case the voter will be challenged to exert himself. He will have to vote for or against issues of the utmost importance, and he will be stirred to back up his decision by active political agitation. The vote is no more than the condition of educated political activity, but it is an essential condition. So far as it is withheld from any considerable proportion of adults, the community which holds back has not made a decent beginning toward the construction of a really democratic political edifice.

HERBERT CROLY.

October 9, 1915.

Two Workers in the Vineyard

SUCH a dispensation as the recent demise upon the same day of the Right Reverend John Elliott Pontefract and the Reverend Dr. Arthur Hyssop, inevitably summons attention to such contrasts as existed between the lives of these two widely known and faithful servitors. Both equally consecrated to their high calling, they were yet a generation apart, not only in years but in outlook and temper. Would it not indeed be true to say of each that the church of his day produced no higher type? A consideration of their differing characters is therefore to the inquiring spirit in the highest degree instructive.

The illustrious public career of Bishop Pontefract began soon after he left the schools, when his great gloze upon the Pentateuch was published, but his vocation was clearly determined almost from infancy. "I never had a doubt," he tells us, in his autobiographical volumes, "what I Know."

Posterity will doubtless long continue to study the printed records of his thoughts. The volumes on the Pentateuch have never been superseded. Old Testament research was indeed his first love, and his famous dispute while still an undergraduate with Professor Kurzichtig of Heidelberg on the Eschatology of the Babylonian Eunuch, was widely published in the ecclesiastical journals of the period. The celebrated "Inquirer's Guide, or Denial Refuted" has been translated into dozens of languages under the auspices of our Foreign Boards. It was during the early seventies that he published his most radical work, "Was the Pharaoh of the Exodus an Atheist?" and thereby started the long and strenuous theological controversy that was not ended until more than a decade later at the heresy trial of Dr. Hunter.

In justice to the Bishop it should be noted that he took no part in that bitter dispute, and indeed did not seem to be especially interested in it save in his official capacity as one of the judges at the trial. "I gave them the truth," he was accustomed to say. "Let them fight it out in their own way." The saying was indicative of his whole nature, and his dictum, "Truth is unmistakable; why disagree?" uttered as he pronounced sentence, is still recalled.

Had Bishop Pontefract chosen to direct his energies toward political life rather than to the church, he would doubtless have achieved high fame as a statesman. He deeply admired the Constitution upon which our national liberties are based, and it was his opinion that God had caused it to be wrought in a perfection only equalled among all his works by the institution of the church. Sought for private counsel and advice by many men of great power in the nation, he was the intimate of Presidents Hayes and Arthur, both of whom he regarded as sharing with Washington and Lincoln the honor of being among our four greatest rulers. To be the "ghostly counselor" of two such men was, he declared, "enough honor for an humble churchman in one lifetime."

Although he held so exalted a place in the hierarchy of his calling, he delighted to live freely among his fellows; no man of his time was more sought as an after-dinner speaker, and his fine large presence graced many of the most brilliant assemblies in the metropolis. Always keenly interested in the upbuilding of his city, he officiated at the laying of cornerstones for many public buildings, and at the dedicatory exercises of many statues and fountains he made the chief address. Even had his office not demanded it, his kind, expansive nature would have given assistance to works of charity, and he often gracefully lent his presence at bazaars and other endeavors for the relief of the city's poor. "If an object is worthy, I help it," he would often say; "if it is not, I turn a deaf ear."

In pursuing thus steadfastly his course for what he believed was right, and careless of the opinions of men, Bishop

Pontefract naturally occasioned some adverse criticism. Perhaps the most recent and well known of these animadversions was brought about by his views on prohibition, as evinced in his speech at the Metropolitan Club. "Good wine" he declared upon that occasion to be "often sustaining to man when taken in connection with the pleasures of the table." It is an instance of the man's high moral courage that he continued to espouse publicly a cause which had so many opponents among his own colleagues and supporters. "It is not alcohol but infidelity that is the root of all our modern evils," he was wont to say; and in his book "Infidelity, the Modern Moloch" he pursued this conviction to its conclusion through all the branches of our current life, from the lack of faith in the dictates of Biblical inspiration down to the lack of it toward our national Constitution, and from such doubt to the lack of confidence between man and man.

During the last years of his life there were brought to his attention certain political and social ailments which have occasioned instances of unrest in business, but he did not regard these as seriously as would a man of the younger generation.

"It is lawbreaking," was his opinion; and in his last work, "The Appeal to Authority in Behalf of Capital Punishment," he sought to show that it was a softening of the fibre of our legal codes which had resulted in criminal manifestations.

Of the personal characteristics of Bishop Pontefract his familiars noted especially his great serenity of temper. One closely associated with him declares that she never saw him angry but once, and that was toward a person who had attacked the doctrine of Theopneustia. It was on plenary and verbal inspiration that his position was based. "If they attack it they attack me," he often declared, "for I rest upon it."

A man of simple habits, his favorite diversion, that of kite-flying, is well-known. Into this charming pastime he threw all the energy of his intense nature, so that in his

hands the somewhat childlike sport was raised to the degree of an art. At his country seat he had hundreds of these objects, and upon a windy day it was not unusual to see the Bishop far afield with his hands full of strings leading up to the frail and sometimes invisible webs of his contrivance. For he was so skilled as to manipulate many at once. "I love it," he once informed the writer. "It makes me feel properly adjusted."

Such was the man, a priest and prelate but yet human; and it is through his human nature that we may best appreciate him.

It was to a new age and perhaps to a more vigorous one that Dr. Arthur Hyssop addressed himself; and the motto, "Be a Man," inscribed over the hearthstone of his study, is indicative of the lifelong bent of this earnest spirit. Born in 1870 of sturdy American parents, and ordained by the Rev. Henry van Dyke in 1895, he belonged wholly to the newer school of advanced churchmen.

"For a new age there must be new ideas," he once said to the writer; and it was these that he undertook to supply, not only for his own congregation but for whatever seeker might be found in the outside world. This extreme attitude he expressed both in words and deeds throughout his ministry, and it led him often to act in ways which provoked some criticism from more conservative quarters, and which would have still more troubled the good souls of generations now passed away. It is almost amusing to think of the horrified astonishment with which his forebears in the faith would have viewed his action of last December, when he took all the members of his Girls' and Boys' Bible Class to witness the great Broadway morality play, "Anything," upon which he afterwards preached his anniversary sermon. "I do not call it bravery," he replied to one who praised him for his courage. "It is mere faithfulness, for I felt that I owed it to my people to call their attention to that mighty drama and its female personification of Vice as a glorious allegory or similitude set as a warning against debauchery and kindred temptations of our civilization." His words

at that time were a signal evidence of the broadmindedness of the man. It will be remembered that he took the same firm stand a number of years ago in favor of another play, "The Servant of the House." "I believe in inspiration," he boldly declared at that time, "and this play is its witness."

Not only to the theatre but also to the picture gallery and the public library did this eager servant look for aid in the great work to which it had pleased Providence to call him. "Every home should have its pictures," he was wont to say. Within his study there stood a statue executed by a Greek artist, and upon this object his eyes often rested. To the perusal of good books Dr. Hyssop looked also for assistance. "Our religious guidebooks are sufficient for us," he said in a recent sermon, "but the mind will have its playtime and its hours of world-adventure. It is then that the quality of our lay reading must be looked to lest we stray from the path." In such manner he would often begin to pay honor to some new and worthy work of the imagination. Upon his study table there always lay copies of "Ben-Hur" and of "The Other Wise Man." The Roycrofters' edition of Thackeray, presented to him by the choir of his previous charge, was one of the chief ornaments of his bachelor apartments.

Yet though he had this marked artistic tendency, Arthur Hyssop did not come to his appointed tasks in the workaday world veiled in the mists of fancy and of fairyland. In directing and raising the lowly and broken-hearted penitent he was a giant; and many are the stories told of his zest in this branch of the work in which his generous nature delighted to engage. In the visitation of the sick he excelled also, and his joyous kindly face and ready wit lighted many a chamber of the invalid and infirm.

From these ministrations he seemed to rise the more refreshed for his combat with evil in the outer world, a labor to which he always brought his characteristic radical influence. He was not only permanent chairman of the Billy Sunday Solicitation Committee, but he was also one of the

first established pastors of this city to see and acknowledge the real though somewhat peculiar service of that splendid minister. Dr. Hyssop believed firmly that the Rev. Mr. Sunday had a work to do which no other man of his time could perform. "All hail and welcome to such an evangelist," was therefore the legend which he caused to be engraved upon the stationery of the committee, thereby awakening some antagonism among the older and more conservative members of his congregation.

No outline of the character of Arthur Hyssop would be complete which did not contain a note upon his great admiration and friendship for our Secretary of State, the Hon. W. J. Bryan. It was at Chautauqua, N. Y., where Dr. Hyssop spent all his vacations during the last decade, that he first met the statesman. Mutual admiration and esteem slowly ripened into friendship. Though in the quality of their oratory they differed, Dr. Hyssop attending little to melody of style but much to emphasis, the Secretary employing both rhythm and assonance as a two-edged sword; yet at heart their spirits were linked in kinship. It was to Mr. Bryan that his friend dedicated this volume of collected sermons entitled "Willingness."

Thus anointing and being anointed upon all his ways out of a full heart, he established himself as a lamp for the guidance of others less fortunately endowed and for the stumbling children of this generation. How many are there left like him in this our land? — men of whom it may be said that they are living epistles, known and read of all men.

WALTER CUTHBERT HELPS.

May 15, 1915.

A Stylist on Tour

WHEN you speak admiringly of Henry James, the later Henry James, it is the platitude among a large class to say: "Life is too short. I loved the early Henry James. 'The Portrait of a Lady' was wonderful, and I could follow him to 'The Turn of the Screw,' but never again. It is probably my own stupidity, but I can't stand the later style."

It is a matter of taste, a matter, that is to say, of emotion, and you cannot argue a man out of his emotions. But for my own part, I am happy that I enjoy the later labyrinthine James. Had I possessed the open straightforward nature of my friends, had I been more like a locomotive engineer in my own psychology, I do not imagine that a supposedly tortuous style could give me exquisite pleasure. But if it is discreditable to be like this, at any rate it is a delectable viciousness. And I am even sorry for my more straightforward friends.

It is utterly mistaken and not a little tiresome, however, to believe that this pleasure is all esoteric. If Henry James lacks Biblical simplicity it does not mean that he is not the sincerest of the sincere. A simple style, every one agrees, is the most desirable thing in literature, and there is no doubt that the more completely a man is inspired the more simply he expresses himself. But if a man is in the plight of the analytic, if at the moment of asseveration he is supremely conscious of the kind of man it is who is asseverating, his product is bound to be complex. It is this extreme self-consciousness, this incessant introspection, that baffles most readers. And yet there is little reason for being baffled. The greatest literature, no doubt, is the result of a completely confident interaction between head and heart, the

authentic utterance of perfect realization. An artist may merely say: "The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass." But, so far as that impression was concerned, he was simple lord and master, and the result is to make us lords as well. But if an artist is constantly aware of the dubieties of impression, if he is so scrupulous that he refuses to give currency to any impression without recording the degree and the circumstance of authentication, why should we resent him? Perhaps Mr. James's power to lose himself in any conviction is meagre. Perhaps his interest in his emotions is sometimes monstrously greater than the emotions themselves. Perhaps he weighs his little feelings too preciously, putting his coal as well as his gold in the apothecary's scales. But even if his meticulousness becomes impractical at times, becomes an accountancy infinitely more delicate than life has any use for, exhibits a craving for adjustment so preposterous that it would petrify all vital processes for its accomplishment, the fact remains that few have so succeeded in submitting civilized intercourse to justly sensitive analysis. As for sincerity, it is his god. If he has recorded the last ripple of his emotional pebble it is, in his own phrase, "for sweet truth's sake."

To re-read "The American Scene" is to discover how intensely valuable is just this meticulousness. Here, if anywhere, we have the later James, the insistent excoriator, and here, if anywhere, a finikin ineptitude would be betrayed. But a faithful reading leaves the sense of a fine, inclusive, meditative spirit, a man who seeks beauty first but who seeks it on the terms of the familiar social comedy in America. No one who does justice to these mild but remorseless discriminations can ever afford again to deprecate the "later James."

Take, for example, the quite casual characterizations of New York architecture. Looking at the Tiffany building, Mr. James does not dismiss it as a handsome reproduction. To him New York is an "ample childless mother who consoles herself for her sterility by an unbridled course of adoption." He does not baldly state that he prefers the Public

Library to a skyscraper. "Any building that, being beautiful, presents itself as seated rather than as standing, can do with your imagination what it will; you ask it no question, you give it a free field, content only if it will sit and sit and sit." Similarly he can hit off New York in one phrase as "all formidable foreground." He can criticize its gridiron form for its "longitudinal avenues perpetually, yet meanly, intersected." He can defend a desired "vulgar" conformity on Riverside Drive by saying: "A house front so 'amusing' for its personal note, or its perversity, in a short perspective, may amid larger elements merely dishonor the harmony." He can illuminate his own diminutive boyhood in New York in a single reference to "the great dim, bleak, sonorous dome of the old Bowery" Theatre. And the clearest note in suburban architecture is struck by his acute response to the houses' "candid look of having cost, as much as they knew how."

Equally searching is his eye for people. He took a "shining steamer" for Jersey on a summer afternoon, and drank in "the immense liberality of the Bay . . . the gayety of the light, the gladness of the air, and above all (for it most came back to that) the unconscious affluence, the variety in identity, of the young men of business." We get social New York at a cotillion: the "collective alertness of bright-eyed, light-limbed, clear-voiced youth, without a doubt in the world and without a conviction." He discerns "its instinctive refusal to be brought to book, its boundless liability to contagion and boundless incapacity for attention, its ingenuous blankness to-day over the appetites and clamors of yesterday, its chronic state of besprinklement with the sawdust of its ripped-up dolls"; disputable, if you like, but intelligibility itself. And who else has so discerned the empty imitativeness of "conspicuous waste" in New York? In worlds otherwise arranged, the occasion itself produces the tiara. "In New York this symbol has, by an arduous extension of its virtue, to produce the occasion."

Vulgarity of various kinds arrested his musing glance. The palaces at Newport he described in a characteristic

mixed metaphor as "the white elephants, all cry and no wool, all house and no garden." The spoiled resort on the East Side had found "that pestilent favor of 'society' which is fatal to everything it touches and which so quickly leaves the places of its passage unfit for its own use and uninteresting for any other." He speaks of "the general grimness of the person he deals with over the counter." "The wage-earners, the toilers of old, notably in other climes, were known by the wealth of their songs; and has it, on these lines, been given to the American people to be known by the number of their 'candies'?"

He dislikes "the little tales, mostly by ladies, and about and for children romping through the ruins of the Language, in the monthly magazines." He sees many points of the Boston Public Library as "admirable for a railway-station." He speaks of "the Pullmans that are like rushing hotels and the hotels that are like stationary Pullmans." And in the hotel there is "the lone breakfasting child to reckon with; the little pale, carnivorous, coffee-drinking ogre or ogress, who prowls down in advance of its elders, engages a table — dread vision! — and has the 'run' of the bill of fare." Vulgarity in more flagrant form he also notes. He met some trying people traveling in the same stage-coach. "They scaled the pinnacle of publicity, and perched on it flapping their wings."

But it is not all even so temperedly censorious. Many things he loved and endeared, and he has a tender avuncular habit of personifying every single place that attracted him as an appealing feminine presence. New Hampshire, Newport, Central Park, Charleston, Florida — each of these personalities became for him alluringly feminine. A proclivity such as this does not fail, in his own pet word, to be "amusing."

The beauty of America is preserved in these pages, as one might suppose. He could speak of the American sky as "often peeled of clouds, in the interest of the slightly acid juice of its light," but there are passages of lyrical tenderness. "I awoke up in the New Hampshire mountains, in

the deep valleys and the wide woodlands, on the forest-fringed slopes, the far-seeing crests of the high places, and by side of the liberal streams and the lonely lakes."

Deriving ideas from everything he witnessed, Mr. James read more into, and got more out of, democratic possibilities as he penetrated into America. Impatient of the South, of its "pretence of a social order founded on delusions and exclusions," he grew more patient, as he remained, of the national exemplifications. It is for his sense of these that "The American Scene" is most worth studying, though he has sharp words to speak of "bagmen" and skyscrapers, California and "untutored liberty."

It is nearly ten years old, "The American Scene," and by this time it is probably relegated to the topmost shelf. But it is a mistake not to sit with it, and attune oneself to its thin, fine voice. That voice whispers inimitable revelations — revelations which Mr. James's inferiors will, as time goes on, deliver to us as their own, with a "punch."

F. H.

May 1, 1915.

American Education and Culture

ONE can foretell the derision which will be awakened in certain quarters by a statement that the central theme of the current meeting of the National Educational Association is cultural education. What has culture to do with the quotidian tasks of millions of harassed pupils and teachers preoccupied with the routine of alphabetic combinations and figuring? What bond is there between culture and barren outlines of history and literature? So far the scene may be called pathetic rather than an occasion for satire. But one foresees the critics, the self-elected saving remnant, passing on to indignant condemnation of the voluntary surrender of our educational system to utilitarian ends, its prostitution to the demands of the passing moment and the cry for the practical. Or possibly the selection of cultural education as a theme of discourse will be welcome as a sign of belated repentance, while superior critics sorrowingly wonder whether the return to the good old paths is sought out too late.

To those who are in closer contact with the opinions which hold conscious sway in the minds of the great mass of teachers and educational leaders there is something humorous in the assumption that they are given over to worship of the vocational and industrial. The annual pilgrimage of the teachers of the country to European cathedral and art gallery is the authentic indication of the conscious estimate of the older ideal of culture. Nothing gets a hand so quickly in any gathering of teachers as precisely the sort of talk in which the critics engage. The shibboleths and the sentimentalities are held in common by critic and the workers criticized. "Culture and discipline" serve as emblems of a

superiority hoped for or attained, and as catchwords to save the trouble of personal thought. Behind there appears a sense of some deficiency in our self-conscious devotion to retrospective culture. We protest too much. Our gestures betray the awkwardness of a pose maintained laboriously against odds. In contrast there is grace in the spontaneous incouthness of barbarians whole-heartedly abandoned in their barbarism.

While the critics are all wrong about the conscious attitude and intent of those who manage our educational system, they are right about the powerful educational currents of the day. These cannot be called cultural — not when measured by any standard drawn from the past. For these standards concern the past — what *has* been said and thought — while what is alive and compelling in our education moves toward some undiscovered future. From this contrast between our conscious ideals and our tendencies in action spring our confusion and our blind uncertainties. We think we think one thing while our deeds require us to give attention to a radically different set of considerations. This intellectual constraint is the real foe to our culture. The beginning of culture would be to cease plaintive eulogies of a past culture, eulogies which carry only a few yards before they are drowned in the noise of the day, and essay an imaginative insight into the possibilities of what is going on so assuredly although so blindly and crudely.

The disparity between actual tendency and backward-looking loyalty carries within itself the whole issue of cultural education. Measured in other terms than that of some as yet unachieved possibility of just the forces from which sequestered culture shrinks in horror, the cause of culture is doomed so far as public education is concerned. Indeed, it hardly exists anywhere outside the pages of Mr. Paul Elmer More, and his heirs and assigns. The serious question is whether we may assist the vital forces into new forms of thought and sensation. It would be cruel were it not so impotent to assess stumbling educational efforts of the day by ideas of archaic origin when the need is for an idealized in-

terpretation of facts which will reveal mind in those concerns which the older culture thought of as purely material, and perceive human and moral issues in what seem to be the purely physical forces of industry.

The beginning of a culture stripped of egoistic illusions is the perception that we have as yet no culture: that our culture is something to achieve, to create. This perception gives the national assembly of teachers representative dignity. Our school men and women are seen as adventuring for that which is not but which may be brought to be. They are not in fact engaged in protecting a secluded culture against the fierce forays of materialistic and utilitarian America. They are, so far as they are not rehearsing phrases whose meaning is forgot, endeavoring to turn these very forces into thought and sentiment. The enterprise is of heroic dimensions. To set up as protector of a shrinking classicism requires only the accidents of a learned education, the possession of leisure and a reasonably apt memory for some phrases, and a facile pen for others. To transmute a society built on an industry which is not yet humanized into a society which wields its knowledge and its industrial power in behalf of a democratic culture requires the courage of an inspired imagination.

I am one of those who think that the only test and justification of any form of political and economic society is its contribution to art and science — to what may roundly be called culture. That America has not yet so justified itself is too obvious for even lament. The explanation that the physical conquest of a continent had first to be completed is an inversion. To settle a continent is to put it in order, and this is a work which comes after, not before, great intelligence and great art. The accomplishment of the justification is then hugely difficult. For it means nothing less than the discovery and application of a method of subduing and settling nature in the interests of a democracy, that is to say of masses who shall form a community of directed thought and emotion in spite of being the masses. That this has not yet been effected goes without saying. It has never

even been attempted before. Hence the puny irrelevancy that measures our strivings with yard sticks handed down from class cultures of the past.

That the achievement is immensely difficult means that it may fail. There is no inevitable predestined success. But the failure, if it comes, will be the theme of tragedy and not of complacent lamentation nor wilful satire. For while success is not predestined, there are forces at work which are like destiny in their independence of conscious choice or wish. Not conscious intent, either perverse or wise, is forcing the realistic, the practical, the industrial, into education. Not conscious deliberation causes college presidents who devote commencement day to singing the praises of pure culture to spend their working days in arranging for technical and professional schools. It is not conscious preference which leads school superintendents who deliver orations at teachers' meetings upon the blessings of old-fashioned discipline and culture to demand from their boards new equipment, new courses and studies of a more "practical" and appealing kind. Political and economic forces quite beyond their control are compelling these things. And they will remain beyond the control of any of us save as men honestly face the actualities and busy themselves with inquiring what education they impart and what culture may issue from *their* cultivation.

It is as elements in this heroic undertaking that current tendencies in American education can be appraised. Since we can neither beg nor borrow a culture without betraying both it and ourselves, nothing remains save to produce one. Those who are too feeble or too finicky to engage in the enterprise will continue their search for asylums and hospitals which they idealize into palaces. Others will either go their way still caught in the meshes of a mechanical industrialism, or will subdue the industrial machinery to human ends until the nation is endowed with soul.

Certain commonplaces must be reiterated till their import is acknowledged. The industrial revolution was born of the new science of nature. Any democracy which is more

than an imitation of some archaic republican government must issue from the womb of our chaotic industrialism. Science makes democracy possible because it brings relief from depending upon massed human labor, because of the substitution it makes possible of inanimate forces for human muscular energy, and because of the resources for excess production and easy distribution which it effects. The old culture is doomed for us because it was built upon an alliance of political and spiritual powers, an equilibrium of governing and leisure classes, which no longer exists. Those who deplore the crudities and superficialities of thought and sensation which mark our day are rarely inhuman enough to wish the old régime back. They are merely unintelligent enough to want a result without the conditions which produced it, and in the face of conditions making the result no longer possible.

In short, our culture must be consonant with realistic science and with machine industry, instead of a refuge from them. And while there is no guaranty that an education which uses science and employs the controlled processes of industry as a regular part of its equipment will succeed, there is every assurance that an educational practice which sets science and industry in opposition to its ideal of culture will fail. Natural science has in its applications to economic productions and exchange brought an industry and a society where quantity alone seems to count. It is for education to bring the light of science and the power of work to the aid of every soul that it may discover its quality. For in a spiritually democratic society every individual would realize distinction. Culture would then be for the first time in human history an individual achievement and not a class possession. An education fit for our ideal uses is a matter of actual forces, not of opinions.

Our public education is the potential means for effecting the transfiguration of the mechanics of modern life into sentiment and imagination. We may, I repeat, never get beyond the mechanics. We may remain burly, merely vigorous, expending energy riotously in making money, seeking pleas-

ure and winning temporary victories over one another. Even such an estate has a virility lacking to a culture whose method is reminiscence, and whose triumph is finding a place of refuge. But it is not enough to justify a democracy as against the best of past aristocracies even though return to them is forever impossible. To bring to the consciousness of the coming generation something of the potential significance of the life of to-day, to transmute it from outward fact into intelligent perception, is the first step in the creation of a culture. The teachers who are facing this fact and who are trying to use the vital unspiritualized agencies of to-day as means of effecting the perception of a human meaning yet to be realized are sharing in the act of creation. To perpetuate in the name of culture the tradition of aloofness from realistic science and compelling industry is to give them free course in their most unenlightened form. Not chiding but the sympathy and direction of understanding is what the harsh utilitarian and prosaic tendencies of present education require.

JOHN DEWEY.

July 1, 1916.

Classic Liberty

WHEN ancient peoples defended what they called their liberty, the word stood for a plain and urgent interest of theirs: that their cities should not be destroyed, their territory pillaged, and they themselves sold into slavery. For the Greeks in particular liberty meant even more than this. Perhaps the deepest assumption of classic philosophy is that nature and the gods on the one hand and man on the other, both have a fixed character; that there is consequently a necessary piety, a true philosophy, a standard happiness, a normal art. The Greeks believed, not without reason, that they had grasped these permanent principles better than other peoples. They had largely dispelled superstition, experimented in government, and turned life into a rational art. Therefore when they defended their liberty what they defended was not merely freedom to live. It was freedom to live well, to live as other nations did not, in the public experimental study of the world and of human nature. This liberty to discover and pursue a natural happiness, this liberty to grow wise and to live in friendship with the gods and with one another, was the liberty vindicated at Thermopylæ by martyrdom and at Salamis by victory.

As Greek cities stood for liberty in the world, so philosophers stood for liberty in the Greek cities. In both cases it was the same kind of liberty, not freedom to wander at hazard or to let things slip, but on the contrary freedom to legislate more precisely, at least for oneself, and to discover and codify the means to true happiness. Many of these pioneers in wisdom were audacious radicals and recoiled from no paradox. Some condemned what was most Greek; mythology, athletics, even multiplicity and physical motion.

In the heart of those thriving, loquacious, festive little ant-hills, they preached impassibility and abstraction, the unanswerable scepticism of silence. Others practised a musical and priestly refinement of life, filled with metaphysical mysteries, and formed secret societies, not without a tendency to political domination. The cynics railed at the conventions, making themselves as comfortable as possible in the rôle of beggars and mocking parasites. The conservatives themselves were radical, so intelligent were they, and Plato wrote the charter of the most extreme militarism and communism, for the sake of preserving the free state. It was the swan-song of liberty, a prescription to a diseased old man to become young again and try a second life of superhuman virtue. The old man preferred simply to die.

Many laughed then, as we may be tempted to do, at all those absolute physicians of the soul, each with his panacea. Yet beneath their quarrels the wranglers had a common faith. They all believed there was a single solid natural wisdom to be found, that reason could find it, and that mankind, sobered by reason, could put it in practice. Mankind has continued to run wild and like barbarians to place freedom in their very wildness, till we can hardly conceive the classic assumption of Greek philosophers and cities, that true liberty is bound up with an institution, a corporate scientific discipline, necessary to set free the perfect man, or the god, within us.

Upon the dissolution of paganism the Christian Church adopted the classic conception of liberty. Of course, the field in which the higher politics had to operate was now conceived differently, and there was a new experience of the sort of happiness appropriate and possible to man; but the assumption remained unchallenged that Providence, as well as the human soul, had a fixed discoverable scope, and that the business of education, law, and religion was to bring them to operate in harmony. The aim of life, salvation, was involved in the nature of the soul itself, and the means of salvation had been ascertained by a positive science which the Church was possessed of, partly revealed and

partly experimental. Salvation was simply what, on a broad view, we should see to be health, and religion was nothing but a sort of universal hygiene.

The Church, therefore, little as it tolerated heretical liberty, the liberty of moral and intellectual dispersion, felt that it had come into the world to set men free, and constantly demanded liberty for itself, that it might fulfill this mission. It was divinely commissioned to teach, guide, and console all nations and all ages by the self-same means, and to promote at all costs what it conceived to be human perfection. There should be saints and as many saints as possible. The Church never admitted, any more than did any sect of ancient philosophers, that its teaching might represent only an eccentric view of the world, or that its guidance and consolations might be suitable only at one stage of human development. To waver in the pursuit of the orthodox ideal could only betray frivolity and want of self-knowledge. The truth of things and the happiness of each man could not lie elsewhere than where the Church, summing up all human experience and all divine revelation, had placed it once for all and for everybody. The liberty of the Church to fulfill its mission was accordingly hostile to any liberty of dispersion, to any radical consecutive independence, in the life of individuals or of nations.

When it came to full fruition this orthodox freedom was far from gay; it was called sanctity. The freedom of pagan philosophers too had turned out to be rather a stiff and severe pose; but in the Christian dispensation this austerity of true happiness was less to be wondered at, since life on earth was reputed to be abnormal from the beginning, and infected with hereditary disease. The full beauty and joy of restored liberty could hardly become evident in this life. Nevertheless a certain beauty and joy did radiate visibly from the saints; and while we may well think their renunciations and penances misguided or excessive, it is certain that, like the Spartans and the philosophers, they got something for their pains. Their bodies and souls were transfigured, as none now found upon earth. If we admire

without imitating them we shall perhaps have done their philosophy exact justice. Classic liberty was a sort of forced and artificial liberty, a poor perfection reserved for an ascetic aristocracy in whom heroism and refinement were touched with perversity and slowly starved themselves to death.

Since those days we have discovered how much larger the universe is, and we have lost our way in it. Any day it may come over us again that our modern liberty to drift in the dark is the most terrible negation of freedom. Nothing happens to us as we would. We want peace and make war. We need science and obey the will to believe, we love art and flounder among whimsicalities, we believe in general comfort and equality and we strain every nerve to become millionaires. After all, antiquity must have been right in thinking that reasonable self-direction must rest on having a determinate character and knowing what it is, and that only the truth about God and happiness, if we somehow found it, could make us free. But the truth is not to be found by guessing at it, as religious prophets and men of genius have done, and then damning every one who does not agree. Human nature, for all its substantial fixity, is a living thing with many varieties and variations. All diversity of opinion is therefore not founded on ignorance; it may express a legitimate change of habit or interest. The classic and Christian synthesis from which we have broken loose was certainly premature, even if the only issue of our liberal experiments should be to lead us back to some such equilibrium. Let us hope at least that the new morality, when it comes, may be more broadly based than the old on knowledge of the world, not so absolute, not so meticulous, and not chanted so much in the monotone of an abstracted sage.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

August 21, 1915.

The Human Scale

GREAT buildings often have great doors; but great doors are heavy to swing, and if left open they may let in too much cold or glare; so that we sometimes observe a small postern cut into one leaf of the large door for more convenient entrance and exit, and it is seldom or never that the monumental gates yawn in their somnolence. Here is the modest human scale reasserting itself in the midst of a titanic structure, but it reasserts itself with an ill grace and in the interests of frailty; the patch it makes seems unintended and ignominious.

Yet the human scale is not essentially petty; when it does not slip in as a sort of interloper it has nothing to apologize for. Between the infinite and the infinitesimal all sizes are equally central. The Greeks, the Saracens, the English, the Chinese and Japanese instinctively retain the human scale in all that part of their work which is most characteristic of them and nearest to their affections. A Greek temple or the hall of an English mansion can be spacious and dignified enough, but they do not outrun familiar uses, and they seem to lend their spaciousness and dignity to the mind rather than to crush it. Everything about them has an air of friendliness and sufficiency; their elegance is not pompous, and if they are noble they are certainly not vast, cold, nor gilded.

The Saracens, Chinese, and Japanese in their various ways use the human scale with even greater refinement, for they apply it also in a sensuous and psychological direction. Not only is the size of their works moderate by preference, like their brief lyrics, but they exactly meet human sensibility by a great delicacy and concentration in design and a fragrant simplicity in workmanship. Everything they make is economical in its beauty and seems to say to us: "I exist only to

be enjoyed; there is nothing in me not merely delightful." Here the human scale is not drawn from the human body so much as from the human soul; its faculties are treated with deference — I mean the faculties it really has, not those, like reason, which a flattering philosophy may impute to it.

An English country house which is a cottage in appearance may turn out on examination to be almost a palace in extent and appointments; there is no parade, yet there is great profusion — too much furniture, too many ornaments, too much food, too many flowers, too many people. Everything there is on the human scale except the quantity of things, which is oppressive. The Orientals are poorer, more voluptuous, and more sensitive to caligraphy; they leave empty spaces about them and enjoy one thing at a time and enjoy it longer.

One reason for this greater subtlety and mercifulness in the art of Orientals is perhaps the fiercer assault made on their senses by nature. The Englishman lives in a country which is itself on the human scale, clement at all seasons, charming with a gently inconstant atmospheric charm. The rare humanity of nature in his island permeates his being from boyhood up with a delight that is half sentimental, half physical and sporting. In his fields and moors he grows keen and fond of exertion; there too his friendships and his estimates of men are shaped unawares, as if under some silent superior influence. There he imbibes the impressions that make him tender to poetry. He may not require great subtlety in his poets, but he insists that their sentiment shall have been felt and their images seen, and while the obvious, even the shamelessly obvious, does not irritate him, he hates cheap sublimity and false notes. He respects experience and is master of it in his own field.

Thus the empty spaces with which a delicate art likes to surround itself are supplied for the Englishman by his comradeship with nature, his ranging habits, and the reticence of his imagination. There the unexpressed dimension, the background of pregnant silence, exists for him in all its power. For the Saracen, on the contrary, nature is an abyss: parched deserts, hard mountains, night with its over-

whelming moon. Here the human scale is altogether transgressed; nature is cruel, alien, excessive, to be fled from with a veiled face. For a relief and solace he builds his house without windows; he makes his life simple, his religion a single phrase, his art exquisite and slight, like the jet of his fountain. It is sweet and necessary that the works of man should respect the human scale when everything in nature so infinitely transcends it.

Why the Egyptians loved things colossal I do not know, but the taste of the Romans for the grandiose is easier to understand. It seems to have been part and parcel of that yearning for the superhuman which filled late antiquity. This yearning took two distinct directions. Among the worldly it fostered imperialism, organization, rhetoric, portentous works, belief in the universality and eternity of Rome, and actual deification of emperors. Among the spiritually-minded it led to a violent abstraction from the world, so that the soul in its inward solitude might feel itself inviolate and divine. The Christians at first belonged of course to the latter party; they detested the inflation of the empire, with its cold veneer of marble and of optimism; they were nothing if not humble and dead to the world. Their catacombs were perforce on the human scale, as a coffin is; but even when they emerged to the surface, they reduced rather than enlarged the temples and basilicas bequeathed to them by the pagans. Apart from a few imperial structures at Constantinople or Ravenna their churches for a thousand years kept to the human scale; often they were diminutive; when necessary they were spread out to hold multitudes, but remained low and in the nature of avenues to a tomb or a shrine. The center was some sombre precinct, often subterranean, where the inward man might commune with the other world. The sacraments were received with a bowed head; they did not call for architectural vistas. The sumptuousness that in time encrusted these sanctuaries was that of a jewel — the Oriental, interior, concentrated sumptuousness of the cloistered arts. Yet the open-air pagan tradition was not dead. Roman works were everywhere, and not

all in ruins, and love of display and of plastic grandiloquence lay hardly dormant in the breast of many. It required only a little prosperity to dispel the mystical humility and detachment which Christianity had brought with it at first; and the human scale of the Christian Greeks yielded at the first opportunity to the gigantic scale of the Romans. Spaces were cleared, vaults were raised, arches were made pointed in order that they might be wider and be poised higher, towers and spires were aimed at the clouds, usually getting only half way, porches became immense caverns. Brunelleschi accomplished a tour de force in his dome and Michelangelo another in his, even more stupendous. These various strained models, straining in divergent directions, have kept artists uneasy and impotent ever since, except when under some benign influence they have recovered the human scale, and in domestic architecture or portrait painting have forgotten to be grand and have become felicitous.

The same movement is perhaps easier to survey in philosophy than in architecture. Scarcely had Socrates brought investigation down from the heavens and limited it to morals — a realm essentially on the human scale — when his pupils hastened to undo his work by projecting their moral system again into the sky, denaturalizing both morals and nature. They imagined a universe circling about man, tempering the light for his eyes and making absolute his childlike wishes and judgments. This was humanism out of scale and out of place, an attempt to cut not the works of man but the universe to human measure. It was the nemesis that overtook the Greeks for having become too complacently human. Earlier the monstrous had played a great part in their religion; henceforth that surrounding immensity having been falsely humanized, their modest humanity itself had to be made monstrous to fill its place.

Hence we see the temples growing larger and larger, the dome introduced, things on the human scale piled on one another to make a sublime fabric, like Saint Sophia, triumphal arches on pedestals not to be passed through, vain columns like towers, with a statue poised on the summit like

a weather-cock, and finally doors so large that they could not be opened and little doors had to be cut in them for men to use. So the human scale turned up again irrepressibly, but for the moment without its native dignity, because it had been stretched to compass a lifeless dignity quite other than its own.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

January 29, 1916.

The Classical Compromise

WHEN chemistry and biology and the social sciences came to be taken seriously in the colleges, professors of the classics were forced to accept a compromise. Very sullenly they undertook to impart culture under the new difficulties that philistinism had laid upon them. In spite of their displeasure, however, they had no doubt of their ability to attain traditional ends. That the untraditional demands of the new age were beginning to be heeded, that student enthusiasms had altered, did not matter. The classics were the classics still, whether undergraduates could devote to them nearly all their time or only a few hours a week. Culture was inherent in them, and culture could be trusted to triumph over curricula.

The professors have never understood the difference between the classical compromise as they conceive it and as it works out in the classroom. They think, for instance, that undergraduates study Latin and Greek out of the original texts. The undergraduates know better. They know that they read ancient literature almost entirely by the aid of third-rate literal translations; that they read these unintelligently, unenthusiastically, sneakingly, with the demoralizing consciousness that they are guilty of a dishonest practice. They know furthermore that they use ponies not for a better understanding of the authors, but for the acquisition of a deceptive glibness in answering questions about genitives and ablatives, subjunctives and optatives.

If the professors concede in their syllabi that they have time to teach only a part of Homer, a part of Vergil, a part of Sophocles, they comfort themselves with the hope that undergraduates, like the devotees of magazine serials, will be the more tempted to continue their reading because the

present instalment ends abruptly. They expect the student during his first vacation to go on construing the eighteen books of the *Odyssey* that the curriculum allows to remain unconstrued, to follow breathlessly the story that the old wanderer tells Alcinous. They hope that he will industriously fill the great gaps in his reading as soon as he is free from the tyranny of the college course of study. But the undergraduate has no mastering eagerness to learn the fate of Penelope. A year's experience of a poem that has meant little more to him than a series of negations of the rules he acquired as he plodded with Xenophon the weary parasangs of the *Anabasis* has made him somewhat impatient of the classics. How can Homer be noble or simple or rapid to you if you can read only thirty lines of him in an hour? Or how can you marvel at Livy's pictured page when the pictures are all illustrations of rules in Allen and Greenough's *Latin Grammar*? As for the graduate, he confesses that in his bad days he seeks other props for his mind than that clearest-souled of men who saw the Wide Prospect though blind, and the halting slave who in Nicopolis taught Arrian, and the singer of sweet Colonus and its child.

The weakness of most arguments against teaching Greek and Latin is that they seek directly or indirectly to discredit the classics. Here they encounter the strong bulwark of intellectual experience. To bring home to the professors the actual terms of the classical compromise is the only profitable argument. The methods of teaching the classics, and not the classics themselves, are at fault. The present classical compromise means the surrender of discipline and inspiration for a hundred paradigms and formulas and *hōs* and *hoti* rules and assorted grammatical jingles. It means a petty preoccupation with syntax; it means a distorted presentation of literature; it means pony-reading in college, and after college no reading at all.

There is a wiser classical compromise possible, which the professors so far have not taken kindly to. It gives up the syntax and keeps the spirit of the classics. Such a compromise fate forced upon Shakespeare when it took him early

from the grammar school. Such was the compromise Keats accepted when his prudent guardian put him to work and he heard a warning to be immediately busy with his singing. (It is a little amusing to see the professors quote Keats to prove the necessity of studying Greek to appreciate poetry — Keats, who feverishly read Sandys's Ovid and Chapman's Homer, and stole honey from the Elizabethans and Lemprière's Dictionary.) Such was the compromise that the thousands of persons who formed Mr. Granville Barker's audiences last spring spontaneously accepted, when in a few hours, out of the translations by Professor Gilbert Murray, published in inexpensive form at the time, they read more Euripides than the undergraduate knows in his academic life. It is the compromise that thousands of the uncolleged find profit in, if we may judge from the persistence of department store advertisements of Jowett's Plato and Clough's Plutarch. It is a compromise, finally, that the professors of the classics themselves acquiesce in when they read the English Bible. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the literary veneration for the Old Testament is much stronger among the mass of those who know it in the English translation than among the mass of those to whom Hebrew is almost as familiar as their mother-tongue.

The new compromise is not so startling as it must seem to the professors. Classical undergraduates at present are reading a little Greek and Latin in bad translations. The new compromise lets them read twenty times as much in good translations. It relegates to the high school the task of teaching the student his grammar and to the graduate school the task of teaching him classical philology. The high school can give him enough Latin to take him through the *Æneid* and a year or two of Greek. This preliminary training is desirable for its influence on the student's English, and for the opportunity it affords him of carrying his studies farther if he seeks subtler beauties than good translations hold. Instead of asking the undergraduate to pretend that thirty-lines-a-day progress through the *Odyssey* is anything else than tedious, it offers him a dozen English translations

of Homer to read and compare and enjoy. It lets him taste the "tessara-decasyllahons" of Chapman and the ballad measures of Maginn. It lets him see how the author of the "Essay on Man," the author of "The Task," the author of "The Earthly Paradise" and the author of "The Way of All Flesh" reacted to Homer. It gives him the biblical prose of Butcher and Lang, and the saucy prose of Samuel Butler.

Why should the student know the history of the Greek drama only through a single tragedy and his instructor's introductory lectures, when there are such translations as Jebb's noble English prose renderings of Sophocles? In the semester that he now devotes to the *Œdipus* he can read all of *Æschylus*, Sophocles and Euripides and trace the development of classic tragedy for himself.

Untainted by classical syntax, undulled by pedantry, spontaneous, joyous, beautiful, are Benjamin Bickley Rogers's translations of Aristophanes. The poet joined with the scholar in their making. It is good for the undergraduate to know Aristophanes, if only for the better understanding of Greek life that the comedies will give him. Too often the undergraduate's conception of the Greeks is of gleaming, half-nude supermen whose sole business in life is the creation of beauty. That monstrous phrase, "the beautiful Greek twilight," finds welcome in his mind. Twilight is the medium in which he has always beheld the Greeks; it has been impressed upon him that they look better so. Acquaintance with *Dicæopolis* and *Trygæus* will remedy all that. It is good to know Euripides as he appears in the *Frogs* and the *Thesmophoriazusæ*, and Cleon in the *Knights*, and to read the touching, haunting praise of country life in the *Peace*. The *Lysistrata*, the *Acharnians* and the *Peace* contain some timely things about war and preparedness and feminism. But what professor now would dare assign a comedy for an afternoon's reading by way of illustrating Aristophanes' attitude towards peace?

Jowett's translations of Plato and of Thucydides, Charles Stuart Calverley's *Theocritus*, printed in the same volume

with his fine renderings of Vergil's *Eclogues*, Andrew Lang's *Theocritus*, Bion and Moschus, and old Meric Casaubon's *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* all have a place in the syllabus of the new compromise that is only indifferently filled in the traditional syllabi. The style of Epictetus does not generally commend itself to the professors as safe for students who have learned to love pure Attic prose. And yet no Greek author offers a better chance for the investment of the student's unproductive leisure — the unconsidered trifles of time of which an undergraduate's life is fuller than it ought to be. The volume of selections in the *Golden Treasury* series is an excellent Epictetus primer.

A profitable course in the history of Greek literature it is now impossible to give undergraduates, because they cannot read most of the authors mentioned in the manuals. The specialized discussion of the golden age gives hardly a hint of the tedious working of the ore of time that went on before the precious metal was refined or of the gold's slow tarnishing. But to the readers of translations nearly all that is worth while in Greek literature is accessible. Now the shortcomings of translations are many, but they are far fewer than the shortcomings of ponies, and the halting, grammar-ridden versions ground out by the honest minority of undergraduates. With these actualities of the classroom and not with the scholar's joy in the original Greek, translations ought to be compared.

Over these actualities the new classical compromise has almost infinite advantages. It will train up for the philosophy lecture-room students who have read Plato with delight. It will prepare for the courses in history students who have lived with the Romans elsewhere than in the Forum and on the battlefields of Gaul, who have known other Greeks than Homer's heroes. It will be the gift of a new literature to cherish while life lasts. And it will mean the true socialization of the classics. After all, there is no reason why it should not be as natural for an engineering student to read Sophocles as to read the Bible. To give engineering students Latin and Greek under present condi-

tions would be to waste time needed for technical studies. But to give them a short course in the classics, studied in translation, would be to provide them with a perennial spiritual corrective.

Obviously the new compromise will demand more talent of its exponents than specialists in genitives can have. The old curriculum has bred up a school of philological martinets who know the commentators better than the poets. Even the notes in the text-books kindle only at the classification of an elusive subjunctive. The new method will need men who love literature and who know intimately the life that conditioned it. It will demand of teachers the insight and equipment of the historian, the critic and the philosopher. But in return it will substitute enduring inspiration for formulas, and give a profitable solution of a problem that too frequently has been evaded, or else approached without frankness or courage.

MEYER COHN.

January 29, 1916.

In a Schoolroom

THE other day I amused myself by slipping into a recitation at the suburban high school where I had once studied as a boy. The teacher let me sit, like one of the pupils, at an empty desk in the back of the room, and for an hour I had before my eyes the interesting drama of the American school as it unfolds itself day after day in how many thousands of classrooms throughout the land. I had gone primarily to study the teacher, but I soon found that the pupils, after they had forgotten my presence, demanded most of my attention.

Their attitude towards the teacher, a young man just out of college and amazingly conscientious and persevering, was that good-humored tolerance which has to take the place of enthusiastic interest in our American school. They seemed to like the teacher and recognize fully his good intentions, but their attitude was a delightful one of all making the best of a bad bargain, and coöperating loyally with him in slowly putting the hour out of its agony. This good-natured acceptance of the inevitable, this perfunctory going through by its devotees of the ritual of education, was my first striking impression, and the key to the reflections that I began to weave.

As I sank down to my seat I felt all that queer sense of depression, still familiar after ten years, that sensation, in coming into the schoolroom, of suddenly passing into a helpless, impersonal world, where expression could be achieved and curiosity asserted only in the most formal and difficult way. And the class began immediately to divide itself for me, as I looked around it, into the artificially depressed like myself, commonly called the "good" children, and the artificially stimulated, commonly known as the "bad," and the

envy and despair of every "good" child. For to these "bad" children, who are, of course, simply those with more self-assertion and initiative than the rest, all the careful network of discipline and order is simply a direct and irresistible challenge. I remembered the fearful awe with which I used to watch the exhaustless ingenuity of the "bad" boys of my class to disrupt the peacefully dragging recitation; and behold, I found myself watching intently, along with all the children in my immediate neighborhood, the patient activity of a boy who spent his entire hour in so completely sharpening a lead-pencil that there was nothing left at the end but the lead. Now what normal boy would do so silly a thing or who would look at him in real life? But here, in this artificial atmosphere, his action had a sort of symbolic quality; it was assertion against a stupid authority, a sort of blind resistance against the attempt of the school-room to impersonalize him. The most trivial incident assumed importance; the chiming of the town-clock, the passing automobile, a slip of the tongue, a passing footstep in the hall, would polarize the wandering attention of the entire class like an electric shock. Indeed, a large part of the teacher's business seemed to be to demagnetize, by some little ingenious touch, his little flock into their original inert and static elements.

For the whole machinery of the classroom was dependent evidently upon this segregation. Here were these thirty children, all more or less acquainted, and so congenial and sympathetic that the slightest touch threw them all together into a solid mass of attention and feeling. Yet they were forced, in accordance with some principle of order, to sit at these stiff little desks, equidistantly apart, and prevented under penalty from communicating with each other. All the lines between them were supposed to be broken. Each existed for the teacher alone. In this incorrigibly social atmosphere, with all the personal influences playing around, they were supposed to be, not a network or a group, but a collection of things, in relation only with the teacher.

These children were spending the sunniest hours of their

whole lives, five days a week, in preparing themselves, I assume by the acquisition of knowledge, to take their places in a modern world of industry, ideas and business. What institution, I asked myself, in this grown-up world bore resemblance to this so carefully segregated classroom? I smiled, indeed, when it occurred to me that the only possible thing I could think of was a state Legislature. Was not the teacher a sort of Speaker putting through the business of the session, enforcing a sublimated parliamentary order, forcing his members to address only the chair and avoid any but a formal recognition of their colleagues? How amused, I thought, would Socrates have been to come upon these thousands of little training-schools for incipient legislators! He might have recognized what admirably experienced and docile congressmen such a discipline as this would make, if there were the least chance of any of these pupils ever reaching the House, but he might have wondered what earthly connection it had with the atmosphere and business of workshop and factory and office and store and home into which all these children would so obviously be going. He might almost have convinced himself that the business of adult American life was actually run according to the rules of parliamentary order, instead of on the plane of personal intercourse, of quick interchange of ideas, the understanding and the grasping of concrete social situations.

It is the merest platitude, of course, that those people succeed who can best manipulate personal intercourse, who can best express themselves, whose minds are most flexible and most responsive to others, and that those people would deserve to succeed in any form of society. But has there ever been devised a more ingenious enemy of personal intercourse than the modern classroom, catching, as it does, the child in his most impressionable years? The two great enemies of intercourse are bumptiousness and diffidence, and the classroom is perhaps the most successful instrument yet devised for cultivating both of them.

As I sat and watched these interesting children struggling with these enemies, I reflected that even with the best of peo-

ple, thinking cannot be done without talking. For thinking is primarily a social faculty; it requires the stimulus of other minds to excite curiosity, to arouse some emotion. Even private thinking is only a conversation with one's self. Yet in the classroom the child is evidently expected to think without being able to talk. In such a rigid and silent atmosphere, how could any thinking be done, where there is no stimulus, no personal expression?

While these reflections were running through my head, the hour dragged to its close. As the bell rang for dismissal, a sort of thrill of rejuvenation ran through the building. The "good" children straightened up, threw off their depression and took back their self-respect, the "bad" sobered up, threw off their swollen egotism, and prepared to leave behind them their mischievousness in the room that had created it. Everything suddenly became human again. The brakes were off, and life, with all its fascinations of intrigue and amusement, was flowing once more. The school streamed away in personal and intensely interested little groups. The real world of business and stimulations and re-bounds was thick again here.

If I had been a teacher and watched my children going away, arms around each other, all aglow with talk, I should have been very wistful for the injection of a little of that animation into the dull and halting lessons of the classroom. Was I a horrible "intellectual," to feel sorry that all this animation and verve of life should be perpetually poured out upon the ephemeral, while thinking is made as difficult as possible, and the expressive and intellectual child made to seem a sort of monstrous pariah?

Now I know all about the logic of the classroom, the economies of time, money, and management that have to be met. I recognize that in the cities the masses that come to the schools require some sort of rigid machinery for their governance. Hand-educated children have had to go the way of hand-made buttons. Children have had to be massed together into a schoolroom, just as cotton looms have had to be massed together into a factory. The difficulty is that, un-

like cotton looms, massed children make a social group, and that the mind and personality can only be developed by the freely inter-stimulating play of minds in a group. Is it not very curious that we spend so much time on the practice and methods of teaching, and never criticise the very framework itself? Call this thing that goes on in the modern schoolroom schooling, if you like. Only don't call it education.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

November 7, 1914.

The Duty of Harsh Criticism

TO-DAY in England we think as little of art as though we had been caught up from earth and set in some windy side street of the universe among the stars. Disgust at the daily deathbed which is Europe has made us hunger and thirst for the kindly ways of righteousness, and we want to save our souls. And the immediate result of this desire will probably be a devastating reaction towards conservatism of thought and intellectual stagnation. Not unnaturally we shall scuttle for safety towards militarism and orthodoxy. Life will be lived as it might be in some white village among English elms; while the boys are drilling on the green we shall look up at the church spire and take it as proven that it is pointing to God with final accuracy.

And so we might go on very placidly, just as we were doing three months ago, until the undrained marshes of human thought stirred again and emitted some other monstrous beast, ugly with primal slime and belligerent with obscene greeds. Decidedly we shall not be safe if we forget the things of the mind. Indeed, if we want to save our souls, the mind must lead a more athletic life than it has ever done before, and must more passionately than ever practice and rejoice in art. For only through art can we cultivate annoyance with inessentials, powerful and exasperated reactions against ugliness, a ravenous appetite for beauty; and these are the true guardians of the soul.

So it is the duty of writers to deliberate in this hour of enforced silence how they can make art a more effective and obviously unnecessary thing than it has been of late years. A little grave reflection shows us that our first duty is to establish a new and abusive school of criticism. There is now

no criticism in England. There is merely a chorus of weak cheers, a piping note of appreciation that is not stilled unless a book is suppressed by the police, a mild kindliness that neither heats to enthusiasm nor reverses to anger. We reviewers combine the gentleness of early Christians with a promiscuous polytheism; we reject not even the most barbarous or most fatuous gods. So great is our amiability that it might proceed from the weakness of malnutrition, were it not that it is almost impossible not to make a living as a journalist. Nor is it due to compulsion from above, for it is not worth an editor's while to veil the bright rage of an entertaining writer for the sake of publishers' advertisements. No economic force compels this vice of amiability. It springs from a faintness of the spirit, from a convention of pleasantness, which, when attacked for the monstrous things it permits to enter the mind of the world, excuses itself by protesting that it is a pity to waste fierceness on things that do not matter.

But they do matter. The mind can think of a hundred twisted traditions and ignorances that lie across the path of letters like a barbed wire entanglement and bar the mind from an important advance. For instance, there is the tradition of unreadability which the governing classes have imposed on the more learned departments of literature, such as biography and history. We must rebel against the formidable army of Englishmen who have achieved the difficult task of becoming men of letters without having written anything. They throw up platitudinous inaugural addresses like wormcasts, they edit the letters of the unprotected dead, and chew once more the more masticated portions of history; and every line they write perpetuates the pompous tradition of eighteenth century "book English" and dissociates more thoroughly the ideas of history and originality of thought. We must dispel this unlawful assembly of peers and privy councillors round the wellhead of scholarship with kindly but abusive, and, in cases of extreme academic refinement, coarse criticism.

That is one duty which lies before us. Others will be

plain to any active mind; for instance, the settlement of our uncertainty as to what it is permissible to write about. One hoped, when all the literary world of London gave a dinner to M. Anatole France last year, that some writer would rise to his feet and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are here in honor of an author who has delighted us with a series of works which, had he been an Englishman, would have landed him in gaol for the term of his natural life." That would have shown that the fetters of the English artist are not light and may weigh down the gestures of genius. It is not liberty to describe love that he needs, for he has as much of that as any reasonable person could want, so much as the liberty to describe this and any other passion with laughter and irony.

This enfranchisement must be won partly by criticism. We must ridicule those writers who supply the wadding of the mattress of solemnity on which the British governing classes take their repose. We must overcome our natural reverence for Mrs. Humphry Ward, that grave lady who would have made so excellent a helpmate for Marcus Aurelius, and mock at her succession of rectory Cleopatras of unblemished character, womanly women who, without education and without the discipline of participation in public affairs, are yet capable of influencing politicians with wisdom. When Mr. A. C. Benson presents the world with the unprovoked exudations of his temperament, we may rejoice over the Hindu-like series of acquiescences which take the place of religion in donnish circles. The whole of modern England is busily unveiling itself to the satirist and giving him an opportunity to dispute the reverences and reticence it has ordained.

But there is a more serious duty than these before us, the duty of listening to our geniuses in a disrespectful manner. Criticism matters as it never did in the past, because of the present pride of great writers. They take all life as their province to-day. Formerly they sat in their studies, and thinking only of the emotional life of mankind — thinking therefore with comparative ease, of the color

of life and not of its form — devised a score or so of stories before death came. Now, their pride telling them that if time would but stand still they could explain all life, they start on a breakneck journey across the world. They are tormented by the thought of time; they halt by no event, but look down upon it as they pass, cry out their impressions, and gallop on. Often it happens that because of their haste they receive a blurred impression or transmit it to their readers roughly and without precision. And just as it was the duty of the students of Kelvin the mathematician to correct his errors in arithmetic, so it is the duty of critics to rebuke these hastinesses of great writers, lest the blurred impressions weaken the surrounding mental fabric and their rough transmissions frustrate the mission of genius on earth.

There are two great writers of to-day who greatly need correction. Both are misleading in external things. When Mr. Shaw advances, rattling his long lance to wit, and Mr. Wells follows, plump and oiled with the fun of things, they seem Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Not till one has read much does one discover that Mr. Shaw loves the world as tenderly as Sancho Panza loved his ass, and that Mr. Wells wants to drive false knights from the earth and cut the stupidity and injustice out of the spiritual stuff of mankind. And both have to struggle with their temperaments. Mr. Shaw believes too blindly in his own mental activity; he imagines that if he continues to secrete thought he must be getting on. Mr. Wells dreams into the extravagant ecstasies of the fanatic, and broods over old hated things or the future peace and wisdom of the world, while his story falls in ruins about his ears.

Yet no effective criticism has come to help them. Although in the pages of Mr. Shaw enthusiasm glows like sunsets and the heart of man is seen flowering in a hundred generous and lovely passions, no one has ever insisted that he was a poet. We have even killed his poetry with silence. A year ago he lightened the English stage, which has been permanently fogged by Mr. Pinero's gloomy anecdotes about

stockbrokers' wives and their passions, with "Androcles and the Lion," which was a miracle play and an exposition of the Christian mysteries. It taught that the simple man is the son of God, and that if men love the world it will be kind to them. Because this message was delivered with laughter, as became its optimism, English criticism accused Mr. Shaw of pertness and irreverence, and never permitted the nation to know that a spiritual teacher had addressed it. Instead, it advised Mr. Shaw to return to the discussion of social and philosophical problems, in which his talent could perhaps hope to be funny without being vulgar.

Mr. Wells's mind works more steadily than Mr. Shaw's, but it suffers from an unawareness of the reader; an unawareness, too, of his material; an unawareness of everything except the problem on which it happens to be brooding. His stories become more and more absent-minded. From "The Passionate Friends" we deduced that Mr. Wells lived on the branch line of a not too well organized railway system and wrote his books while waiting for trains at the main line junction. The novel appeared to be a year book of Indian affairs; but there were also some interesting hints on the publishing business, and once or twice one came on sections of a sympathetic study of moral imbecility in the person of a lady called Mary, who married for money and impudently deceived her owner. And what was even more amazing than its inchoateness was Mr. Wells's announcement on the last page that the book had been a discussion of jealousy. That was tragic, for it is possible that he had something to say on the subject, and what it was no one will ever know. Yet this boat of wisdom which had sprung so disastrous a leak received not one word of abuse from English criticism. No one lamented over the waste of the mind, the spilling of the idea.

That is what we must prevent. Now, when every day the souls of men go up from France like smoke, we feel that humanity is the flimsiest thing, easily divided into nothingness and rotting flesh. We must lash down humanity to the world with thongs of wisdom. We must give her an

unsurprisable mind. And that will never be done while affairs of art and learning are decided without passion, and individual dulnesses allowed to dim the brightness of the collective mind. We must weepingly leave the library if we are stupid, just as in the middle ages we left the home if we were lepers. If we can offer the mind of the world nothing else we can offer it our silence.

November 7, 1914.

Eroto-Priggery

WHENSOEVER one urges upon the English Liberal or Socialist party that women have aspirations which will not be satisfied by the establishment of municipal milk depots for babies, one is met with the rebuke that Ellen Key says that this is the century of the child. And when one expostulates that this idea that the interests of the woman are equal and identical with that of the child is extremely reactionary, one is assured that Ellen Key cannot possibly be reactionary because she affirms the right to motherhood. And when one objects that women derive this right from Eve rather than from Ellen Key, one is told with unction that Ellen Key has helped nature to triumph over custom by inspiring unmarried women to have children. And when one asks why she encourages this lonely enterprise the conversation drops. It drops so invariably and completely that one comes to the conclusion that Ellen Key is one of those Great Figures, like Hegel and Lord Bryce, who have covered the globe with a respectful sense of their existence by a vast and diffused unreadability. And if one sets one's self to read those of her works which have been made accessible by the enterprise of Messrs. Putnam, that conclusion is intensified to the point of agony.

The really remarkable feature about Ellen Key's works lies in the fact that they mark the first appearance of the Victorian aunt as a philosopher. Every aunt-like quality flowers so luxuriantly in these books that one is prepared to swear that she crosses her manuscripts as other aunts cross their letters. At the least provocation her sentences gush into fountains of italics, and every now and then they tangle into an elaborate pattern of contradictory parentheses as

though she were trying a new crochet stitch; and she shows an unerring, unhesitating inaccuracy about matters of fact. When one reads the paragraph beginning, "Ontogeny is really a new science in our century, introduced by von Leeuwenhock, de Graaf, and others. It was founded in 1827 by von Baer," and remembers that ontogeny is not a science but a term introduced into embryology by Haeckel to denote the development of the individual organism, and that von Leeuwenhock and de Graaf worked in the late seventeenth century, and when one finds in the next sentence that she is really thinking about eugenics and biometrics, one has grasped the peculiar manner of her intellectual processes. She appears to have acquired her knowledge of economics from "Mangnall's Questions," and there is hardly a fallacy connected with the subject, from the idea that wages are determined solely by supply and demand to the dangerous fancy that one need only prohibit the home work of women and children to reëstablish a happy home life, which is not to be found floating somewhere in this vast, dark marsh of thinking. Her style keeps for the most part on a level of glowing baldness that recalls the language of house-agents. "The young people of the lower classes when they use love's freedom form many excellent connubial unions." To let furnished, an excellent connubial union.

If, remembering that Ellen Key has declared herself to Europe as a great good woman-soul rather than a great good woman-brain, one averts the eye from this confused welter of mental activity and looks up at the idealism which rises from it, one finds it entirely worthy of its intellectual basis. A suspicion that she is one of those pure but unfortunate souls to whom God reveals himself in the form of platitudes becomes a certainty when we come on the charter of the new sexual morality that is embedded in "Love and Marriage." Here we learn that regenerated society is to regard five manifestations of sexual life as immoral. The first of these is "all parentage without love." Humanity will not be surprised to learn that it is as well for a man and a woman to be in love before they have a child. The

second is "all irresponsible parentage." Has society needed to be told by Ellen Key that irresponsible parentage is a crime? We need only think of the numerous social organizations which exist solely to keep a check on parents who show signs of irresponsibility. Next comes "all parentage of immature or degenerate persons." The immature do not become parents unless the capitalist system has exposed them to those bad housing conditions which force instincts into untimely growth; the ascertainably degenerate are already prevented from parentage by segregation. Then comes "all voluntary sterility of married people fitted for the mission of the race," which has already been denounced with sufficient vigor by the Christianity which Ellen Key has abandoned because she fears that Christ, with his unaccountable silence on the subject of ontogeny, could not have grasped the "monistic-evolutionary theory of life." The charter winds up with "all such manifestations of the sexual life as involve violence and seduction, and entail unwillingness or incapacity to fulfill the mission of the race." The first clause of this has been actively anticipated by the law, and the second is so vague that it is meaningless.

Decidedly it cannot be by these truisms, which have been the common coin of the mind of man since the beginning of civilization, that Ellen Key has won her place in the heart of the nations; there must be some new and attractive doctrine sheltering somewhere among the platitudes. Careful investigation soon lays its hands on it. But the difficulty is that it is so little a thing of reason and so much a mere pose of the personality that at first one cannot define it. Not till one comes upon Ellen Key's definition of "eroplastics: the doctrine of love as a consciously formative art, instead of a blind instinct of procreation," does one realize that what she has given the world is eroto-priggery.

No longer are love and grace and charm to be the unforced, unconscious flowerings of the soul. The female infant, inspired by the consciousness that "the essence of her value lies in her capacity to propagate the species," is to march towards them from her cradle with an almost Prus-

sian thoroughness and determination. At an early age she is to learn to withhold herself from all intellectual passion, lest she should fail to be "a beautiful, easily comprehended piece of nature," in which "a man may wash himself as in a cool wave, find peace as in a silent forest." She must, however, keep up her "universal human culture," for "the peasant's love, which knows nothing of caresses, comes lower in the scale of happiness than that of the cultivated person, who finds in love all the refined delights of the senses." One can imagine the resolute young woman keeping herself fit by playing a little Mendelssohn every morning; one thinks it would be Mendelssohn. Meanwhile society is to help her towards this "enhancement of her life-values" by pulling itself to pieces with a panting urgency. "The chances of marriage might be increased by a shortening of the university course," says Ellen Key, and one is inclined to applaud her silence on the subject of the resulting diminution in efficiency of teachers and doctors when one perceives how fervently she believes that a woman's personality is as dust by the roadside if she misses love. "Of what avail for women to speak at ethical congresses," she asks, "if they are unable to save even one man from the misery of being a mere fragment, if they are unable to bring harmonious unity into his life?" But if she does succeed in decorating the male existence with abstract nouns, how great is her glory! She enhances everybody's life-values all round, she behaves with "an increasingly soulful sensuousness or an increasingly sensuous soulfulness" that somehow gives evolution a lift, and there is a general sense that in some way or other she has got the better of poor, dear, obsolete, unscientific Christianity.

This is the flower of eroto-priggery; but there is yet the fruit, which is motherhood. One does not become a mother by having a child, as one might have supposed. One gets an inkling of the difficulties of the enterprise when one reads that "there is a gulf, deep as the center of the earth, fixed between the unmarried woman who presents a child to the race and the unmarried woman who 'has a child.'" It is

like being elected to a very exclusive club with an ethical basis. To become a mother with any style one must subscribe to the "maternal theory: that a woman's life is lived most intensively and most extensively, most individually and most socially, she is for her own part most free, and for others most fruitful, most egoistic and most altruistic, most receptive and most generous, in and with the physical and psychical exercise of the function of maternity because of the conscious desire by means of this function to uplift the life of the race as well as her own life." When we realize that this foam of words has been anticipated by every mother who has gladly borne a child and has hoped that it will be finer than the one next door, we see what a genius Ellen Key has for the truism.

The life of the new mother is to be strenuous from a material point of view. She is to have a large family; we are given to understand that the mother of four children is a mere dilettante. She is to be the nursemaid of all of them, and at the same time, since schools are alleged to be the home of "soul-murder," she is to educate them. But an infinite reward awaits her. Her motherhood is to be to her a perpetual spiritual picnic, a warm bath of voluptuousness, an endless opportunity for enjoyable lachrymosity. "The mother should feel the same reverence for the unknown worlds in the wide-open eyes of her child that she has for the worlds which like white blossoms are sprinkled over the blue orb of heaven." This statement, interesting as it is as a proof of how Jean Paul Richter has corrupted the Germanic style, is vitiated by the fact that we do not revere the stars. We do not go out into the back garden to revere Jupiter, but to look on its white fire. Similarly we do not revere a child but love it for the white fire of its youth. When "the new mother stands with deep veneration before the mystic depths she calls her child, a being in whom the whole life of mankind is garnered," we may reasonably infer that the child wonders what on earth mother is up to, and probably wishes it had a mother — even one who kept a nurse and let it go to the kindergarten to meet the

other little boys — who would think of it as something less reverent and more intimate than mystic depths; who wasn't, in fact, making spiritual capital out of it.

For eroto-priggery is merely a sanctification of self-consciousness, an invitation that the heart should give hospitality to a quality usually considered disagreeable in the drawing-room, which keeps one's powers concentrated on the task of observing and approving oneself. One can measure the folly of the doctrine by the words of Santa Teresa, who is still the greatest feminist writer the world has yet produced: in true mysticism "the faculties work without effort and without consciousness, the heart loves and does not know that it loves, the mind perceives yet does not know that it perceives. If the butterfly pauses to say to itself how prettily it is flying, the shining wings fall off, and it drops and dies. The life of the spirit is not our life, but the life of God within us."

REBECCA WEST.

March 13, 1915.

The Chances of Being Married

BY common consent a woman's matrimonial chances are properly to be treated humorously, statistically, or "broadly." I am without sense of humor, I abhor statistics, and I am clean-minded; yet I feel there is something I have a right to say on the subject. Yes, as you infer, I am a woman. And as I am still alive, I have been compelled to take extreme precautions to preserve my anonymity, lest my friends presume to a sympathy over-personal. Who the writer is no other woman knows, and only one man. And he is a sociologist, a living machine, in which mountainous heaps of statistics have been milled — statistics of births and deaths, of poverty and riches, of crime, insanity and suicide. These last are most to his taste. He gloats upon bleak conclusions, deductions of despair. I call him my friend; and when life runs too utterly gray, I go to him, as the Indian woman bereft of her child went to the medicine man for bitter roots to gnaw. And that no trace of myself may appear in this paper, I have had him revise and rearrange, expand and delete, as seemed good to him, to the profit of its logic, perhaps, and certainly to the prejudice of its meaning.

I am twenty-nine, and I aver myself to be of sound body and mind. I spring from one of the oldest and best of American families; my forebears, through several generations, have been cultivated men and women, acquitting themselves well and resolutely in the world. I was graduated from one of the better women's colleges, and trained myself for a profession, through which I win a fair income. My professional standing is good, and in the reunions of my class I am spoken of as a woman who has achieved success. I have been thrown into contact with a great number of

men, young, middle-aged and old. But my life has yielded not one single proposal of marriage, not one sentimental advance. No, this is not quite the truth, and why should I not be truthful, under the impenetrable veil of my anonymity? There have been advances, with obvious purpose of shallow adventure, repelled at first with burning indignation, later with disgust, finally only with weariness. Here, you suspect, is a clue? Not at all; your own sisters and daughters could recount to you similar experiences of their own.

"She's probably very homely; she hasn't any magnetism," you say with air of finality. I shall make no extravagant claims to personal charm; you would not be so vehement in my dispraise as I myself often am. Still, I am very like my grandmother; a replica, my grandfather used to assert, when I would invade the family treasure-chest and dress myself in its quaint and cumbersome robes. "My sweetest Nancy, come to life again!" But two good men fought for my grandmother's hand, and one was killed. Imagine how the event glowed, horribly and entrancingly, in the family memory. It made every boy born to the house feel somewhat more of a man; it made every girl conscious of herself as worth a man's blood. I grew up to that consciousness myself. But no man has appeared who would prick a drop from his finger for me.

"It is all a matter of demand and supply," says my friend the sociologist. "In your grandmother's day there were two eligible men to one eligible woman. Hence the women were all fair and the men were brave. To-day the proportions are reversed. Therefore the men have become prigs and dandies, or else brutes, and the women — of course they are still fair —" do you catch his complacent cackle? — "but they're a drug on the market. Content yourselves with the consolations of philosophy, my dears."

Such a disproportion of the sexes seems something improbable, contrary to nature, does it not? But the sociologist offers an interpretation which, stripped of his tedious scientific phraseology, runs about like this: A change has come over the world, ominous for the middle class, to which, the

sociologist says, I belong by virtue of the fact that my family has been represented in the pulpit and at the bar, in politics and in business. All girls born into the middle class stay in it; only by desperate measures can a middle-class woman get herself *déclassée*. Of the boys, one-half succeed in keeping their footing, the other half fail to win position and livelihood, and so fall out and disappear. The places of the failures are taken by men rising from the lower classes, but these bring up their women folk with them. Thus there will be at any time two eligible middle-class women to one man. Says the sociologist, "Of the hundreds and thousands of blooming young women issuing from the schools and colleges, each with her face serenely masking her dream of a prince and domestic felicity, less than one-half will ever be married, scarcely one-half will even be seriously wooed." Inspiring thought, fit for a sociologist! But will not most of these young women remain single through choice? Does not each one you know tell you she prefers her "career" to matrimony? To be sure; I myself have told many of you this; and you, O monuments of credulity, have believed it.

Still, had I not one chance out of two? No. According to my authority, the scanty supply of eligible men is subject to a corner more efficacious than any existing in the business world. The machinery by which the corner is engined is known as "society." "Let us analyze the conditions existing in almost any middle-class circle," intones the sociologist. "Such a circle may be conceived as a primitive polity, in the metronymic stage of development. At the head of it stands usually a dowager, whose word, for some good historical reason, is law. Next below her a small number of women, minor dowagers and middle-aged wives, making up, together with the immediate members of their families, 'the' people. Below this, a number of grades of the 'possible,' to be admitted to social functions when mass is desired, to be excluded when the requirement is quality.

"This organization has absolute power over the eligible middle-class bachelor. It can offer him the pleasures and the prestige of admission to the most select gatherings; it

can offer him the advantages of easy social intercourse with his elders, who control the avenues to success in the professions, politics and business. What can he give in return for such privileges? Nothing less than his passive self. He must submit cheerfully to being thrown accidentally, with miraculous frequency, into the society of the selfsame girl, until finally, be she beautiful or only *piquante* — there are no other grades among 'the' people — he succumbs to the forces of propinquity and the reasonable expectation of everybody who counts. Thus does the dowager machine impound the whole supply of available men, letting none of it escape so long as any of the maidens in favor with the machine remain unmatched. Was there ever so ironclad a monopoly?"

I do not accept the sociologist's doctrine without qualification; still less do you. But you won't deny that there is a grain in it. We have all seen the mechanism working, and working with remarkable efficiency. It has never been operated in my behalf. My parents were at no pains to win a place in "society." My father, a country lawyer, immersed himself in his briefs; what time he could afford for social intercourse he devoted to the misfits, the poor young men, working their way through college under handicaps of ill health or repellent personality; the reformers, whose ethical zeal wrought grievous wrong to their economic status; the writers whose books had nothing to recommend them but their literary merit. A queer lot, I can assure you, matrimonially utterly ineligible themselves, and scarecrows to such eligibles as did occasionally slip through to us in consequence of defects in the dowager machine.

Let me not seem to be bitter against the dowager machine. If it robbed me of what I may, in my anonymity, brazenly describe as my rightful chance to satisfy the most fundamental of human needs, it increased the chance of some middle-class sister of mine, who would perhaps have relished "economic independence" and professional success even less than I do. To quote my sociological authority again, "The machine affects the distribution of eligibles, but it does not

affect the supply of them. To smash the machine would leave the problem of the middle-class spinster untouched. The solution lies deeper.

"The time will come when the women of the middle class will become conscious of the fact that, though unregarded by the men of their own class, to the men of the working class they are princesses. It is every man's secret desire to marry above his station — cosmic recognition of the fact that man tends to grow toward his wife's level. You middle-class women can therefore offer a most redoubtable competition to the working-class women, and appropriate to yourselves the choicest men of the class. All that deters you is fear of the talk of others of your class — especially the talk of the very dowagers who are fencing you off from men of your own kind. Now, as to your own case. There is Guicciardini —"

I break off the interview with every visible sign of outraged dignity. Guicciardini was originally a bootblack, under a padrone; next he set up a chair of his own; soon he branched out into peanuts and fruit; now he owns the best shoe store in town, and is said to have a lot of stock in the bank and the wholesale grocery. He is only thirty, and there cannot be the least doubt that he will become so rich that the future Mrs. Guicciardini will be admitted to the town's elect. I do not need the sociologist's myopic eyes to help me perceive that Guicciardini is handsome; Praxiteles never modelled a more beautiful head and torso. Guicciardini speaks purer English than do Americans, and Tuscan falls from his lips like music and red wine. He has the most exquisite manners, and he fits a shoe with a tingling deftness that makes one muse. I could have — pardon the expression — Guicciardini. How I know this I cannot divulge even here. I know it, and so does the sociologist. But it is impossible. I am afraid. If it turned well, I should still be *déclassée*; if it turned ill — as even equal matings do often enough — where should I stand? It may be that the time will come when one woman of the middle class will accept the risk, then another, then whole schools of them, and that finally the men

of the class will wake to find half their sisters and cousins going over to the enemy. But this will not be in my period of life, or at any rate not in my period of youth, which comes to the same thing in the end.

When I was a child my father once pointed out to me a little cherry-tree, the bark of which had been completely gnawed around by a marauding rabbit. "It will bloom more beautifully than ever, and then it will die." Day by day I watched the tree. Its buds came forth in due season and burst into an efflorescence beyond my imaginings. The whole orchard seemed to faint with the perfume of the little tree. Then death fell upon it, and its petals shrivelled up like tea leaves; its olive-green bark blackened and cracked in the spring sun. That tree comes vividly to my mind when I survey the groups of young women issuing from the college gates. Did women ever bloom more richly? One-half of them will never marry. We come of infinitely long lines of ancestresses who mated and bore children and reared them in care and joy. And so it is probably in our blood that we feel a bit lonely, at the uttermost edge of the universe, the petals of our lives shrivelling and dropping one by one into the abyss.

September 25, 1915.

Henry and Edna

OWING to the recent death of Edna's father, the wedding was to be quieter than Edna's mother would have liked it. When the two women were alone they spoke of the wedding as something whose quietness had to be borne with and forgiven. Edna's mother spoke in the same strain even when Henry W. Henry was with them. Although he regretted her tone, having liked Edna's father, Henry nevertheless listened with an air of slight continual deference. He had been brought up to show respect for age.

Sitting alone in his rooms, though never in more than one at a time, Henry regretted the antenuptial fuss, the acknowledgment of gifts, the passionate distracted shopping. He wondered how his wedding could have sounded any louder if it hadn't been muffled in bereavement. The noise of its approach was discordant. These should have been still and listening weeks, he felt, and dove-colored by thoughts of sweet and serious change. He determined to do something which would make his feeling plain. It was a worthy feeling. Something so new that it had never been done, or not done for years. He consulted the liberal education to which so many young men of ample means are somewhat exposed. He seemed to remember that wedding songs were formerly commanded by the great. He knew a poet with a number in the telephone book, called him up and ordered a wedding song.

When the poet came, by appointment, he bore a lute in his hand, and began to sing the song he had written. This conduct was so surprising to Henry that at first he did not understand the words. Nor was his surprise less when he began to hear them. It was a song all of echoes, like the old songs in old books, telling how the maidens first undressed

the bride, and then said good-bye to her who would not wake again a maid, but would rise with a new and nobler name. And in the song one prayed that the night might abide, and morning be long in coming.

Henry did not care for this song, which seemed to unshadow his domestic life, to pour an incurious bright light upon him and Edna.

Again the poet came, bringing this time a song made out of dreams. The strangest shapes of grotesque or very awful dreams, dreams which even to himself Henry had not told, which he hoped he had forgotten, whose remotest relevance to his marriage he had denied with outraged self-respect, dreams he had been afraid to look at — these the poet seized and related to one another and made into a prelude to marriage, the fulfilment of dreams. The poet remembered what he couldn't possibly have known. He remembered dreams that Edna, who was well brought up, never, never could have had.

Henry was shocked by this song, which dragged sinister and absurd things from their corners into the light and studied them with curious eyes.

When the poet came for the third time he brought a song which no poet wrote, most surely, but some man of figures with a turn for scansion and rhyme. This man treated Henry and Edna as if they were quite ordinary people, obedient to statistical laws that govern the herd. He reminded them that the shadow of divorce, though it fell across their wedded life, was no thicker than the shadow of a tall blade of grass, and that the rest of their future was sunlit. He explained this by addressing Henry and Edna in the cheerfullest stanza of his song:

Your chance of staying wedded until death
Dissolve this holy union and ideal,
Endowed with riches personal and real,
Is twelve to one, the statistician saith.

Not even the poet seemed certain of this song's acceptance, for he brought with him a fourth, which sang minutely of

announced engagements in the papers, of invitations to be addressed and stamped and posted, of the trousseau, its items, and of those present. It was a bleak picture of the actual life Henry W. Henry was nowadays obliged to share as often as he went to Edna's. It smelled of details.

Henry saw there really wasn't any use. The poet didn't appear to get the idea. Henry told the poet so. But the poet, quite uncowed, rebuked Henry, whom he accused of rejecting an Elizabethan marriage song, a Freudian dream poem, a poem which faithfully estimated Mr. and Mrs. Henry's chance of keeping out of the divorce court, and a poem descriptive of the life Henry wasn't ashamed to be living. Neither tradition, nor dreams scientifically expounded, nor the dangers and banalities of real life, would Henry have. What was his idea?

Henry couldn't exactly put it into words, though the poet assured him that words, if the idea were to be communicated at all, must be the medium employed. The original idea was by now obscured. Henry knew, of course, though he didn't say, that he loved Edna with a simple, manly love, the love of a strong man for a nice girl, but different. He wanted to sacrifice himself for her, and protect her, and put his arm round her waist, and pay her bills. He saw her in white, with a long white veil, standing by his side at the altar. He heard her say "I do." He saw a house on the southern slope of a hill, and a dining-room, and Edna's face across the breakfast table. He saw a sitting-room in autumn, lamps lighted, a temperate fire of logs, with Edna making tea after their brisk gallop. He saw days farther off, and children learning outdoor games under his tuition. Fearfully he half saw her wondering eyes newly awake, in earliest light, before daybreak. But at this he shied away. He never forgot what he had been taught, that it is unlovely to foresee what it will be lovely to know some day, and through golden years to remember. His imagination walked the near future like a sedate cat on a table, steering clear of fragile things.

May 1, 1916.

II

From the terrace below, where Audrey Henry, aged seven, was playing with Cyril Packard Henry, aged five, came a noise of protest, followed by silence.

Henry W. Henry laid his paper on the breakfast table and looked at his watch. "Almost six minutes past nine," he said, speaking in a perfectly just voice. "This is the third successive morning that Miss Rankin has been late in beginning the children's lessons."

Edna, after giving her husband one of those culpably indifferent smiles which proved that she had not been paying attention, went on with her letters. Henry noticed that she had spilled minute portions of soft-boiled egg on its shell. He frowned slightly.

"This must be meant for you," said Edna, stretching her arm far across the table to give him a letter. Although it was an appeal from one of his favorite charities, the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home, whose directors invited him, in view of this and in view of that, to increase his generous annual subscription, Henry gave the invitation only part of his mind. Something he had read in his paper troubled him. He looked speculatively at Edna. What was the most delicate method of introducing such a delicate subject to the purest of women?

"My dear," he said at last, "when you have finished the perusal of your mail be so good as to read with attention the passage I have marked, thus." While speaking he got up, walked round the table and spread the paper flat beside Edna's plate. Through eight years of married life he had tried in this way to communicate to Edna his dislike of reaching and stretching.

Not until Edna had read her last letter, and had spilled a little more egg, on her plate this time, did she turn to the passage her husband had marked. It narrated a distressing incident. At a public meeting in New York, attended largely by women in humble circumstances, resolutions had been adopted in favor of repealing all laws which restrained per-

sons who knew how to limit the number of their offspring from spreading their knowledge. Nor was this the gravest aspect of the affair. Not content with urging the repeal of these laws, a performance which in itself admitted that such laws were in existence, one of the women speakers had gone to a few among the audience, whispering to women of the poorer sort precisely what the law forbade them to learn.

"Well?" asked Henry W. Henry.

But Edna, without any pretense of transition, had turned again to her letters: "By the way, Henry, the Wilburs *can* come to us the first week in July. Milly writes that it's the only week they are free. So I'm afraid we shall have to put off your sister till the end of August. Do you mind?"

Henry could not very well object. He knew exactly how large the house was, and why. Eight years ago, while making plans which gave a room to each of two future children, he had perhaps had the surprising number of his relatives in mind when he directed his architect to put in only one guest room. Even if he had felt disposed to object Henry would not have chosen the present moment for so doing. A more serious subject engrossed him.

"My dear," he began again, "I fear that last night's events in New York have not made upon you the impression I had looked for. I regard this woman's conduct as ominous. One moment! Permit me to finish, if you don't mind. Incidents of this kind are becoming more and more frequent. If something is not done in protest we shall before long find, forsooth, that the size of families has become a matter almost determinable by the will of the parents. Now, I am not speaking lightly. What I am about to suggest is the result of thought. It is not the result of anything but thought. I have given this matter a constantly increasing attention for months. I think we should take a stand. To do so is, as I conceive it, our duty."

Edna gave Henry W. Henry a look which might have disconcerted a man less conscious of rectitude.

"*We* take a stand?" she said. "Audrey is seven, Cyril five. How can we?"

Henry's face went a little pale. "It had not occurred to me, I own, that you would look at this question from a personal standpoint, although I am not unaware that your sex has from time to time been accused of preferring the personal approach to social problems. Let us leave you and me out of it, I beg you. My idea is to discontinue my subscription to sundry other good works, including the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home, and to send a check to the association which is fighting the repeal of these wholesome laws. I shall be glad of your permission to send that check in the names of Mr. *and Mrs.* Henry W. Henry."

Edna was near the window, watching a gleam of river at the valley bottom. "Audrey seven, Cyril five," she repeated, and added, in a gentle tone: "Wouldn't that check be the least little mite hypocritical?"

There was irritation in Henry's answer. "My dear, the information which you and I, since you compel me to think of ourselves, know how to make a moral use of, will, if widely disseminated, encourage not only childless marriages, which are seldom happy, but also irregular and I fear temporary unions. My knowledge brings with it no temptation to unfaithfulness. Are you tempted because of your knowledge that sin may be committed with impunity? My tongue stumbles at such a question. But we must not think only of ourselves. Other persons, less fortunate in their early education than we, will, if these laws are repealed, rush headlong into all sorts of illicit relations. This world will not punish their sin, which in fact will, it is but too probable, be known only to God. The relation between man and woman is one as to which God has said 'Are you willing to pay the price, which is children?' That is the test."

"But not for us, apparently," said Edna. Henry did not seem to hear her. "I feel so strongly on this point," he went on, "that I would rather forever forego the advantage of my knowledge than have it get into the wrong hands by being spread broadcast."

Edna put a hand on his shoulder. "Henry," she said, "I do not want any more children. We have money enough,

I know, but have we time? Could I see as much of Audrey and Cyril as I do now if we had had a child every two years? I don't think so."

Henry, flushed now and breathing hard, did not waver: "There are other ways of living up to our principles than by having children."

Edna's answer was a stare of innocent inquiry. When she understood she kissed the top of Henry W. Henry's head. "Don't be silly." She spoke lightly. "I'm off to the school room."

"Wait!" Henry's voice was loud and stern. "I am intensely in earnest. Rather than not take the stand I propose to take I would set an example to all mankind by living a life of — of —"

"By living as we did before we were married?" Edna had these lapses into crudity. Henry had noticed them before. "Besides," she continued, "what in the world do you mean by an example to mankind? Suppose you do carry out your program? How is anybody going to know that we aren't still living exactly as we have lived since Cyril was born? You wouldn't *tell* people, would you?"

She was gone, and Henry W. Henry, in the silence which fell upon him, remembered with annoyance that before marriage Edna had never betrayed her tendency to argue.

Nevertheless, there was a certain awkward force in what she had said about example. If no one except God knew of the Henry W. Henrys' self-control how could they be described as setting an example to any one else? Might it not be better to show the world one family, at least, that could afford to let Nature send as many little ones as she chose? The words "could afford to" grated unpleasantly on Henry's inward ear. He had not meant to use them.

Henry reread the appeal from the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home. Then he went to his library, taking his letters with him. In leaving the library door a little ajar he had of course a purpose. One rule of the household was that Audrey and Cyril, if the library door were not shut, might always interrupt Papa for the purpose of asking a

sensible question. It was in the spirit of this rule that Henry, although he had in general no liking for texts on walls, had caused one framed text to be hung above the library fireplace.

As the familiar words now caught Henry's eye they suddenly acquired a new meaning. How strange that this meaning should hitherto have escaped him! How could he have failed to see in them a divine command?

"That settles it," said Henry. After all, no act can be an example unless it be publicly known. He really had no choice.

Sitting down at his desk he wrote, in a spirit of obedience and self-renunciation, first a letter to the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home, saying that unexpected expenses constrained him to withhold the contribution he had so much enjoyed making in happier years; and secondly, a letter to his architect in New York, asking for an estimate of the cost of making a small addition to the country house of the Henry W. Henrys.

Q. K.

April 29, 1916.

The Killing of Different Man

NOT that he was so very unlike you or me, even if he was a Reservation Indian, tried and found guilty of murder by twelve good men and true (and white), and in Minnecadusa jail waiting to be hanged. When his mother first opened her eyes after the burst of anguish that gave him light, they fell upon a man other than one she had expected to see. And so he came by his name of Different Man, instead of Rainbow-on-the-Hill, or White-Faced Bull, or other name to appeal to the Indian amateurs of the Eastern seaboard.

I had known Different Man from the time he was a gawky boy of fourteen, with the legs of his jeans stopping short half-way down his spare brown calves. He never amounted to much. He would come into my store and try to get goods on credit, especially tobacco and New Orleans molasses. He had a sweet tooth, and he would stand at the counter and beg. "My uncle, he send me for tobacco; one-half plug, Climax. Please. My uncle, he sick, must have tobacco, Climax. He pay Monday; he come to store. One-half plug, Climax, please."

"Go 'way, you trifler; you haven't got any uncle. Can't get any tobacco here. Go up to my house and chop half a cord of wood. I'll give you a whole plug and some molasses, too." His jaw would drop and his eyes would take on a sad blue-black hue. He hated work more than he loved tobacco and molasses. He knew I kept a pile of dry ash wood especially for him. He never seemed to bear a grudge against me for it, though one day, when his dog snapped at me, he said, "My dog, his heart is bad because you won't give me tobacco for my uncle."

Everybody, Indian and white, thought he was a good-for-

nothing, but that didn't trouble Sunshine-in-the-Eyes. She was a likely girl, not so bad-looking when you're used to Indians. Her mother, a frightful old squaw, looked higher, and set the dogs on Different Man and tore him up considerably. He was not discouraged, however, and one dark night he crept up and stole the girl right out of the hut while the old squaw slept. He hadn't even a tepee for his bride, but it was May, and they lived in the willows for several weeks. When the June rains came on they would sneak into town, and I would let them have a blanket for the night in the back of my store.

One morning Different Man left the girl in the store and went to the other end of the town to clean out a stable. He wanted to earn a dollar to pay me for some green beads Sunshine-in-the-Eyes had cajoled out of me. I told him they were a gift, but he would not have it so. As soon as he was well out of sight, in came the old squaw. She had known all along that they were coming to my store, though they had thought they were making a successful secret of it. I told the squaw the girl had gone, but she said I lied, and started to go through the store. I tried to put her out, but such a scene as there was when she dragged her daughter from behind the flour barrels! Finally the girl gave in and let herself be led down to the river, where her mother put her into a canoe and slipped off down-stream. Different Man came back at noon. I told him what had happened, and he crumpled up and said, "My heart is bad." I gave him a drink — it wasn't lawful, of course, but I couldn't help it — and he started off on a trot down the river.

About a week later I heard that he had found them, and had smashed in the old squaw's skull with a club. Next day the officers got him at a dance. He had a fair trial; nothing to object to, except perhaps that they brought in two of his enemies, Black Bull and Walking Squirrel, to testify falsely to his bad character. I hoped they would let him off with life imprisonment, considering the provocation, but the law wasn't taking any chances with bad Indians. So he was sentenced to be hanged between the 10th and 25th of Septem-

ber. I suppose they put it in that way to make a sheriff earn his money. How does a man feel when he gets up in the morning if he is obliged to say to himself, "Well, shall I go out and hang him this morning, or shall I put it off till to-morrow?"

On the 24th of September I went down to Minnecadusa on business and put up at the hotel. That evening a man came to my room and introduced himself as the sheriff. I said I didn't know that I cared if he was a sheriff; I hadn't been doing anything unlawful recently. He grinned in a sickly way and said he wanted to ask a favor of me. He understood I'd come from the Reservation and knew most of the Indians; would I go over to the jail with him and tell Different Man it was going to be the next day? I didn't like it, but the sheriff was plainly all gone to pieces, so I went. Different Man shouted with joy as I entered his cell. He took my hand and wouldn't let it go, and inquired about the agency, and asked how my wife and babies were — he had been devoted to my family. Then he said: "The men here are all liars. They have two tongues, one for me and one for themselves. I ask them, 'When are you going to kill me?' They say, 'Pretty soon, maybe.' You have one tongue, Mr. Spenser. Tell me, when will they kill me?"

"To-morrow, Different Man."

"Good."

It hadn't been so very difficult, after all. I returned to the hotel and went to bed, but I wasn't very sleepy, so I got up and lit a cigar and started in on an old Chicago paper I found in my closet. I read it through about four times before I began to feel sleepy, and then it was nearly morning. I was just dozing off when there was a knock at my door.

"Mr. Spenser! Say, Mr. Spenser! I'm going to do it now. Won't you please come along?"

"For God's sake," I said, "go and kill your Indian yourself. It's not my job."

"I'm sick, and I ain't sure I can get through with it. I never hung a man. I wouldn't have run for this damn

office if I'd thought I'd have to. I've tried to get a deputy, but there ain't a man will do the job."

I was feeling pretty cross. A pretty big imposition, to ask that sort of thing of a perfect stranger. But I knew the sheriff would hang around until I came out of my room, even if the execution had to be postponed until sundown. So I dressed, took a nip from my flask, and went out into the hall. The sheriff was waiting, all huddled up on a settee. What a state he was in!

When we got to the jail he gave me the key to the cell; he wanted to stay in the fresh air. As I opened the door of the cell Different Man leaped from his cot and greeted me gaily. He was smoking a cigar, pulling at it for dear life.

"Have you come to kill me?"

"Yes."

He took the cigar from his lips and looked at it regretfully. Two-thirds unfinished, and life so short! "Give it to the man in the other cell," he said. "I don't need it."

"Have you any message you want me to take, Different Man? Anything you want to leave to anybody?"

The Indian reflected a moment. "Yes." I sharpened my pencil.

"You, Black Bull, you big liar, you, I 'queathe and devise to you one section good land, with house and barn and hay land, if you find him. You, Walking Squirrel, you big liar, I 'queathe and devise to you one two-horse wagon and one span mules, if you find him. You, Sunshine-in-the-Eyes, you left me; my heart is bad. I 'queathe and devise to you my sorrel pony, and my saddle and bridle. My heart is bad, my head is good. I die."

It puzzled Different Man that I should take so long about folding up a bit of paper.

"Different Man," I said, drawing a cord from my pocket. "The sheriff asked me to tie your hands behind your back."

"All right." He turned his back to me and threw back his arms, firm and warm.

"Come on, now," I said, praying that the business might

be finished before I reached a state equivalent to the sheriff's. We struck across the yard, the sheriff falling in behind us. Different Man ascended the steps of the scaffold, light as a bird. I helped the sheriff to mount them.

"We've got to tie his legs together," whispered the sheriff, gasping. "Here, take this rope."

I wouldn't touch it. The sheriff knelt beside Different Man and put the rope around his legs. The Indian looked down in grave surprise. "Are you going to hang me by the feet?"

"No," I explained. "We have to tie your legs together so you won't kick so. It looks awful, you know."

"Oh!" One of the white man's peculiar decencies, to be accepted like life or death.

"I never can tie that damn knot," wailed the sheriff. "Please, Mr. Spenser —"

Well, I tied the knot. Different Man's legs stood like bronze columns as I drew the rope about them. Mine did not.

We got the job off, somehow. If you must know, it was I that killed Different Man. That worthless sheriff couldn't get the mask over his head — a perfectly simple operation when you're doing it, horrible when it's done. Next there was the noose. Of course, I had to take it off the sheriff's hands. Finally I had to spring the trap, and had to hold the sheriff from jumping off the scaffold as I did it.

I don't know how it seems to you, but it somehow doesn't seem right to me. Did I execute Different Man, or did I just kill him? It seems to me I killed him. Maybe it wouldn't seem so hideous to me if I had killed him while the crime was still fresh in him and while vengeance was still hot in my heart. But after three months no living soul had a thing against Different Man, and his crime had had time to ooze out of him. He was again just the same Indian, of no account, trifling but square enough, that I had known for ten years.

And maybe it would seem all right to me if I had been a

duly constituted officer of the law. If that sheriff had made me his deputy — something he couldn't possibly have done . . . Suppose, though, that I had accepted the post of deputy. I could pretend that not I, but the law, killed Different Man. But as it is, I have nothing whatever to hide behind. I broke the neck of a man, not by any means the worst man I've known, a man who looked upon me as his friend. Why? Just to oblige another man, not very much of a man, either; a man I had never seen before that September evening, and never want to see again.

August 29, 1915.

“Graggles”

NEITHER rumor nor guess has told me anything about the anonymous author of “Graggles,” in which he or she records, rather planlessly, the early years of a boy born and brought up in a New England suburb. That Graggles’s family was a little pedantic, after an elderly fashion, is proved by its vocabulary. The children were as good as forbidden to say rise, retire, cereal, limb, home, and were encouraged to say leg, porridge, go to bed, get up, house. And so it happened that Graggles, spending one summer morning at a childless neighbor’s, and playing half-heartedly out of doors by himself, at once recognized a sudden unknown negro as a swillman. So refined a word as garbage was unknown to Graggles. This negro, meaning no harm, grinned at Graggles, aged six, and spoke sinister words: “Now I’ve got you.” Graggles turned and ran. He did not stop until he had reached the room where his elder sister, who had a strong sense of duty, was trying to be charmed by an album and by the childless neighbor’s comments. Graggles stood before them and panted. The childless neighbor, surveying him without malice, asked a terrible question: “What makes your eyes so blue?” He stammered before returning a guilty answer: “I don’t know.” Strange to say, this seemed to satisfy the childless neighbor.

Of course it did not satisfy his nine-year-old sister, to whom, on their way home, about a mile of shaded streets, Graggles told his adventure. When he had finished she faced him with a prosecuting look: “And you said you didn’t know what made your eyes so blue! And you did know. You knew the negro made them blue by scaring you. O, Graggles, why did you tell Mrs. Kenrick a lie?”

Graggles was very uncomfortable. His sister was right. He had sort of known what was the matter with his eyes. Here was a new kind of lie, a kind you couldn't be quite sure about until after you had told it. Under his sister's urging, prolonged and oppressive, he wrote Mrs. Kenrick a letter: " I told you a lie. It was the swill man blued my eyes." His sister started him off to the mail-box and supervised his return. " Yes," Graggles answered, looking at her fearlessly, " I put it in the box." This was true. It was also true that he had first torn the letter into little bits. But he didn't say so. And his heart was at peace.

Seldom, however, until Graggles began to go to school, did he leave or care to leave his own garden, which was so large that he could lose sight of the house, and which had hills in it, and steep banks, and paths walled and roofed with grapevines. Danger was most sociable in winter, at the season of crust-coasting, when the game was to steer straight for a grove of very young firs, and the winner was he who got deepest among the low branches before being scraped off his sled. But the special excitement of making things was for Graggles highest toward the end of winter, when streams cut the softening snow, and gurgled, in waterfall after waterfall, down stone steps at the bottom of the garden. On these streams, from a wharf near their source, you could start great ships toward disaster, or you could check the streams, by dams of slush and mud and twigs, into pools deep enough, if you stood just so and cheated a little, to flow over the tops of your rubber boots. In summer, when most of his friends had gone away, there were lonelier adventures, as on the day when Graggles, gaining for the tenth time the highest apple branch any one had dropped from, did at last after long dangling let go, and wondered, while he picked himself up, why he had never done it before, and whether he should ever dare to do it again, before spectators. And then Graggles went where he had so often gone before in fervid August noons. He stood at the foot of the largest elm, looked up and listened to the parched creaking of a locust, and knew this for a tree

he should never be able to climb by fair ladderless means. No skill he got among the apple trees brought him nearer conquest of that unclimbable elm.

North of this elm, between it and the hospitable apple trees, was the only break in the garden's wall of high foliage, a straight view across other people's gardens to a belfry, with a cross on the top. The peculiarity of this cross was not so much that it was gilded and glorious as that it was seventeen feet high, and didn't look more than three feet or four. From the belfry, about sundown at the right time of year, came the noise of chimes, of "Abide With Me," played always, day after day, with the same one note wrong. And Graggles, with his hand in his father's hand when they stopped in their walk to look at the sunset, could not quite understand why his father never got used to the mistake, but winced at the wrong note day after day. Something like a question entered Graggles's mind, a suspicion that his father might find the world a better place if he sometimes wouldn't notice things that couldn't be changed. Not for Graggles was it then possible, so the author tells us, to guess the pleasure given by dear habitual irritations.

In the spring after his father died his mother took Graggles and his sister on a long voyage, when for nearly ten days he saw no land. He saw instead day after day of winds and whitecaps and broken sky, he looked across shadowed water to the sunfield beyond, he saw far away to the south, further off than the horizon had been a moment before, a wave crest flash in the sun, and then the gleam was gone, and the horizon came back to its old distance. And pleasant to stand near the stern, before the sun went down, and watch other following waves tumble to overtake their shadows. Pleasant too, on the Atlantic side of Gibraltar, were the green-rumpled hills with shadow-fingers reaching down toward the water, and pleasant the prickly sea about Gibraltar rock, and the Mediterranean shore of Spain that looked so bleak and mild, and the smiling, lonely Majorca cliffs, seen to the south on an afternoon of quiet

April. But excepting those sea memories, and a small portion of a foreign tongue, Graggles would appear to have got little from his first stay in Europe.

At school, where Graggles went when he was eight, he learned as little. To say his lessons went in one ear and out the other would be incorrect, for although knowledge did not abide in his head its exit was advantageous to him. It came neatly off his tongue in answer to questions, less neatly from his fingers in written answers. Once in a while, even in the course of his lawful studies, he got a thrill, as for example from two columns of words, each word lighting its opposite neighbor strangely, like this: " Faded, but may revive; withered, and cannot revive." But no teacher or other grown person detected the excitement of Graggles. Here the book breaks off, with hint of a sequel.

P. L.

September 25, 1915.

To Justice Holmes

THE country's business at Washington is conducted in an odor of dead and dying cigars suspended in steam heat. Out-of-doors Washington is widely planned and men might move about it thinking for a nation. But in the halls of Congress, in the committee rooms, the air is warm and foul. It drags upon you till you wilt and your head swims, and the faces of men testifying grow hazy. In that mean atmosphere, so like the corridor of a cheap hotel, there is an invitation to relax and grow bored and cease to care. You slouch in your seat, you dawdle through your business, compressed and dull and discouraged. Thick, tepid, tired air it is, in which vision dies.

But there is at least one place in Washington where things have an altogether different quality, and no one I think comes away from it unmoved. It is the house of Mr. Justice Holmes. When you enter, it is as if you had come into the living stream of high romance. You meet the gay soldier who can talk of Falstaff and eternity in one breath, and tease the universe with a quip. "When I read absolute philosophy," he said once, "I feel as if I were sitting alone in a shadowy room. Every once in a while a mouse skips across the floor, and I catch glimpses of him as he darts into his hole. Then a wee voice seems to say, 'Lo! I am in the bosom of God.' " In him wisdom has lost its austerity and becomes a tumbling succession of imagery and laughter and outrage. There is always a window open to the night, but the perspective is that of the natural world. "I believe that we're in the belly of the universe, not that it is in us."

At seventy-five, a justice of the Supreme Court and a scholar known wherever the common law is studied, his heart is with the laughing sad men, who have mixed bitter-

ness and beauty, and staked their souls on a gamble with life. He fought in the Civil War and was wounded; he has looked at death lightly, and known what it is to live dangerously. A sage with the bearing of a cavalier: his presence is an incitement to high risks for the sake of the enterprise and its memories. He wears wisdom like a gorgeous plume, and likes to stick the sanctities between the ribs.

He has lost nothing that young men have, and he has gained what a fine palate can take from the world. If it is true that one generation after another has depended upon its young to equip it with gaiety and enthusiasm, it is no less true that each generation of the young depends upon those who have lived to illustrate what can be done with experience. They need to know that not all life withers in bad air. That is why young men feel themselves very close to Justice Holmes. He never fails to tell them what they want to hear, or to show them what they would wish men to be.

W. L.

March 11, 1916.

Walter Bagehot

THE reputation of Walter Bagehot has in nowise diminished in the forty years that have passed since his death. People are beginning to understand a little of the lasting significance of what he achieved. He was the first man to make finance arrestingly intelligible to ordinary men and women. It is no longer possible to whisper of Lombard Street as of a home of certain Eleusinian mysteries. It was Bagehot's triumph that he made the Bank act pass into the current coin of conversation. That English constitution which Blackstone deformed, and de Tocqueville almost failed to discover, it is no exaggeration to say he in some cases created. Certainly his influence is directly perceptible in the form and content of its modern history. Nor was this all. He was probably the first man adequately to appreciate the significance of Darwinism for social theory. Despite nearly fifty years of progressive interpretation, not even the general acceptance of Weismannism has supplanted his "Physics and Politics" as incomparably the best introduction to its subject. And when it is remembered that these books are only a tithe of his work, that he struggled all his life with ill-health and domestic misfortune, that he was at once a banker and the editor of the most important political weekly of his time, it is difficult to resist the judgment that his was among the most creative minds of the nineteenth century.

What was his secret? It lay, surely, in the vigorous clarity of his insight. Bagehot had the supreme good fortune to be probably the most brilliant amateur of the Victorian age. If he had a profession it was that of the inter-

The Collected Works of Walter Bagehot: With a Life by Mrs. Russell Barrington. Ten Volumes.

ested but detached observer. He had that kind of mind which is at once methodical and penetrating. It seemed impossible to conceal from him the heart of any subject. The youth of twenty-five who witnessed the coup d'état of 1851 had but in 1870 to re-edit his early prediction — perhaps with a little less ungenial irony. Add to that quality a pen which was able invariably and effortlessly to say his thought in words precisely calculated to convey it, and one begins to have some general idea of the nature of the high service he performed.

Rightly to understand him one ought perhaps to begin with the "Physics and Politics" and regard the rest of his work as the consequence of that effective naturalism. The strength of that book lies in the vivid way in which he entraps in a phrase the elusive secret of primitive personality, the quick, almost startling manner in which he reveals it, so that its significance flashes almost upon the consciousness. It was here that he served the need Mr. Graham Wallas has supplied so brilliantly in our own day — that of making all political analysis fundamentally psychological. He is never satisfied until he has related institutions to men; and his men are almost hauntingly the people you can meet every day in Broadway or the Strand. It was, in fact, his discovery that man is neither a demigod nor a fallen angel. He took his stand by an ape-ancestry and did not shrink from the conclusion that man is therefore human.

So that when he came to the analysis of political and economic conditions he had already the equipment of a faultless method. Whether you read "Lombard Street" or the more abstract "Economic Studies," the whole value of them lies in their psychological naturalism. All Bagehot's work is essentially dynamic in conception. He does not attempt, because he disapproves, the crude statics of the orthodox economist. "Lombard Street" is not the analysis of an ideal banking system to be found, possibly, in Utopia. It is the simple study of what happens when seven middle-aged merchants in the city of London manage a very special institution in a very special way. That the financial system

of the world depended upon their success would have interested him less than the fact that from the study of their methods and results he could depict the working psychology of the average business man. The reviewers who called it as fascinating as a novel were, for once, exactly right. It was a novel because it was a picture, an interpretation, of an important piece of life. It remains as the classic description of an economic institution at work.

His approach to the "English Constitution" is in no wise dissimilar. Institutions are to him the expression of character; and so he views King, Lords, and Commons as secreted in the nature of Englishmen. It is less important to-day that he should first have revealed the part played by the Cabinet as the buckle which binds the several parts of government into a whole as that he should have emphasized the changeability of the picture he drew. He was not to be deceived by the pathetic medievalism of Blackstone. He drew not a courtier's portrait but that of an artist desirous of understanding the hidden depths of his subject's personality. If in the result her majesty Queen Victoria appears as a distinguished widow in retirement, the loss in theory is a gain in truth. If the admirer of an hereditary chamber is scathingly bidden examine it, that only makes possible its ultimate reform. If the worshipper of the American Constitution learns something of its patent vices, the shock will but result in constructive inspiration. That, indeed, was one of the most valuable features of Bagehot's mind. Every study he made resulted in something very like revelation. If he overthrew preconceived notions with something of violence it was only to give you simultaneously a vision of a more fertile attitude. He brought the steady light of "real" analysis into a world of befogged legalism. He shattered once and for all the idea that God was especially present at the birth of the English constitution. He never, like Burke, "venerated where he was unable presently to comprehend." He saw that an attitude of thoughtless and unintelligent servitude to effete ideas is as bad as unrestrained and uninstructed

power over them. That is why the steady constitutional reform of the past half-century is so largely traceable to his influence.

Not that Bagehot was free from defect in his political outlook. His confidence in men ceased — perhaps from professional bias — below that stratum in society where the privilege of a banking account begins. He had nothing of that heedless and instinctive generosity which in men like Lincoln and Cobden and Bright symbolized the essential morality of democratic endeavor. He wrote of the “lower orders” with all the hearty distaste of a rector’s wife in an English cathedral town. Of their actual or even potential capacity he made entire abstraction. To him the workers were always uneducated and grasping. The extension of the franchise to them in 1867 seemed to him like bursting the natural dykes of social protection. And surely his advice to the Lords to make common cause with the plutocrats of the lower house implicitly enshrines the surprisingly ignorant belief that the desires of democracy are but the spoils of Belgravia. His general criticism, indeed, reads like that plethora of inept pamphleteering which in 1832 prophesied that doom was about to descend upon an England which had forsaken the way of the Lord. Here is the secret of the amazing misunderstanding of Lincoln which characterized all Bagehot’s work. Nothing of Lincoln’s singular majesty was perceived by him. For he was blinded by the conviction that a democracy, and particularly the American democracy, cannot choose its leaders, and he was therefore precluded on *a priori* grounds from the perception that Lincoln symbolized a final case against the fitful aristocracy of middle-class talent in which Bagehot put his trust. So that in the result he was partially blind to half the potential richness of political life. It is not beyond the mark to say that his every criticism of popular government needs a footnote of emphatic scepticism.

There were other sides to Bagehot’s work which are too little known. In an age when literary criticism has become a technical profession it is perhaps dangerous to suggest

that certain essays like those on the first Edinburgh reviewers, on Hartley Coleridge, on Shakespeare the Man, are little less than a genuine tonic; but this is very honestly and emphatically the case. For Bagehot understood that the one canon of such criticism is to have no canons. He told you what the man meant to him, what he would have told each of them at a dinner table when the chairs had been pushed back and the cigars lighted. His Shelley is the enthusiastic boy who showered down leaflets from the roof of the Dublin inn. His sketch of Clough makes you almost catch the smile, grimly weird, of that pool of silence. And when he turns from the literary to the political study he has even more valuable observation to contribute. The Gladstone he drew at close quarters in 1860 differs only in detail from the full-length portrait we see in perspective in Lord Morley's noble volumes. His study of Sir Robert Peel seems to one reader at least incomparably the truest portrait that has yet been painted. What he wrote of his father-in-law, Mr. James Wilson, will enable the curious student to understand better than a score of technical works the rationale of British rule in India. There exists no more profound discussion of the American Constitution in its relation to the Civil War than that which he contributed at its very outset. There is much not unworthy of Burke in his speculations on parliamentary reform. The series of editorials from the "Economist" are a vivid commentary on the quarter of the nineteenth century they cover; I venture to predict that when its ideal historian arrives there will be frequent reference to them in his footnotes. Certainly he will not otherwise be the ideal historian.

The great merit of Bagehot was his profound and abiding interest in men. This not even his gayest witchery can obscure. And for us this must be the real interest he possesses. Style, after all, is only of value so far as it reveals the core of meaning, and to that end Bagehot used his gift. We, like him, are above all interested in events because they are the deeds of men. They are the signposts of character; and the men they thus portray are those who under differ-

ent names and guises in each age direct our civilization. What changes in each age is not so much desire as the efficiency with which we can make response to it. It is therefore above all a working political psychology of which we have need. Without it what answers we may make to our problems are like the efforts of sailors on uncharted seas. Than Bagehot the statesman could have no more admirable compass. He never fails to delight as he never fails to illuminate. *Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.*

HAROLD J. LASKI.

January 22, 1916.

A Note on Forgetting

"I have done that," says my Memory.

"I could not have done that," says my Pride, and remains inexorable. Finally, my Memory yields.—Nietzsche.

PROBLEMS of forgetting occupy a position of peculiar importance in all of Freud's works. The very conception of the unconscious, which is the inspiration of his whole system, is directly based upon his theory of forgetting. Stated generally, this theory maintains that the mind has an inveterate tendency to forget the disagreeable. But at the same time Freud is one of the most ardent champions of the widely accepted theory that the mind never forgets anything; in fact, he is one of the few psychologists who have fortified this hypothesis with adequate proof. It is therefore interesting to see how these two points of view are to be reconciled.

Freud's double attitude does not involve a contradiction. It is quite true that we remember everything, in the sense that it is registered somewhere in our mind, but these memories may be deposited in what may be assumed to be two different psychic systems. One of these is the ordinary associative memory, and the other is what Freud calls the unconscious. Whatever has been deposited in the first system remains accessible to us; that is, it can be recalled, whereas everything deposited in the second system becomes inaccessible; that is, it retains its unconscious quality. The unconscious, according to Freud, is simply a vast repository, located in some parts of our psychic structure, in which we store the disagreeable. When he says that we forget the disagreeable, his real meaning is that we make it unconscious. And instead of saying that the mind never forgets anything, it would be more accurate to say that the mind never fails

to register, but that some of the records become inaccessible. The proof for this contention lies in the fact that under certain conditions such as hypnotism these inaccessible records can be made accessible.

In spite of these definitions the reader is likely to feel that Freud's dictum about forgetting the disagreeable runs counter to his experience. He will object that, on the contrary, he has an all too vivid recollection of some intensely disagreeable past events. But a large number of the disagreeable experiences which we remember it is good that we should remember. Such is the famous experience of first touching the hot stove. This is the type of disagreeable but salutary experience upon which we henceforth act instinctively to our own advantage. The existence of memory is justified by its function if we assume that it stores up all impressions, whether agreeable or disagreeable, which are of service in preserving the organism. Memory is then simply the accumulated store of individual and racial experience.

But this attitude already implies that we remember the disagreeable on account of some benefit which we have derived from it. We do not so much remember that disagreeable first burn as the fact that it saved us from being burned a second time; the usefulness of the experience has lent it what is really a pleasant quality, so that it is still a question whether we are capable of remembering an experience that has remained purely disagreeable. Now Freud has pointed out that our memory of the disagreeable is always faulty, and to this extent it is already partly forgotten. This fact becomes striking when the faulty reproduction of the disagreeable is brought about by the substitution of something agreeable in its place. This occurs in its crudest form in the mental elaborations of a man who has been worsted in a personal encounter. His version of the affair differs materially from that of the victor or the impartial spectator. If we are to believe him, he has not really been defeated at all. He may have been punished by his opponent, but he has delivered some smashing blows

in return, the odds were against him, and if they were to have the fight over again he would surely come off the victor. Thus we see his mind continually laboring to reconstruct the details to make them appear more favorable and to restore his prestige both in his own eyes and in those of the world.

Freud sees here a universal tendency; we all try to reconstruct the past in our favor and to æstheticise the ugly spots in it. This is especially true where the disagreeable has acquired a personal quality because our self-esteem, our pride, or our legitimate vanity is involved. We have derived no value or consolation from the experience, so that it serves no use that would justify its preservation in the accessible part of our memory. Such an experience in the stream of our normal association is like a noxious foreign body, of which the mind seeks to rid itself in accord with a natural tendency to practise the greatest possible economy of mental strain. It is the effort to render the disagreeable ineffective by making it unconscious.

This tendency is not confined to individuals. Freud, in one of those brilliant digressions of his which illuminate so many of his writings, has pointed out the racial implications of his theory. The same psychic forces are at work in the formation of national myths and legends. The hard facts of defeat are slowly crowded out of the national consciousness, so that we often find a vanquished nation possessing the most glorious epics. It is in this way that a true son of Ireland nourishes his patriotism. A recent episode in German literary history furnishes a neat illustration. When Gerhard Hauptmann was asked to write a drama to commemorate the centenary of German emancipation from the Napoleonic tyranny, he inserted several realistic scenes portraying the complacent and cowardly way in which Prussian officialdom of those days had knuckled under to Napoleon. The presence of these scenes caused the play to be received with a wave of indignation. The national consciousness clamored for the flattering myth that Germany had always resisted the tyrant, and in the end the historic truth had to yield a point. Hauptmann was generally reprimanded for

his tactlessness. The episode is to be recommended to American historians who complain that their muckrakings of the Constitutional Fathers generally fall so flat.

In the "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," translated by Dr. A. A. Brill, Freud has treated the problem of forgetting and of the unconscious on their lighter sides, as they touch certain activities common to all normal individuals. The phenomena thus studied include the forgetting of persons, places and things; slips of the tongue, pen, and eye; the failure to carry out resolutions or to complete intended actions, as well as all those errors and unexpected oddities of behavior which chequer our daily lives. Here Freud is remarkably successful in showing the existence of a conflict between the conscious intention and an unconscious counterwill. The forgetting or the mistake is regularly determined by a definite though inhibited intention of which the individual is unaware, a determination which is epigrammatically expressed by saying that the things we did not mean to say or do are the things we really meant. The analysis of the underlying motives always shows either that the disagreeable has been repressed or that something agreeable has been put in its place. The examples range from the trivial to the profound; the same man who forgets to pay his tailor because his funds are low, may forget his wedding anniversary because an unsuccessful marriage has embittered his life.

Fascinating as these studies are for their own sake, they serve a more important purpose by initiating us into the larger aspects of the unconscious. Already in his Clark University lectures Professor Freud has emphasized the fact that the mechanisms of the unconscious as revealed through the study of the hysterics and the neuroses will hardly be fully understood until we realize that the identical forces enter into the psychic activities of all normal individuals. The problem of forgetting and of the unconscious affects our daily lives as a mere annoyance, but we must remember that the same problem accounts for the intolerable memories which disorganize the personality in hysteria, and

in the insanities destroy it altogether. The difference between the normal and the abnormal is merely a matter of degree; it depends largely upon the ability to face the disagreeable, and the vital resistance against being overwhelmed by the unconscious.

ALFRED KUTTNER.

November 28, 1914.

The New Return to Nature

THE cry of the return to nature has heralded almost every movement in the history of painting. It means a great deal in one sense and very little in another. It does not mean, for instance, that the attitude about to be adopted is one that in the long run would commend itself as picturing faithfully the external world. In some cases it hardly aims at that, but what it always means is that a newer generation feels its older contemporaries to represent a tradition that is outworn, that has lost vitality, that is doomed. The meaning in the phrase "return to nature" is the awakening of creative energy, the reasserting of nature's endless procreative powers.

It seems at first extravagant to find evidence of a return to nature even in the works of our present inventors of strange fantasies; and in an obvious sense there is indeed none whatever. But in these matters one must probe a little deeper than the surface, and consider the currents of ideas in which these varied expressions are only eddies. Then it will be seen that in our time there are some special circumstances which make it different from the time that went before and explain the paradox.

The temper of the second half of the nineteenth century was naturalistic, determined by the immense development of science in that period. Romance seemed childish and capricious, and nothing but reality worth while. The painters of the time were sharers of the vision; Courbet, their leader, asserted hostility to anything that was not to be seen with mortal eyes or felt with fleshly hands. The so-called impressionists followed in a similar spirit, and sought in nature the truth of things and light and form and movement. Their later works show more of style, but style as quite distinctly conscious was added only later in the work of Seurat, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

The inevitable reaction to the naturalistic nineteenth-century spirit followed, as the romantic reaction has followed the eighteenth-century commonsense. But there was a fundamental difference between the two; the romantic protest was in large part a revolt against the tyranny of law and an assertion of the value of caprice. The curiously insistent thing about the newest painting of our day is its aggressive logicity. It is as scientifically-minded as the painting that preceded it, but it is always thinking of the science that liberates the individual. It thinks of the geometries that prove the limited authority of Euclid. It delights in all the experiments of biological mechanics that prove the organism plastic, and feels a sympathy for the ultimate particles of matter. The older thought tended to look upon the world as made of atoms, whereas the current inclination is toward thinking of atoms making up a world. Creative evolution, the feeling that the spirit of man can work with elementary substance, is characteristic of it.

The older painters sought to master the nature of existing things, and to give expression to their proper laws of growth; the newer men have found that the laws of other things are incompatible with their own creative impulses. Trees were made to grow in the earth, and men to work and love and play. What has this to do with a flat rectangular canvas? They obviously do not fit together. On a flat canvas one can draw a line. That line gives birth to another, and so on. Or else we put a spot of color down, and then another spot which grows from that. The creative process has begun; there is the creator with his tools, and everything beyond that is irrelevant. Logic and law are words that constantly recur. Just as an oak is always an oak, though different with differences of soil and wind and weather, so forms of line and color are always forms of line and color, with differences of personal character, of tone or mood in the artist. Caprice is never found; there is nothing here but logic of form and personality.

This, I take it, is the meaning of the new return to nature. It goes far beyond the "returns" of former days

in that it does not stop at the nature of animate and inanimate things, it does not stop short of the artist's inmost center. He at last is free. Any more freedom would be suicidal, since that would free him of the very stuff to work with. Something must appear upon the canvas in order that there be a picture. Color and line are to this artist what atoms and molecules are to the creative impulse that builds up the world of matter; and he, the artist, is the central energy that brings to birth the sheer "æsthetic fact."

The sheer æsthetic fact has come to birth, but is it viable? The programs that announce it perhaps exceed in jubilant enthusiasm all programs ever known, and the proclaimed conditions are so removed from pettiness and the restrictions of crass material accidents that we might well be moved to greet with cheers the advent of an art which liberates the creative spirit from its ancient bonds. Why is it, then, that some of us who have watched it grow and given it sympathetic attention are soon bored to extinction by it, and why is it that many painters and amateurs who accepted it enthusiastically are giving it up because it leaves them feeling dry and empty? Indeed, it is true that most of those who have persisted do not attain to perfect abstraction. Picasso, for example, the archimage of the crew, is an Antæus who needs an object to galvanize his impulse into action, and this object, to his imagination, remains actual throughout the metamorphoses that it undergoes. But even so he seems to find it necessary every couple of months to find some new device to keep his interest alive. At one moment he juggles analytico-synthetic arrangements of the nude, and at another scraps of newspaper; at one time everything is black and white, and at another polychrome spots appear; sometimes the object is quite recognizable, and at other times it is so lost to sight that he himself can not afterwards remember what it was. Occasionally he takes to bits of wood and tin and other odds-and-ends. The endless ingenuity of Picasso has done much to keep cubism fresh, but even so it stales most rapidly.

A well known text says that man was not born to live

alone. But hear this from a recent exhibition manifest: "If my art is true to its purpose, then it should convey to me in graphic terms the feeling which I received in imaginative terms. That is, as far as the form of my expression is involved. As to its content, it should satisfy my need of creating a record of an experience." This self-sufficiency is admirable, but is it really genuine? There was a time when art was said to be nature seen through a temperament, but now the only nature the artist recognizes is his own. There was an ancient theory of inspiration which held that the artist mediated between God and man; the modern artist seems content to mediate between God and himself. In former times he spoke a language common to himself and others, to-day he seems content to speak a language peculiarly his own. His "audience fit though few" he has now reduced to unity, and at last the artist and the public are as one.

Unhappily, the artist will not accept the logic of the situation. He wants an audience, he wants to have his personal reaction recognized and in a sense shared by others. In those cases where he has aspects of the outer thing taken up into his work, he seems to think that just so much of it as he may need should be just the right amount for others. But this is nonsense. The things he had in mind when he perceived the object are determinant of his choice. He gives us the choice without the hint of motive which to him makes the bits cohere. In obedience to the same kind of impulse which originally actuated him we seek the motive but cannot find it in one case out of fifty. The work remains a puzzle, and this explains in part why, in regard to modern painting, people are far more interested about it than in it.

There are of course some moderns who reject all partial representation and believe their language of line and color to be really the most universal language of form. It is true that everything we see is seen as line and color. None the less we are creatures of habit. From infancy we are accustomed to interpret these combinations in terms of our per-

sonal needs and of our social life. A pure arrangement of color spots may well be physically simpler than a human figure and yet be psychically more complex. The latter is for us a unit, a word full of rich meaning. Its very richness makes it less adaptable to free manipulation, but such speech as it lends itself to is so ample that we can put up with its limitations. These modern painters would induce us to learn another tongue in order to get messages so inadequately put together and so empty that even their creators soon find them a dreadful bore. After all it is not only Picasso who is Antæus. We all are of the breed, and on the whole we find it better to have our feet securely planted on the ground than to be precariously poised in the air or on one uncertain toe.

LEO STEIN.

March 28, 1916.

The Land of Sunday Afternoon

WHENEVER I enter an art museum, for the first five minutes I see only brown gnomes writhing with the torment of endless confinement, ghosts waving milk-white arms forlornly in a prison. After I recognize them once again as bronzes and marbles I wander to the picture galleries. There I seem to be visiting a stud farm, canvases instead of horses standing in patient rows. All that seems lacking on the brass tag, Whistler 1834-1903, is the addition, "By Velasquez out of Hokusai." One can only realize that painters breed painters and that pictures accumulate. Rooms are crammed with paintings until they become a kaleidoscope, cases are crowded with objects until the mere process of attention becomes an agony of effort. When a visitor finally succeeds in isolating an object he is too worn out to be able to delight in it. Elation is no longer possible. I go to an American museum as a painter, knowing what I wish to see and already familiar with better examples elsewhere, and I come away invariably depressed with the realization that the only goal of art is a spacious and dreary asylum where shelter is piously accorded to waifs and strays. The other stragglers who have come to refresh themselves with beauty seem equally depressed. For in an art museum beauty sleeps in a land where it is always Sunday afternoon.

This practice of unending accumulation, which displays everything and reveals nothing, is the direct result of a policy of mere acquisition, seemingly the only policy our museums are able to conceive. The modern collector hoards what he usually has neither the time to see nor the space to house. On his death the museum, in the rôle of a benevolent Fafner, provides an appropriate cave in which succes-

sive Niebelungen hoards recovered from a disintegrating past are accumulated in exactly the piles in which they were originally heaped. Even Alberich set to work hammering and reforging. But our museum directors seem content to remain nothing more than collectors of collectors. Now, when you have transferred a private collection to a museum you have done nothing more than if you had brought a hermit's pot of gold to the vault of a bank. If it can only remain there as a symbol of wealth it might as well have remained in its secret cellar. The whole problem is how to set it to work, how to make it create values. Private collecting, which is private hoarding, is a vagary. But public collections, which are only public hoarding, are a social blunder.

By way of continuing it, a monument of accumulation like the Morgan collection is accorded thirteen galleries because the bulk of it contains so many precious examples of epochs when ornament became little more than ornamentation and which as influences were pernicious; the Augsburg and Nürnberg cups which helped to create the "gingerbread" style of German ornament, until fifteen years ago a fungus-blight on the whole nation; Gobelin tapestries that have consecrated the foolish attempt to make weaving imitate oil painting; Louis XV and XVI furniture that for two centuries made gilt and convolution our notion of grace and elegance; Dresden china manikins and shepherdesses which until yesterday afflicted our mantels — in short, the historic models of most wedding presents. But even if the collection contained only its great beauties, the English and Flemish tapestries, the Italian majolica, certain of the Roman and Renaissance bronzes, the Byzantine and Limoges enamels, there is still ten times too much of it, as there is ten times too much of everything in any museum to be experienced.

"It may well be doubted," says the Museum's special catalogue, "whether even Mr. Morgan realized what a bewildering abundance of objects he had accumulated or what a display they were capable of making." I wandered in this bewildering abundance past hundreds of miniatures, I

peered into cases displaying thirty-one "Chelsea wear" snuff-boxes, eleven enamelled umbrella handles, four bishop's crooks, fourteen reliquaries. And when I reached the bowls and ewers of Limousin and Curtois, I recognized dully that they were as miraculously beautiful as Greek vases. I had become inevitably as listless as any shopper in a huge showroom where nothing is for sale.

You make a crowd, says Degas, with five people, not with twenty. Similarly you make a museum with fifty masterpieces, not with five hundred. If it is a misdemeanor to crowd five Italians into a tenement bedroom, it is criminal to crowd five great works of art into a space where not one can truly live. If a school-child must have twenty-five cubic feet of air in order to breathe, a masterpiece needs a hundred in order to be seen. The relation of a museum to the objects that compose it is precisely the same as the relation of any artist to the objects he composes. Only ruthless elimination can produce design. The attempt to substitute repetition for selection has given us the modern museum, which records everything and expresses nothing.

There should be a new commandment for museum directors, "When you have enough to fill thirteen galleries, expose as little as you can place in three rooms." For the business of a museum is not to store the past but to restore it, to restore to the scattered fragments of a dismembered age their meaning by restoring their original function, to make them live as they originally lived, part of an act of living, in a temple, a palace, or a cathedral. Imagine, instead of these well-ordered salesrooms, an apse built into a hall, an altar beneath a stained glass window, the reliquaries, the lamps and the bishop's crook in their destined places, tapestries hiding the walls. Would there be need of a catalogue to remind us that craftsmanship is the precious bond that unites art to life, and that beauty achieves perfection by serving some other purpose than to display itself? In some fourteenth-century interior an Augsburg cup near a tiled "Kachelofen" facing a Dürer engraving would fill the place it occupied in its age, as a whimsical toy; its importance

would be felt to be its gay triviality, like a moment of laughter in a passion play. If museum directors ceased modelling galleries on the Louvre or the Pitti, royal palaces temporarily without royal tenants, and studied instead those built to express the social purpose of an art museum, as the new museum at Geneva, they would find a series of just such rooms. If we are to see Oriental art, let us see it grouped about some courtyard lined with the tiles now scattered aimlessly over gallery walls, in the secret splendor of a house that turns a blank face to the street, like the heart of an eastern sage. Renaissance palaces have been carefully reproduced in which to print our newspapers, as in the New York *Herald* building, or to house our clubs. It is much more necessary to build one, as Mrs. Gardiner has done, to house Italian art. If Italian gardens are appropriate on country estates, there is infinitely greater need for one through which to approach the Italian section of an art museum, where cypresses seemed to hide the distant wind-silver on olive hills, while some fountain, perhaps Verocchio's, topped by a laughing cherub, rescued from a white wilderness of casts, bubbled joy audibly; where Italy lived though one never entered the door under Andrea Della Robbia's medallions of gay fruit and flowers which now dangle on wires in gallery thirteen.

A museum must become, not a permanent exhibition but a permanent exposition, arranged as our expositions are, and pervaded by the same holiday spirit. The center should be a garden where instinctively we would return to dream and to meditate, where lovers would meet and children play. Though we saw the buildings only in passing or wandered in them for hours, we should feel precisely what we now lose, shuffling through gray galleries: a sense of the benediction of beauty, the knowledge that through the eye we gain peace. And since automobiles and baby-carriages, for reasons only an alderman can understand, have preeminent right to the space of our public parks, let the priceless variations in the color of snuff-boxes, the extra bishop's crooks, the endless assortment of Dresden china, be added to all

other necessary accumulations the museum possesses, including the 3,700 musical instruments, and stored with them in well-lighted subterranean galleries. And there the critic, the historian, and the high-school teacher followed by patient droves learning to appreciate art, might amble happily.

L. S.

November 22, 1914.

The Musical Analogy in Painting

HOWEVER it may turn out in practice, the aim of the modernist painter is not, in theory, difficult to understand. Mr. Andrew Dasburg, in an explanatory note in the catalogue of the recent *Forum* exhibition in New York, puts it concisely. "I differentiate the æsthetic reality from the illustrative reality. In the latter it is necessary to represent nature as a series of recognizable objects. But in the former, we need only have the *sense* or *emotion* of objectivity. That is why I eliminate the recognizable object. When the spectator sees in a picture a recognizable form, he has associative ideas concerning that form which may be at variance with the *actual* relation of the form in the picture; it becomes a barrier, or a point of fixation, standing between the spectator and the meaning of the work of art. Therefore, in order to obtain a pure æsthetic emotion, based alone on rhythm and form, I eliminated all those factors which might distract the eye and interest from the fundamental intention of the picture." To this we may add a sentence from Mr. S. Macdonald-Wright: "Having always been more profoundly moved by pure rhythmic form (as in music) than by associative processes (such as poetry calls up), I cast aside as nugatory all natural representation in my art." This analogy with music is frequently evoked to justify the revolt against representation of nature in painting; the conception it expresses lies, in fact, behind nearly all the modern schools.

While it is not really true that anything affecting our senses can have existence in the mind apart from association, yet everyone knows that good music pleases not through imitation of natural sounds, but through a structure and form of its own. A musical composition is itself an object

of consciousness, and it can arouse a sense of its individual form and quality, a kind of delight whose suggestions of ordinary experience are so vague and diffused that we may loosely call it "pure æsthetic emotion." So far the new painters are justified.

Yet the musical analogy is not apt, because it assumes that what can be done through the sense of hearing can be done by a crudely similar method through the sense of sight. Mr. Leo D. Stein has ably shown some of the deeper difficulties; but the fundamental trouble is, I think, really a matter of the most elementary psychology. Hearing is a far less developed sense than sight, and operates in a very different way. Our ears can recognize pitch, tone and rhythm, but they have little ability to locate the source of a sound. They exercise no counterpart of perspective: the distance between the hearer and the sound-producing object can be guessed only by the intensity of the sound; the location of that object in respect to others is almost impossible to determine by hearing unaided. Furthermore, only a few objects give forth sound waves, whereas, if there is any illumination at all, every object within its radius reflects light waves. The ear is in the dark concerning most of the things about it, while, under normal conditions of sight, the eye receives stimuli from the entire field of vision. Even if we are in the midst of many noises, the ear normally receives them as a jumble rather than a carefully assorted group of perceptions. This is because the ear contains no part corresponding to the lens of the eye. The ear-drum is merely the counterpart of the retina; imagine what sort of thing the sense of vision would be if the retina were presented to light waves without any intermediary lens to distribute them into a microcosmos of the world outside. As a result of the way we hear, sounds are not closely associated with actual objects; it is easy for us to conceive sounds apart from their sources. By arbitrarily producing and arranging sounds we can construct a medium which does not suggest ordinary experience, which can be well handled as the material of "pure æsthetic form."

The eye, on the other hand, inevitably identifies every perception with its source. We never see abstract shapes and colors; we see merely the shapes and colors of objects. Each visual object must have a place, it must have an identity, it must exist in relation to the whole material world in front of us. It must arouse associations selected from a memory far richer in specific perceptions than the auditory memory. An arrangement of color and line has infinitely greater obstacles to surmount if it is intended to escape representative associations than has an arrangement of sound.

To say this is not to say that an object cannot embody æsthetic form without imitating something else. It merely means that color and line cannot exist in the mind abstractly, as can sound; they can exist only as attributes of an external world. Moorish ornament and other conventionalized design, products of architecture, porcelains, "objets d'art"; all these, it is true, capture attention for themselves not because they suggest other things, but because of their own organic quality. But all such expressions of visual art must enter the consciousness as objects before they can arouse any sense of structure. They are palpable, they have a place in a definite visual world, they arouse no questions as to what they are intended to be. When we have accepted them concretely, we can go on to recognize their æsthetic form.

There is no reason why a painter who regards his canvas as a flat surface cannot put upon it a decoration which will affect the spectator as does any other æsthetic creation. But the moment a painter treats his surface in a way which makes it look as if it had depth, he begins to represent something, whether he will or no. He is imitating by artificial perspective, by atmosphere, by what-not, things which, if they are found anywhere, are found in the world outside his canvas, not on it. And once his surface ceases primarily to be an object and becomes a representation, he has lost the possibility of dealing with the surface itself as pure æsthetic form. The eye insists on identifying the objects represented; if æsthetic form is to be recognized in the painting, it must be recognized in those objects and their relation to

each other. Therefore if a painter represents familiar things so as greatly to distort them, or represents things so unfamiliar or so little defined that the spectator has difficulty in accepting them as identities, he merely interposes an irrelevant difficulty in the path of his æsthetic purpose. Far from directing the spectator's attention away from the representative element of the painting, he has tricked the spectator into undue preoccupation with it.

In the end, the modernist painter is likely to discover that in his case the longest way round is the shortest way home. He is right in saying that great art is not great because it is good imitation of nature, but because it has structure and harmony. He is right in directing attention to this structure and harmony, and in trying experiments with it. But, unless the painter wishes to confine himself to the flat decoration of surfaces, he will probably learn that the proper use of representation is the easiest way of persuading the eye to discount that representation as an end in itself, and to accept it merely as a means to the genuine æsthetic effect. "When the spectator sees in a picture a recognizable form," says Mr. Dasburg, "he has associative ideas concerning that form which may be at variance with the *actual* relation of form in the picture." Very true; and poorly conceived pictures lose effect for that very reason. But to evade the difficulty by abandoning recognizable forms is not to solve it. Mastery will always be attained by the painter who uses his imitation of nature in such a way as to strengthen, not to detract from, the intrinsic form of his picture.

GEORGE SOULE.

April 15, 1916.

Ballet According to Bakst

OF course the Russian ballet as we see it here is not for all tastes, not for persons who have seen it better done in Rome or Moscow or Petrograd, not for him who is unlucky enough to sit between two such rememberers of greater glories, and meek enough to allow his neighbors' recollections to hang a veil of second-hand disappointment in front of his own eyes. Of course too there are peculiarly sensitive spectators, men and women who couldn't without being inflamed by rival hunger watch a goat crop grass or a lion tear his meat, and who find in the Russian ballet little except a call to a yet more wakeful instinct to be up and doing. And of course, in both "Schéhérazade" and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," a sense of propriety untempered by a sense of beauty will as easily find things to be shocked at. From neither of these ballets, it may as well be acknowledged at the outset, will there be any sending empty away of that furtive prurience which knows how to feed on even the frankest openest spectacle.

Peace to all such spectators, and to those also who demand of dancing long curving unbroken continuity, and who may well feel checked and disconcerted, at more than one of these ballets, by the breaking of their loved long line, by the sudden interposition of something differently dramatic, of story-telling much more direct. Not among these is the special spectator whom Bakst requires, and who does not get, out of any ballet from which Bakst is absent, the particular newness of sensation that Bakst can give. What "Prince Igor" gives to this spectator is much, is abundant, but it is not rare. Khan Kontchak's tribe of earth-shakers, outside their tents under the vermilion light on earth's surface, are such stuff as earth is made of. When the dance music begins it brings them their hour of speed, a speed

which mounts fast and faster until the earth is trampled by their tumult, and the music brandishes their barbaric bodies, and large waves of sienna and ochre and umber roar under the light in a storm of violence and sound. In this dance, which is danced not superlatively at all, but well enough to communicate a strong staple excitement, there is something unfamiliar and little that is new, nothing new in fact but the guidance of such a spectacle by someone who knows color as a luministe knows it, who has not forgotten that the shadow of grass is green in the sunset, and who uses this green.

"Les Sylphides," coming after "Prince Igor," is a place of moonlit coolness and silver quiet, where the white moths flutter together in pattern and crouch in white rosettes, clusters waiting to be circled by lonelier dancers still moth-like. Here is a familiar pleasantness, dear to spectators who are most pleased when the ballet they see resembles the ballets they remember, and who admire above other kinds of motion the fluidity of these arms beckoning whitely.

Nothing could contrast more sharply with the conventionally fluent movement of these moth-like bodies here and there through their atmosphere than Bakst's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," than this delicate hard finish as of some lovely Greek vase painted in two glazes, than these faintly colored nymphs with long bones in their bodies, than the way they stand and move in planes. Just as when you look at colors in a glaze, so here you do not see the colors at first but find them afterward, less conscious of them even when found than of the patterns on the nymph's dresses, of the staccato-kneed faun so enormously dappled, of the angular grace and light awryness with which this archaic world moves side-long, even its feet in profile all the time. But no, this ballet is not archaic, not designed by a child trying to represent motion by sharp lines of direction. The archaic artist never saw the archaic, but Bakst has seen and studied it, has made art by looking at art, has lost his innocence, knows too much, does not pretend that he doesn't, attains by imposing restrictions on himself a learned and amused counterfeit of an art

that did its best, with all its means, to represent. The archaizer plays with things that used to be serious, and so he expresses, instead of the early Greek reverence for desire, a certain detached amusement at a fetish-worship, at a lasciviousness, which for him after all are here merely as parts of his design.

When Bakst did "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" he pleased himself by hiding the compositeness of his art, by deceiving careless observers into thinking the slenderness of its unity a lack of richness in his material. No one could make the same mistake about "Schéhérazade," for here Bakst lets us look at the profusion he reduces to the unity of his design, at the lavishness of color, of yellow topaz, lapis lazuli, colors of birds and snakes, and an equal lavishness in his use of strong, dark emotions. He must have a brain which feels emotion and sees color at the same instant, or he would not be able to do what he does with the contrast between the women's white flesh and the dark flesh of the slaves bursting in, and with the horror that enters along with this contrast. And in spite of all this color and richness he can still get, when he wants it, a clear accent of red on Zobéide's hat, and again on the slave her lover, as if two flames should stand out against a background of fire. In "L'Après-Midi" he is more concerned with form and silhouette kept in two planes, here more with color, with colored undulations, with as many planes as you can cut jewels into. In "Schéhérazade" hunger finds the food that longs to be eaten, the game of desire is played frankly without shame, and with a good understanding that the forfeit is death if the players get caught.

Of these two Baksts it is perhaps worth remarking that "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" is much the easier to recall in its progress, as one gets formal verse by heart without knowing how, and that this formality is part of the strangeness which Bakst, in this ballet more strangely than anywhere else, has added to beauty.

February 5, 1916.

Iridescent Art

EVEN if discerning fellow-countrymen had forced the office of Destroyer and Preserver upon me, and had commanded me, in their quaint contemporary dialect, to "decimate" existing works of art, I am far from certain that I should destroy the works of Louis Comfort Tiffany. Under the yoke of so new a responsibility I might perhaps be driven into all the many houses where his work has found asylum. I might seize and condemn everything into which his kindly nature had most flagrantly breathed the breath of its life. Not improbably I should sentence him to produce no more. Yet something of him I should certainly preserve, enough to warrant him in riding off to the future with the words *non omnis moriar* displayed on the favrile glass of his shield.

At the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York, in the Tiffany Studios, there has lately been a "retrospective exhibition of Louis C. Tiffany, in metal, glass, jewelry, enamels, pottery, and paintings in oil and water color." This exhibition ought to be kept just as it is, no matter how the bigots of good taste surge and roar and break their hearts, till the end of days. As it was on the morning when I went to see it, so it should remain forever, lustrous, refulgent, nacreous, no two specimens alike. Not one employee should be changed or allowed to grow older. Secret rebels there may be among these employees, furtive heretics who deem the splendor guilty, but on the outside all are courteous respecters of themselves and the establishment. Evidently a place of good understandings and living wages and friendly ways. A feeling that resembles esteem for Mr. Tiffany invades your heart.

Can this esteem survive a trip upstairs, where you emerge from the elevator, and go on tiptoe, as you might have stolen

across Isaac of York's threshold, into the upper chamber where the retrospective exhibition is housed, where rugs hung across the skylight shut out the garish day, where there is an expensive hush, a precious dimness, with things in cases brightly lit? On nearly all the walls are sober-blooded paintings, nowise riotous, many of them so void of offense that you could live with them, if you had to. Looking at them you fancy, for a moment, that you must have erred into a department store. The fancy dies as soon as your eyes forsake the pallid walls for any of the many central cases where the other art works lie or stand, where Mr. Tiffany has let himself go, where his taste glows and blooms and blushes and flushes, where the jewels are, and the favrile glass, and the eighteen carat gold.

Round the corner from my father's house there used to be a neighbor's house painted white, with cobalt blinds. The neighbor had told his architect that no two windows on the street side must be alike, and it was so. No duplicates among those windows. Each specimen unique. A similar passion has haunted Mr. Tiffany. Tear-bottles, vases, lamps and brooches, each has been more precious in his eyes, and dearer to his heart, because nothing else in the world was precisely like it. And with Mr. Tiffany's aversion from the duplicate we must put his aversion from the copy. He has seen and loved many good forms in art and in nature, but he has copied none exactly. He has taken this model and blurred its sharp outlines, that model and smeared its distinct pattern. At first you think this indecision an accident of handicraft, but on seeing it everywhere you realize that he must prefer indecision. A singular result of his effort to make each of his things look rare is that nearly all of them look expensive — this prize-taking vase with shrugged shoulders and long ears, this lamp that suggests a slave girl with three uplifted arms that support the globe; this little row of Mexican opals, like charity boys dressed in uniform, playing with all the little chrysoprases; this old tear-bottle, multiplied to seventeen times its natural size, and laid on its side, in velvet.

How many joys Mr. Tiffany has thrilled with as he went about the world, and how strangely, for the delight of purchasers and for his own delight, he has mixed himself with what he has seen! He must have walked along many beaches, studying with open inaccurate eyes the amphibious fauna which abound, I am told, in such places. He has wandered in many forests, looking at waving branches tipped with life, at roots and webs and insects. The idea came to him of marrying two small fishes to a bit of fossilized wood, that something new in favrile glass might be given to mankind. China has been to him a treasure house, in which he has found models to alter and mar. He has travelled in Benares, he must have dreamed dreams by the well once filled with the sweat of Vishnu, near the Manikarnika Ghat. He has brought home the desire for studded jewels all over a shape. Woman, had Mr. Tiffany created her, instead of having two only, would have had many breasts, and each breast, instead of having one only, would, if Mr. Tiffany had created woman, have been all encrusted with nipples.

Blurred tumult, spotty color and iridescent unrestraint give feature to Mr. Tiffany's art. Here and there he begins to correct himself, as in this good red vase, only to falter, to fall, to feel irresistibly the temptation to be himself all over the vase's neck. Downstairs there are a few lovely shapes in metal, but here again he fell. The patterns on the edges of these Greek shapes are not Greek and incisive, but blurred and smirched.

And yet, although he has done so many things that he ought not to have done, no two alike, you cannot feel unkindly toward him. His own human kindness, his desire to give by his art as much pleasure as art and nature have given him, is both real and obvious. He likes to let your eyes, as they look at glass for windows, see a world of snow and pine needles, of rocks and cold streams. Let us remember this kindness, this something likable, as we leave the retrospective exhibition, trying to forget it, trying not to think of the people who will buy all these things and possess these things and never break these things.

For people have bought and will buy. The explanation of this paradox is simple. Mr. Tiffany's art work has an uncanny unity. Had any specimen of it, except a painted picture, been shown to Adam when he was naming things by divine instinct, Adam would not have hesitated, whether the specimen were enamel, metal or favrile glass. Adam would have known at once that he was face to face with The Wedding Present.

EZRA THARP.

April 1, 1916.

Schnitzler

BE careful what you desire in youth, said Goethe, for in old age you will get it. Be still more careful, so one thinks after reading Arthur Schnitzler's "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn," what you desire to-day unconsciously, for to-morrow you may get it, and the price you pay for it will be the defeat and ruin of everything you consciously desired. Our morality having taught us that certain desires are not to be acknowledged, even to ourselves, we keep them in our unconsciousness, where they lie in ambush. A morality less superstitious, to which ends mattered more than means, would have bidden us do our utmost to become conscious of the ambushed desire, to avow the unavowable, to give the nameless its exactest name. Some of the worst moral defeats are victories of the unconscious over the conscious. Moral victories, no less than mental, may be the reward of men and women who have taught things hidden in their unconsciousness to serve ends their will has consciously chosen.

Although "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn," which I read for the first time the other day, is Schnitzler's newest book, it is already a year or more old. It is a story about as long as "Sterben," one of his earliest masterpieces. Sophocles, when he treated the Oedipus and Jocasta story, hid from them the fact that they were mother and son. From Beate and her son Hugo Schnitzler keeps nothing but the fact that they are in love. This they do not learn until the very end, when it is revealed to them in darkness and flame, terribly, though not at the same moment, nor by quite the same means. Slowly, by slight suggestion after slighter, you grow aware of the passion Beate is still unconscious of. She tragically misinterprets her

feeling and her son's. Accompanying this central misinterpretation, playing into it, disengaging themselves from it, joining it again, lesser misinterpretations are born and live and are lost. When the number of Beate's desirers increases about her, she in good faith explains the increase by some peculiarity in the air of an unusual autumn. She does not know the cause is a longing she has, which looks out of her eyes and makes her gestures subtly obedient to its rhythm. She imputes her own state of mind, not knowing it for hers, and her imputations turn into realities. A desire she was unconscious of, which she would have done her best to extirpate if only she had become conscious of it early enough, which every other feeling in her would have fought against if it had come earlier into the light of consciousness, fulfils her tragedy.

In 1902, when Schnitzler's "Lebendige Stunden" had just been given at the Carl-Theater in Vienna, Hermann Bahr wrote: "Aber nun kommt das Publikum und verlangt, dass wir ihm sagen sollen, was der Dichter denn mit diesen Stücken sagen will. Darauf ist zu antworten: Wenn wir es könnten, wäre er keiner." A year later, when a revival of these one-act plays gave Bahr a chance to return to the subject, he quoted Hebbel: "Wehe dem Dichter, dessen Werk man in gemeinen Verstande kopieren kann. Er ist entweder nichts oder hat wenigstens nichts gemacht." Anything by Schnitzler that I read for the first time, whether novel, shorter story or play, gives me the feeling which Hebbel and Bahr have put into words. In Schnitzler the language is nearly always quite simple. Impossible not to understand, except when your German fails you, what he is saying at any given moment. Equally impossible not to feel, when you have shut the book and are marvelling at the easy path he has made for you through such intricate ravines, that you have seen the beginnings of many other paths, leading toward darker strangenesses. You have been in the deep woods, along the borderland between conscious and unconscious. From little clearings you have looked into darker regions where the light is drowned.

You have been listening to fainter sounds between the louder.

A book like "Frau Beate," if we let it alone in our minds for a while after reading it, sharpens our observation of the contrast and coöperation, in ourselves and in other people, of conscious motives with unconscious. Happily for the world most of the unconscious motives we catch in the act are inadequate to tragedy. They are small things. They lead the egotist to talk of himself while believing that autobiography is only a by-product of his talk; lead him to judge others by what they have done and himself by what he is going to do one of these days; lead him to warm himself before praise from persons whose facility in praising he has often laughed at; lead him to assume that friends have him in mind when they are really thinking only of God. It is not often, however, that Schnitzler gives us anything so explicit to take with us from his world to ours. Seldom does he allow us to see the comedy in mortal things as a complement of their tragedy. In many of his books comedy and tragedy are perceived at almost the same moment.

Nobody puts his tragic touches and his comic touches nearer together than Schnitzler. Nobody is abler to keep the one kind from lessening the feeling created by the other. For examples of this art we must go not to "Frau Beate," but to some of his plays, say to "Komtesse Mizzi." It begins when Count Arpad, an elderly man, is losing by her marriage his mistress, an actress he has been living with for seventeen years. Count Arpad is very diverting, yet Schnitzler never lets us see him as merely absurd. Mizzi, the Count's daughter, is thirty-seven. With her entrance into the story we begin to see, past the adroit and amusing dialogue, a tragic background. Eighteen years ago Mizzi and Prince Egon were lovers. We see the hunting lodge, "forgotten in a forest glade and secret from the eyes of all," where their boy was born. Prince Egon's wife was alive then, and the secret was well kept. But at what a cost! Mizzi was willing to run away with Egon, but he would

not. And because her boy was taken from her, in spite of all she was ready to do to keep him, she has refused to see him in these seventeen years. He thinks his mother is dead. To-day, without warning, Egon brings the boy to see Mizzi.

We should all know what to expect from such a situation, provided we did not know Schnitzler. Either the present would turn as tragic as the past, or else we should have a final scene of forgiving and forgetting. What we do see is naturally neither. The amusing dialogue goes on, more amusing than ever, quicker with comedy, and the tragic background that lies beyond it, in the past, takes more and more significant possession of our imagination. One who had read an outline of "Komtesse Mizzi," and who didn't otherwise know the play, would say it ended happily; for Mizzi is so unwilling to be separated from her son that she is willing even to marry his father. But readers or hearers of the play are not so deceived. Schnitzler has drawn away too many curtains. He leaves us wondering what a happiness can be like which is shared by a man and woman who know each other too well.

P. L.

March 20, 1915.

The Rupert Brooke Legend

ONE may guess what the theme of Rupert Brooke means to Mr. Henry James. His favored word "felicity" perhaps sums it up. Here was a youth whom Mr. James early divined. He saw him first at Cambridge in the splendid setting of the river at the "backs." At "such a pitch of simple scenic perfection" almost no personality could have sustained the exorbitant demands of Mr. James's imagination. Mr. James has spent much of his career gently commiserating with the world on its heavy failure to fulfil his delicate expectancies for it. But with the figure and the gesture of Rupert Brooke he was immensely, mutely charmed. Like a child that holds his breath lest he disturb a top that is spinning perfectly, Mr. James hovered above the young poet in the parentage of solicitude. When the top moved off the carpet of England on to the hard boards of foreign travel, Mr. James was in exquisite trepidation. But the spin was vigorous. Through all the gyrations Mr. James at last felt an unexampled rightness. He was not merely contemplating a phenomenon that aroused his literary imagination. He was enthralled by a performance that sustained and fulfilled his notions of highest amenity. It was the personal, the social, culmination of Rupert Brooke that most enamored Mr. James.

And then to Rupert Brooke's nation and tradition there came an alien challenge. It was a challenge that penetrated to the heart of everything in civilized ways that had slowly and richly colored and consecrated for Mr. James. Without a flicker of outside consideration, without a tremor of readjustment, Rupert Brooke took up that challenge as his

"Letters from America," by Rupert Brooke. With an Introduction by Henry James.

own, willingly risking and losing his life. It was not a sacrifice. It was, in the light of all unspoken preciousness, a consummation. At their face, which proved their real value, it took all the easy affirmations of his poetry. He had been the frank heir of a given England. He had enjoyed his heirloom. At the challenge he went winging out of it, an arrow from its bow. This was more than the allured spectator could have reckoned on. There would have been leniency for almost any behavior. But the hard twang of Rupert Brooke's departure and finish left nothing for Mr. James to surmise. Just because he is exacting he is capable of rejoicing to the full in a perfection. So he celebrates the symbol of the end. "It is perhaps even a touch beyond any dreamt-of harmony that, under omission of no martial honour, he was to be carried by comrades and devoted waiting sharers, whose evidence survives them, to the steep summit of a Greek island of infinite grace and there placed in such earth and amid such beauty of light and shade and embracing prospect as that the fondest reading of his young lifetime could have suggested nothing better. It struck us at home, I mean, as symbolising with the last refinement his whole instinct of selection and response, his relation to the overcharged appeal of his scene and hour. How could he have shown more the young English poetic possibility and faculty in which we were to seek the freshest reflection of the intelligence and the soul of the new generation? The generosity, I may fairly say the joy, of his contribution to the general perfect way makes a monument of his high rest there at the heart of all that was once noblest in history."

To share completely this "joy" the reader should, I feel, be at one with Mr. James in the totality of his sense of English rightness and the totality of his personal sense of Rupert Brooke. For this generous effect, however, these letters from America are thin support. They were casual journalism, of course, never meant to indemnify so lofty a memorial as precedes them. They were addressed, as Mr. James says with characteristic deprecation, to "a

friendly London evening journal." But they are part of a personality about to become a legend. In so far as one's own imagination happens not to nourish a conviction of English "exquisitive civility," they are required to justify that conviction, or at any rate to corroborate Mr. James's out of their unaided substance. In the measure that they fail, the outsider is likely to modify "this ideal image of English youth."

The letters punctuate a journey taken in 1913. It ran from New York to Boston and Harvard, then to Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec and the Saguenay, Ontario, Niagara Falls. By Winnipeg it went to the Rockies, including an excursion to the woods, an impression of the prairies and their Indian descendants. It went as far afield as Samoa before recording the last utterance, the young Englishman returned to his own country and reverberating to the news of war.

"Touching at first, inevitably quite juvenile, in the measure of his good faith"—so Mr. James defines Rupert Brooke. But conventional is the first word I should apply to the poet's reactions on, and from, the United States. It is true he was writing for the *Westminster Gazette*. When he announced he was going to trail his "many-coloured mantle" across the United States his friends had exclaimed "My God!" "'El Cuspidorado,' remarked an Oxford man, brilliantly." "One wiser than all the rest wrote: 'Think gently of the Americans. They are so very young; and so very anxious to appear grown-up; and so very lovable.'" But even with such admonitions to remember and respect, there was a chance he might have done more than despatch to England what he had so clearly brought with him out of the vast fusty annals of prejudice. Other Englishmen less recommended for amenity, less identified with the "frequent extraordinary beauty of the English aspect"—H. G. Wells, to wit, and Arnold Bennett and even G. Lowes Dickinson—had seen in this Philistia something that probed for sympathy and understanding. But what Rupert Brooke's so exalted tradition conferred was not an ampler sympathy and a swifter understanding. It was, if anything,

a pleasant though stuffy immunity. He did not disdain. He brightly, humorously mirrored. But he did not sufficiently penetrate. The love of truth in him was not so keen as to compel him to make profitable conjecture. He was tolerant, very, but not really receptive. He could observe. "The upper-class head is long, often fine about the forehead and eyes, and very cleanly outlined. The eyes have an odd, tired pathos in them — mixed with the friendliness that is so admirable — as if of a perpetual never quite successful effort to understand something. It is like the face of an only child who has been brought up in the company of adults." But the jocularly of Harvard Commencement was aboriginal to him. He might have been a later Marius beholding antics at once impossible and picturesque.

He saw Niagara Falls with poet's eyes. Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec, Winnipeg, he inspected affably and reported with friendliness and wit. But the small, shifty, cruel, mean and untrustworthy expression of the French Canadian priest, the flabby face, shifty eyes, inhuman mouth of the real estate youth in western Canada, the fabulous vulgarity of the fat Jew in Quebec, were the realities that got deepest between his ribs. Had he not seen the Saguenay and the Rockies, had he not kept on to Samoa, he would have but commemorated nostalgia. The South Sea Islands captivated him. "Never, clearly, had he been on such good terms with the hour, never found the life of the senses so anticipate the life of the imagination, or the life of the imagination so content itself with the life of the senses; it is all an abundance of amphibious felicity." For all the interestingness of his earlier chapters, it is this chapter, and the concluding moment of reverie on the declaration of war, that help him abide.

To make a memorial to Brooke's personality it is perhaps well that Mr. James should have testified. Brooke achieved in person that miracle of felicity for which the social scrutinizer looks so widely and so vainly. He had not merely the grace of spirit. He had also that gift so unusual outside unwarrantable romance, the accompanying

grace of form. For Mr. James, who had so often detected genius without amenity or amenity without genius, this happy child of the English intention was something he could peculiarly realize. Whether his ecstasy is not too private, however, is a question his intricate introduction arouses. There are passages in which he seems rather to contract his whole gratification to a class and a clime. This sort of thing is petty. Fine personality is not so esoteric that it requires such a nice scenic and institutional equipment. Had Mr. James been a fifth apostle I have no doubt he would have been completely susceptible. A thousand delicate implications of beauty and nobility and supremacy would have been unfailingly traced. It may be affirmed, however, that the uninformed apostles took no pains to ensure their Personality against the ineptitude of the crude and vulgar man. They simply spread Him on a record and their brief story has survived for many peoples and many ages. It is that sort of success for a chronicle of the divine which makes one wonder whether it is the infinitesimal adjustment that most signifies, or the inescapable bravery and validity of the event.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

February 15, 1916.

These Twain

WHERE Arnold Bennett achieves greatness in his conscientious fiction is in his resolute fidelity to common human beings as they are. In one American novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," there was a full anticipation of his method and spirit, but it is difficult to find anywhere also another complete example. Greatnesses of a different order, greatnesses which cannot be compared, are to be found in Mr. Bennett's contemporaries, but he above the rest has mastered the art of preserving in fiction the color, the tone, the flavor, the odor, the surface, of provincial urban usualness. Such usualness has been approached in varying moods by numerous English and American novelists. Moore and Gissing have attempted it. Frank Norris and Henry Fuller and Edith Wharton have come at it. It has been part of the problem of every modern bourgeois novel. But no one has succeeded so well as Arnold Bennett in giving it comprehension and proportion. What it is, this routine bourgeois life, most of us know only too well. It is immensely that familiarity which breeds disregard. But so powerful and miraculous is art that as soon as this life is presented to us by one to whom it has appealed, presented with acute and exquisite fidelity, it becomes poignant and beautiful. No matter how the thing in itself may estrange us, no matter how we may despise and rage at its conditions, we are enabled by the artist to come into full understanding of it, and we are grateful to the core of our being for the honesty that retained every tedium, every banality, every inadequacy, for our understanding. To give the sanction of art to the nobility of human nature is precious, but it is no more precious than to bring into the

"These Twain," by Arnold Bennett. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

sanction of art the unremitted commonplace. For it proves that there is no such thing as commonplace, that where there is truth there must be beauty.

And in his account of the married life of Edwin Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways Mr. Bennett has adhered to the veracity that implies beauty. No one who read "Clayhanger" or "Hilda Lessways" could suppose that the truth of their marriage would be romantic. It is not romantic. It is, in the conventional sense, desperately unromantic and disillusioning. But it is full of an assuaging comprehension and an illimitable tenderness. To be tender over unusualness is possible to almost every imagination. Women who tritely accept tuberculosis in negro tenements can weep with Stevenson over the lepers. Men who are bored to death by the hardships of scrubwomen can blaze with sympathy for a prostitute. Sedentary people of every description are exalted at the thought of war. But it needs genuine imagination to remain responsive in despite of repetition and custom, and this imagination Mr. Bennett possesses. The younger novelists strive as a rule to present situations that are complicated by some piquant irregularity — an illicit lover or two, a brilliant youth horribly addicted to heroin, a millionaire disciple of the I. W. W., and other exciting exhibitions of the orchid in Kansas. But the material that Mr. Bennett takes is the material of disregarded and unsensational lives, showing by the aid of his devoted imagination the depths in the stuff of which those apparently ordered lives are made.

To those who met Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways before, the task of depicting their union seemed formidable. Hilda Lessways was an inexplicable creature, and in marriage she was bound in some degree to be explicated. The limitations of Edwin, on the other hand, presaged an attitude as husband which could hardly fail to impede that swinging step. And then there was the child. Could Mr. Bennett domesticate Hilda in the Five Towns without losing her magic? Could he sustain without wearying us the patient chronicle of confined and dutiful lives? For

some, perhaps, the answer will not be favorable to Mr. Bennett. Admitting, as all must admit, the incomparable resources of his intimacy, the triumphant fertility of his invention, there will be readers to miss in Mrs. Edwin Clayhanger the impetuosity and glamor of the girl whom Edwin loved from afar. These readers will question whether Hilda is the same Hilda. They will believe that somewhere, somehow, Mr. Bennett's divination has faltered. For my own part, I am not sure. The fragrance which permitted Hilda to deviate from Edwin without a word — that fragrance which he was once so falsely represented as accepting entire — seems to disappear into her character unelucidated, and with it some of her salience. She began a mountain torrent. The sweep of her personality in marriage is the sweep of a channelled stream. That a woman of such brilliant and dashing gesture should so subside, that she should attune herself so readily to a marriage so signally without ultimate confidence, is a great deal to concede. That there should be so few attempts at ultimate confidence is, perhaps, too much to concede, especially as the marriage is rather unwittingly concentrated on the standpoint of the man. But the change seems to me for the most part greatly credible. Hilda's taming, her acquiescence, seems to me very much "like life."

"The fact was that she had married him for the look in his eyes. It was a sad look, and beyond that it could not be described. Also, a little, she had married him for his bright untidy hair, and for that short oblique shake of the head which with him meant a greeting or an affirmative. She had not married him for his sentiments nor for his goodness of heart. Some points in him she did not like. He had a tendency to colds, and she hated him whenever he had a cold. She often detested his terrible tidiness, though it was a convenient failing. More and more she herself wilfully enjoyed being untidy, as her mother had been untidy. . . . And to think that her mother's untidiness used to annoy her! On the other hand she found pleasure in humouring Edwin's crotchettiness in regard to the de-

tails of a meal. She did not like his way of walking, which was ungainly, nor his way of standing, which was infirm. She preferred him to be seated. She could not but regret his irresolution, and his love of ease. However, the look in his eyes was paramount, because she was in love with him. She knew that he was more deeply and helplessly in love with her than she was with him, but even she was perhaps tightlier bound than in her pride she thought."

So far from knowing Hilda's mind about himself, Edwin goes through a long and harrowing process of what is euphemistically known as "adjustment." And the complementary process is necessitated for Hilda not so much on account of her ignorance of Edwin's processes, though that is profound, as on account of the exactions of her contrary will. Judged by some marriages, this conflict may seem unusual. There are persons who inform you that never in their married life have they heard a cross word. But, outside such feastings on angel-cake, sharply and touchingly typical is the Clayhangers' alternation between sacrament and sacrilege. Not by words do the Clayhangers reach comprehension. Hilda is curiously more ready to surrender her body than to surrender her mind. She never foregoes a hard consciousness, "it's each for himself in marriage, after all." But apart from this rather unusual articulation of the warfare that is marriage, she and Edwin represent with extraordinary accuracy the permutations of allied but rival purposes — purposes which can no more be made identical than the weather which favors oats can be made identical with the weather which favors corn.

One thing I miss in Hilda — her sexual consciousness outside marriage. One thing I vainly expected in Edwin — jealousy. Even of the resurrected George Cannon he is not apprehensively jealous, merely fiercely instinctive that Hilda shall not see him. One thing I wondered about — that Hilda and Edwin did not have a child. One thing I disliked — that Hilda "padded" about her bedroom. But that last is the pathos of things as they are.

If Hilda and Edwin were not set in the community of

the Five Towns, the provincial England of 1892, the peculiar richness and thickness of their veracity would be infinitely less powerful. But Mr. Bennett has revived with mastery our sense of that community, and restored it to us in new significance because his perception and his charity are more mature. The death of Auntie Hamps alone appeared to me a lapse in artistic intuition. It was too reminiscent of unforgettable reflections in "The Old Wives' Tale."

Whether Hilda proves less liberating than one expected, or Edwin more frustrated, "These Twain" completes with great success a drama for which many must have trembled. There are things about "These Twain" that seem fuzzy — the delineation of Tertius Ingpen, for one, and the business capacity of Edwin. But on the whole there is a power and security of characterization that is incontrovertible, and an amplitude of incident so natural and so significant that the sense of life never departs. Whether one regards the amusingly accurate idiom of young George, the picture of Trafalgar Road or of Dartmoor, the flashes of anger or of passion, "These Twain" is the product of a searching and just susceptibility to the tone and movement of life.

The gratitude that is due to any real artist is great, but the gratitude due to an artist who adheres to life in its common motivation seems to me exceptional. The very sensitiveness that makes a man an artist tends to confine him to those situations which engage and indulge his sensitiveness. Because the world of gross and urgent action, of common necessity, is hostile to the spectator, the spectator easily becomes hostile in return. But Mr. Bennett is a spectator who has retained a beautiful sympathy for motivations and susceptibilities alien to the artistic type. He has transcended interest in "ideas" and purposes to spread human nature before us. It is a triumph of disciplined fictive imagination, a triumph both of artist and man.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

December 4, 1916.

The Popular Hit

“**T**HEY don't come much better than that.” I agree with my unknown contributor. It is warm praise, but it gives the first fine, free reaction on the fun of “Watch Your Step.”

After all, it is a pleasant thing to live in a small town. Out in the big, cold world you know nobody, and nobody knows you. But here in New York we all know the local gossip, share in the local jokes, are on to the local celebrities. It isn't as if you lived in the great lonely city where people are stiff and formal, where nobody ever “loosens up.” I am thinking of centers like Rockland, Me., where the standard is sixteen to one, sixteen seductive silvern remarks on your part to one golden token of silence on the part of the exuberant native. In New York there may be certain provincial drawbacks, certain narrow interests and island ways, but at least when our local talent is let loose we all feel the coziness and neighborliness that comes in a one-horse town.

Take, for example, our accomplished townsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. Everybody in New York knows the Castles. In a great city people like that might be lost, but on Broadway they are in the midst of intimate and often communicative friends. And when Frank Tinney says: “Vern, you'll be in the hall of fame all right, but you'll be there with Tracy the Outlaw, Captain Kidd and all the other hold-ups,” everybody sees the jape, because the prices he gets for his dancing lessons are the talk of the town. And when Mr. Castle says he likes singing, Frank Tinney remarks: “You say you like singing. Well, you married her.” And the roof lifts. They give Mrs. Castle a piece in the show so that she may dance, but her singing is very Chinese. Could they refer to that in a big-sized, callous town?

Vernon Castle is a good deal of the show. Not everyone in the village knew he could chant, and it was a surprise when he sat down before two drums and proved his fingers were as rhythmic as his toes. In the play he is a fashionable Englishman, very creditable for home talent, but the chief thing was of course his dancing. There wasn't enough plot in the play to put in a teacup. He simply danced whenever he got rested. His legs are ten feet long and an inch thick, but he is as graceful as a gazelle. Every time Mrs. Castle entered she appeared in a new and more lovely costume, sometimes a figured and formal dress, sometimes little more than draperies of exquisite shades. Her performance was a delight, especially when she came careering in and just sailed lightly around the stage. She and he did a polka, the sort of thing people used to dance in the sarsaparilla age, before we discovered that dances could be made up like cocktails and gin fizzes. They gave many of these, Bronx, Manhattan and Martini varieties as well, with fifty in the chorus to assist them; all to syncopated music, the music so fittingly named after a very disastrous disorder of the heart.

One reason everyone in New York is keen about the Castles is that they are the living exhibits of a get-rich-quick romance. Frank Tinney says in the play that Mr. Castle used to be a waiter. Now he takes his salary home every night on a push-cart. In a big city this would not interest anybody, but everyone likes to drink in the appearance of such a marvel in a small place like New York.

In vaudeville, the most rigid form of entertainment, a man is disgraced whose act does not run like a machine. One of the joys of "Watch Your Step" is the local ease and freedom. The trick dog of vaudeville becomes in "Watch Your Step" the "good dog" that calmly lies down when he is told to stand on his head. It is very irregular and wrong. It would never do where people were not at home. But so little sense has this audience of the serious obligations of trick dogs, that they laugh as if the performer were a friend.

Another thing characteristic of a genial small town is the

fun you can have about grand opera. In a big city they take opera seriously. In Chicago people begin to get gloomy at the prospect of opera early in November, and the gloom rests over the entire North Side until the hilarious season of Lent. The first thing Chicagoans thought about when the war broke out was: "Thank God, we can cut out grand opera without letting the cat out of the bag." But in New York a pleasantly "jay" attitude toward opera is quite the thing. "Watch Your Step" has one scene revealing the Opera House. All the boxes are full of morose men reading the religious news, the only column left in their papers. The ladies' hair is all ablaze with private electric-lighted tiaras, Mr. Edison's latest cultural device — not so useful as his cement houses, but almost as beautiful. Several of the patronesses go home, complaining that the sleeping accommodations are medieval. The stage is first occupied by Caruso, the only opera singer known to small towns. Caruso is succeeded by Frank Tinney, the carriage caller, who immediately takes the real audience into his confidence about the expert comedian's favorite topic, nothing in particular.

When an innocent damsel asked her swain to repeat one of Tinney's jokes in the orchestra, the comedian came forward to remark: "Don't tell her. Make her listen herself." But he was too kind to give her name to the rest of Broadway. Tinney's color in the play was black. He changed his clothes from a carriage caller's to a Pullman porter's, and from the Pullman porter's to a coat room boy's, but like a good comedian, he never changed his face. Because of the plot he was not let come on till the second act, when the plot was removed. As the Pullman porter he made no effort to reach the plane of metropolitan wit. Of the proud father of twins who had just received a silver loving-cup from Colonel Roosevelt he solemnly inquired: "Do you get it outright, or do you have to win it three times?" It is only in small towns that people live in the memories of the White House of 1908.

"Watch Your Step" does not keep up a serious plot.

The story it tells New York is the story New York likes to hear, the story of its own times, its own foibles, its own favorites. It does not play up to, or down to, its public. Undisguisedly assured, it plays directly with its public, and, cleverly, vivaciously, successfully, plays on it. There is nothing fulsome about its flattery, nothing transparent about its device. It does not buttonhole New York too rudely or attempt too obvious an appeal. But with a great deal of adroitness and considerable real humor it rolls the ball — not too swiftly — until the audience is as excited as a kitten. And when it overtakes the ball — not too difficult — the audience literally purrs. It is an immensely successful entertainment.

It succeeds because it has a friendly common touch. A stranger from Mars might be puzzled at our motor jokes, our Erie jokes, our Pullman jokes, our hotel and coat-room and dancing-school and grand opera humor. He might miss these touches of urban familiarity that make our whole world kin. But it would be his loss. He would not have had the advantages of living in a one-horse town.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

January 9, 1915.

Socialism and the Fabian Society

A SEMI-OFFICIAL history of the Fabian Society (1884-1915) has just been written by my friend Edward R. Pease, who was its secretary for twenty-five years of its thirty-two years of life. I myself left the society in 1904, but I was one of the four members (Shaw, Webb, Olivier, and myself) who had most to do with building it up, and I have kept in touch with it since my resignation.

The chief significance of the society in the general development of social thought has been that it used the name and prestige of socialism for a movement which was free from and often opposed to Marx's analysis of history, industry, and human motive, and which therefore influenced non-socialist political opinion in England, and helped to inspire the Revisionist movement in German social-democracy.

Shaw joined the infant society in September, 1884, Webb and Olivier in May, 1885, and I in April, 1886. But from the beginning of 1885 we had all four belonged to a little reading circle in Hampstead for the study of "Das Kapital." We expected to agree with Marx, but found ourselves from the beginning criticising him. Webb and Olivier were civil servants who four or five years before had scored highly in political economy at the "Class One" examination owing to their ability to expound and apply the Ricardian law of rent. It was on this point that we first definitely disagreed with Marx. Instead of taking surplus value in the lump, we divided it into the three "rents" of land, capital, and ability, and faced the fact that, if he worked with the worst land, tools, and brains, "in cultivation," the worst-paid laborer might be producing no more wealth than he consumed. This led us to abandon "abstract labor" as the basis of

"The History of the Fabian Society," by Edward R. Pease.

value, and to adopt Jevons's conception of value as fixed by the point where "marginal effort" coincided with "marginal utility."

It was this rejection of Marxism which made possible our partial "permeation" of Liberal and other non-socialist political organizations. Instead of looking on "capitalism" and "exploitation" as a single fact to be destroyed by the shock-tactics of class-war and forcible revolution, we came to see the economic advantages which individual men enjoyed by inheriting or acquiring land or bonds or brains or training as matters of more and less. If a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer taxed land or unearned income, or an educationist worked to improve the primary or technical schools, or a hygienist invented schemes of housing, we accepted his work, not as a "palliative" but as an actual step towards our ideal.

Socialism is a movement towards economic equality to be achieved by democracy, and we carried the same habit of mind into our political as into our economic work. Every extension of the franchise or improvement in administrative machinery represented to us a percentage of our program. When Webb and Shaw and I were elected in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties on to London municipal bodies, and Olivier became Colonial Secretary in Jamaica, our colleagues found us as keen as any "common-sense" Liberal or Conservative to bring about the smallest advance in administrative efficiency.

After we had finished "Das Kapital," we continued the Hampstead circle for three more years, and, both there and in the preparation of Fabian and other lectures, worked at the history of social thought. Our interest in history, and the constant stimulus of Shaw's insight and genius, made us from the first reject the Marxist "economic interpretation of history"—the narrow and mechanical reference of all human actions to economic motives. We never supposed that all political alliances and party quarrels, or all wars or sexual customs or religions were due to the single desire to make money.

Finally we never believed in an inevitable, automatic, and "scientific" process by which a social revolution would come of itself. That theory is apt to prevent itself in the young reformer, as a reason why he should trust to his own automatic impulses, should read and think when he feels inclined to, should speak with such eloquence as comes from the exaltation of the moment, and should attend committees as long as they interest him. During ten years of constant intimacy we learnt imperfectly enough in my own case from Shaw's exacting passion for artistic perfection and Webb's almost incredible force and industry, that one could only get things done in politics by a steady and severe effort of will.

And yet, in spite of the Fabian tradition of elasticity, and ingenuity, and efficiency, I always, after the first few years, felt rather restless in the society, and in the end left it. And now that I read this history, with its calmly accurate record of names and dates and tracts and manifestoes, I find myself wondering whether events will prove that there was a sufficient reason for my dissatisfaction.

I can explain my own difficulties best by quoting a few facts from Pease's book. Tract 70 in 1896 (p. 251), for instance, declared that the Fabian Society "has no distinctive opinions on the Marriage Question, Religion, Art . . . or any other subject than its own special business of practical Democracy and Socialism." In 1899 the Executive argued that the question at issue between the Boers and the British government was one "which Socialism cannot solve and does not touch" (p. 129). I do not think that the Society has ever published a word on its own responsibility about India. In the present war the Society "has made no pronouncement and adopted no policy" (p. 234). In my case other things than our own "special business" were always breaking in, and disturbing the "practical" problems of democracy and equality. I could not decide on a policy as to educational administration without bringing in my views as to the effect of ecclesiastical control, or on free trade without considering its influence on international relations, or on such a manifesto against a

Liberal government as "To your Tents, O Israel" (1893) without considering the probable influence of a Conservative government on a number of matters which lay outside our "special business."

My old difficulties indicate, I believe, a problem which is vital to the whole future of the socialist movement. It may be argued that a propagandist body which does not take up some one question and stick to it must be futile. But socialism has in fact never presented itself as a "single-question" movement, adherence to which is only an incident in the political life of those who call themselves socialists. Like the "principles" of the French Revolution, or Mazzini's republicanism, or Bentham's utilitarianism, socialism has claimed to be a *Weltanschauung*, a "world-view" by the guidance of which all political and economic problems could be solved. And everywhere socialists have taken on themselves the responsibility of forming political parties which have to deal, if only by advice and criticism, with all the many-sided activities of a modern state.

One wonders, therefore, now that this war has shifted the center of gravity in problems of human organization, whether, when peace comes, socialism will still seem to the kind of people who now call themselves socialists to be a sufficing *Weltanschauung*? Or will the struggle for economic and political equality inside each nation come to be looked on by working-class leaders and by the middle-class men and women who sympathize with them, as a part only, however important it may be, of some larger conception of life? The war has now lasted two years, and socialism has had no more influence than Christianity on either its origin or its course. This war will leave the condition of international relations as dangerous as a mined trench, and we shall all be forced to treat the prevention of a new explosion as the main purpose of our political lives. Will the history, the associations, the practical program, of socialism be a sufficient guide for that purpose?

The wind in this respect bloweth where it listeth. Some great leader may turn international socialism into a world-

purpose in whose light the death and maiming of a whole generation of young men in war may be seen as resulting from the same failure of imagination and sympathy as that which produces Chicago slums and Mexican peonage, and the brutalities of Zabern and of Russian Jewry. Or, as I myself think it to be more probable, the word socialism may go the way of "natural rights" and the "greatest happiness principle," and in our new need we may find a new name for our hopes.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

July 24, 1916.

The New Generation

WHEN you twitch your ears for a small boy you create a special and apparently inexhaustible craving. You cease to be an ordinary human being in that boy's eyes, you become an incarnated ear-twitcher. The sole justification for your existence, as he sees it, is your delicious faculty for twitching your ears. In this respect the small boy is not unlike the American people. The American people is not quite so simply pleased but if you once do deeply please it, if you once become identified in its vague monstrous mind with any particular gesture or intonation, you cannot get much response from it except by duplicating the performance that aroused and fixed its taste. You may not wish to repeat it. You may, like Peter Dunne or Mark Twain or George Barr McCutcheon or O. Henry, have a few little intentions of your own. But there is something slow and obdurate about the public. Like a horse, it is hard for it to form an idea. Once formed, an idea is a devil's pitchfork in its brain.

Because of this trait in the public "Songs and Satires" will probably be disappointing. In "Spoon River Anthology" Mr. Masters did more than write poetry. He presented his poetic themes in a way peculiarly dramatic. His method, obviously, made for striking success with the public, and it created the notion that as an inventor of method Edgar Lee Masters stood supreme. Only a madman would have harped on the original device, and Mr. Masters is not a madman. In the absence of another startling device, however, he has not the same salt of novelty, and those who savored just the novelty in "Spoon River" will undoubtedly deem "Songs and Satires" flat.

"Songs and Satires," by Edgar Lee Masters.

Mr. Masters, however, is the same Mr. Masters. Different in method and varied in theme, "Songs and Satires" is penetrated with the same quality as "Spoon River Anthology." And because Mr. Masters is a deep poetic spirit, one of the greatest in the America of our time, it would be an immense pity if the absence of a certain special excitement should keep the readers of "Songs and Satires" from finding the treasures inside.

As to the essential Mr. Masters there are various opinions. Out of Loudonville, Ohio, there recently came one unspoiled opinion, straight from a suffering heart. "'Spoon River,'" said the Loudonvillian, "is not life,—it is death. It does not present life truly, wholesomely. It does not satisfy the demands of the poetic nature. It is too earthly. It creeps like a reptile through slime and evil. We are depressed; our imagination is destroyed, and we close the book with a disgust for its vulgarity. There is life in this book, say what you will. But it contains none of the 'noble and profound applications of ideas to life.'"

At this opinion one may imagine Mr. Masters himself lightly smiling. One may imagine admirers and advocates of his receiving it with wrath. But why should a poet, a fine poet, so disgust and depress and perplex? Why should he seem slimy and vulgar and unwholesome? Mr. Masters is big enough to make any attempt at a reasonable answer worth while.

The best man to answer, so far as I know, would be Thorstein Veblen. If one thinks Masters big as a poet, it would be feeble not to apply that word or some more eulogistic word to Veblen as a social analyst. The confusions that arise about Mr. Masters are due to his arrival on the stage at a period of economic and moral transition. For the right clues to this transitional period there is no observer so fertile, so brilliant, so inexorably honest as the author of "The Theory of Business Enterprise."

What the man from Loudonville is butting into, in "Spoon River" and "Songs and Satires," has a quite terrific name. It is, in the jargon beloved of Mr. Veblen, "the

cultural incidence of the machine process." Under the circumstances, evidently, the Ohioan kept his temper remarkably well. The difference between him and Mr. Masters is a considerable difference. It is a difference, using another catchword, in "norms of validity." The Ohioan's norms rest "on conventional, ultimately sentimental grounds; they are of a putative nature. Such are, *e.g.*, the principles of (primitive) blood relationship, clan solidarity, paternal descent, Levitical cleanness, divine guidance, allegiance, nationality." Being an honest, conventional man, he argues *de jure*. His characteristic habits of thought are "habits of recourse to conventional grounds of finality or validity, to anthropomorphism, to explanations of phenomena in terms of human relation, discretion, authenticity, and choice. The final ground of certainty in inquiry on this natural-rights plane is always a ground of authenticity, of precedent, or accepted decision." He is, in short, a normal "conservative" man, and his disgust and distress over Mr. Masters is due to the fact that Mr. Masters is one of the first poets to become really articulate in a civilization affected by the machine.

"On the whole," says Mr. Veblen, "the number and variety of things that are fundamentally and eternally true and good increase as one goes outward from the modern West-European cultural centers into the earlier barbarian past or into the remoter barbarian present." Loudonville, in this connection, stands for the remoter barbarian present; and Mr. Masters for the number and variety of things that are decreasingly good and true.

It is no wonder that Mr. Masters is out of touch with many sincere Americans. He is breaking new ground poetically, ground that "is neither ecclesiastic, dynastic, territorial, nor linguistic; it is industrial and materialistic." One discerns all through "Songs and Satires" that this has come to pass. Mr. Masters belongs definitely to an age and sphere that has new habits of thought. It is dissonant with fine literary tradition. But those whose experience and sympathies have been similar to Mr. Masters's can see that

it is not his personality alone which gives the troublous accent to his work.

"The machine process throws out anthropomorphic habits of thought." "The machine process gives no insight into questions of good and evil, merit and demerit, except in point of material causation, nor into the foundations or the constraining force of law and order, except such mechanically enforced law and order as may be stated in terms of pressure, temperature, velocity, tensile strength, etc. The machine technology takes no cognizance of conventionally established rules of precedence; it knows neither manners nor breeding and can make no use of any of the attributes of worth."

"The machine is a leveller, a vulgarizer, whose end seems to be the extirpation of all that is respectable, noble, and dignified in human intercourse and ideals." "To the technologist the process comes necessarily to count, not simply as the interval of functioning of an initial efficient cause, but as the substantial fact that engages his attention. . . . The process is always complex; always a delicately balanced interplay of forces that work blindly, insensibly, heedlessly. . . . The prime efficient cause falls, relatively, into the background and yields precedence to the process as the point of technological interest."

Taking these bits from Mr. Veblen, torn bleeding from their context, the question is whether "Songs and Satires" does really in any way correspond. For the most part, as I see it, it does correspond. It is not in one poem that Mr. Masters seems to me to represent that modern population which Veblen calls iconoclastic and materialistic. It is in the general temper and animus he has about life. That population is said to be "growing more matter-of-fact in their thinking, less romantic, less idealistic in their aspirations, less bound by metaphysical considerations in their view of human relations, less mannerly, less devout." They have here a poet who shares their habits of thought. It does not matter whether Mr. Masters is writing a poem about motherhood or Godhead, about Bryan or St. Francis, about mortality or Jesus or the Loop or romantic love. He may

supplicate the Lord or eulogize "Simon Surnamed Peter" or brood over "Dead Faces" or sing of a mistress "In Michigan," but in every case his "norms of validity" are the norms of a new manner of feeling and thinking, a manner to which most of us are not habituated, a manner which it is sheer delight to find so beautifully sung.

If a man is not an artist one resents especially any difference in his habit of thought. A machine-process version of the Jesus story, in which the savior is a buoyant radical fighting the Bar Association and the Civic Federation, might easily be an exasperation or a joke. But when one has come to it after the wit of the poem on Bryan, the sense of human process in "So We Grew Together," the agony of "In the Car," the humanity of "Simon Surnamed Peter," "one of our flesh," one is acclimated and has sympathy to spare. So it is with the conversation between man and God on the subject of electrons, or the Michigan Avenue mistress "In a Cage." So it is with the mordant "Arabel" and the eloquent bitterness of "The Helping Hand," and the portrait of William Marion Reedy, unless you happen to be the person he calls "dung."

When a man chooses to write poetry about fundamental themes, about love and God and death and pain and sorrow and war and failure and desire and spring, he cannot let his feelings come through those poems unless he has accepted a way of taking life. Mr. Masters is a man of forty or so, sceptical, unsentimental, unloyal, deharmonized. Against faith in anything but a vague "radicalism" and the evidence of his senses he reacts vigorously. He is not merely rational, like poets of the eighteenth century. He writes of men *de facto* with a strong refusal to explain them or at any rate explain them away. The exciting thing, however, is to discover how a world so remorseless and harsh can sing to the ear of this poet, how phenomena so little ameliorated can be so rich in communicable feeling. There are "silences," of course. "Love is a Madness" is a silence. "What You Will" is a silence. "Arabel," "A Study," "Portrait of a Woman," bespeak inexplicable processes and

moods. The ballads of Launcelot are exquisite as archaic tapestries. "St. Francis and Lady Clare" is more intentional but hardly more affirmative. "The Altar," like "For a Dance," is a jewelled song. But the main tenor of the volume is to affirm as lyrical and beautiful in their own way the new norms of validity, the only norms that this age is likely to know. "O Glorious France" is less characteristic, more obviously "noble and profound." It is a pæan to men not Chicagoan, "prophetic and enraptured souls." But it stands almost alone.

A mixture of narrative and dissertation is common in Mr. Masters. He employs it in matter-of-fact idiom in most of his longer poems, in swinging verses elsewhere:

So he stepped from the Sun in robes of flame
As the city woke from sleep.
He walked the markets, he walked the squares,
He walked the places of sweets and snares,
Where men buy honor and barter shame,
And the weak are killed as sheep.

The shorter lyrics, of which there are many, are nearly all rhymed. But there is one unrhymed lyric, "The Altar," with these words in it:

Thy face is the apple tree in bloom;
Thine eyes the glimpses of green water
When the tree's blossoms shake
As soft winds fan them.
Thy hair is flame blown against the sea's mist —
Thou art spring.

Another use of rhyme in narrative may be illustrated from "In the Cage":

For dancing you have cast
Veil after veil of ideals or pretense
With which men clothe the being feminine
To satisfy their lordship or their sense
Of ownership and hide the things of sin —
You have thrown them aside veil after veil;
And there you stand unarmored, weirdly frail,

Yet strong as nature, making comical
The poems and the tales of woman's fall . . .
You nod your head, you smile, I feel the air
Made by the closing door. I lie and stare
At the closed door. One, two, your tufted steps
Die on the velvet of the outer hall.
You have escaped.

"Why life hurts so" is not the male's normal inquiry.
But in his "Portrait of a Woman," a woman of whitened
hair, Mr. Masters is unwontedly tender:

You seem to me the image of all women
Who dream and keep under smile the grief thereof,
Or sew, or sit by windows, or read books
To hide their Secret's looks . . .
Perhaps your pathos means that it is well
Death in his time the aspiring torch inverts,
And all tired flesh and haunted eyes and hands
Moving in pained whiteness are put under
The soothing earth to brighten April's wonder.

In these forty-five poems, half of them fairly long, there
are not more than a dozen unrhymed verses. The rhymed
verses seem to me peculiarly sensitive and inventive and sure.
If one can speak of technique apart from the sum of a poem,
"Songs and Satires" is technically remarkable. But the
supple and diversified method is only a sign of the rich
poetic nature finding voice.

F. H.

April 29, 1916.

What is Opinion?

A JOURNAL of opinion has always to face the attack of the practical man that it is a mere vehicle for dilettantism, which wastes in expressing sentiments the energy which should go to the presentation of sober fact and sound data. There is far too much opinion at large in the world already, he thinks. What he wants is not more opinion, but a guide out of the fog-bank into some clear light.

Such a practical man flatters too highly most of that comment which passes for opinion in the journals of the day. Most current reactions to the war, have been, for example, not opinion at all, but mere batteries of guns in an emotional warfare. In all the discussion little emerges that is not articulate emotion or articulate group-interest. This variedly articulate anger, disgust, prejudice, moral reaction, has little more right to be termed opinion than the start one gives when one meets a bear. It is instinctive response clothed with words.

Our moulders of opinion — our preachers and politicians and editors and publicists — are not speaking in order so much to convince us as to make us act or vote or feel with them. Their words are chains of phrases strung together almost undesignedly with a view to pulling us to the cause or party or idea they are supporting. It is a curious delusion that words express thought. The object of most words is to short-circuit thought. Phrases like democracy, liberty, militarism, the principles of justice and humanity, are not primarily meanings at all. They are epithets hurled at us to arouse some desired resentment, or they are spot-lights guaranteed to create certain warm emotional glows of assent in the mind which receives them. It is the reaction

they touch off that makes them significant, not their meaning. Words are such deadly things not because they mean something, but because they get wrapped up with our emotion and pull it out with them when they are seized. In support of the articulate emotion there may be any number of highly rational arguments. But it is not the arguments which have come first. It is the antagonism or the glow of approval, while the evidence has grown almost vegetatively around the emotion. The world is always willing to be fooled in this way. It is always willing to take the ideas at their face value, instead of going straight to the emotional core and discovering the animus that directed the collection of the ideas. The constant danger to the mind that would be intellectual, that would "have opinions," is that it is willing to identify itself or indolently let itself be identified with groups that are not expressing opinion at all, but only articulating their emotion.

Genuine opinion is neither cold, logical judgment nor irrational feeling. It is scientific hypothesis, to be tested and revised as experience widens. Opinion is a view of a situation based on grounds short of proof. In a valid opinion they must be *just* short of proof. Good opinion is not spasmodic. The mind must have made a very wide sweep, made the complete circuit of the compass. It must first have hunted down the predisposing prejudice and neutralized it, and then bent itself to discovering all the factors that converge upon the situation. A good opinion places the event or person or idea it is judging firmly in a scheme of things. You get its position in a spreading field as well as in a historical chain.

But good opinion is not flabby and uncertain. It is not a "much to be said on both sides." It is a provisional conviction to be held as a conviction until new light alters it. It is an interpretation with a definite slant and bias. But it presses hotly for proof. It strains constantly towards the accuracy of truth. Good opinion, although firm, is the direct opposite of dogma. Dogma is hard and unyielding, a sort of petrified emotion. It is constantly masquerading

as proof, as genuine opinion never does. You do not revise dogmas. You smash them. But opinion is flexible and gracious. It does not object to examining itself, to publishing the source of its interpretations. It takes you freely behind the scenes. It is not afraid to show you the foundations of the categories and terms in which it is expressed. It will let the bony frame-work of its presuppositions stand out rather boldly at times. It invites criticism. It has the scientist's disinterestedness in its own conviction. What it wants is to understand, to get the thing it is judging rightly placed, to grasp its true meaning in the world.

Opinion, however, aims not at a mere static comprehension. It does not merely survey the field with serene Olympian gaze. It is a force, and the only force that can be relied upon in the long run to fortify the will and clear the vision. Conviction, gripped after the widest possible survey of the field, is what we must act upon if we are to effect those social changes which most of us desire. The world has generally preferred to act from logical consistency or from the high elation of feeling rather than upon daring and clear-sighted experiment. The idea of a social and political opinion which, free from moral prejudice, strains toward scientific proof, as the hypotheses of the physicist strain towards physical laws, is still very new, but it is already playing havoc with the old crusted folkways.

If such opinion is to be this force of the future, there cannot be too much of its guiding thread. Yet it constantly becomes not easier but harder to form valid opinions. We are stunned by the volume of what there is to know in the human world. We are overwhelmed by the mass of sociological data, and brought to despair even more by the great gaps which must be filled. We have every day set before us infinitely more than we can possibly digest. We run the constant risk of missing completely the relevant and the important. Opinion never had a better chance of being based on substrata of quite meaningless facts. The result is often an excessive caution among those whose business it is to know. The universities remain esoteric through the

refusal of those who have the wide survey to commit themselves. Those who have the "grounds just short of proof" will not form opinions. Those who will loosely express their opinions have not the grounds. This treason of the intellectual class has neutralized the expected effects of public education. Discussion and universal reading have not really made popular opinion any more intelligent or reliable. They have merely made great masses emotionally articulate, rendered prejudice more vociferous and varied. The need for interpreters, for resolute expressers of opinion, becomes therefore more urgent. Even if real opinion is a Utopian ideal, and no mind can ever make the wide survey and go through the stringent processes necessary to form it, the brave effort must always be made. Its best will not be valueless. To work at breaking up the cake of intellectual custom, at setting the new terms and values that current society needs, at judging events in the light of the larger conceptions of science and the most fruitful social tendencies, will be not to remain entirely futile in the modern world. Quixotic as the enterprise may seem, it is the formation of opinion and not dusty scholarship and solemn cant that will enlist the goodwill and best endeavors of those who aim to think worthily.

81. -19.

HV

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

APR 20 1917	MAY 7 1917	
APR 23 1917	MAY 8 1917	
APR 24 1917	MAY 8 1917	
APR 25 1917	MAY 9 1917	
APR 26 1917	MAY 10 1917	
APR 27 1917	MAY 11 1917	
APR 28 1917	MAY 11 1917	
APR 29 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 1 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 2 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 3 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 4 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 5 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 6 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 7 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 8 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 9 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 10 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 11 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 12 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 13 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 14 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 15 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 16 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 17 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 18 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 19 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 20 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 21 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 22 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 23 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 24 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 25 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 26 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 27 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 28 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 29 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 30 1917	MAY 11 1917	
MAY 31 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 1 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 2 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 3 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 4 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 5 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 6 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 7 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 8 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 9 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 10 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 11 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 12 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 13 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 14 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 15 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 16 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 17 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 18 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 19 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 20 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 21 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 22 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 23 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 24 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 25 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 26 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 27 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 28 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 29 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUN 30 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 1 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 2 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 3 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 4 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 5 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 6 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 7 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 8 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 9 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 10 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 11 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 12 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 13 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 14 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 15 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 16 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 17 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 18 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 19 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 20 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 21 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 22 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 23 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 24 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 25 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 26 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 27 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 28 1917	MAY 11 1917	
JUL 29 1917	MAY 11 1917	

OL 0 1 1 07

